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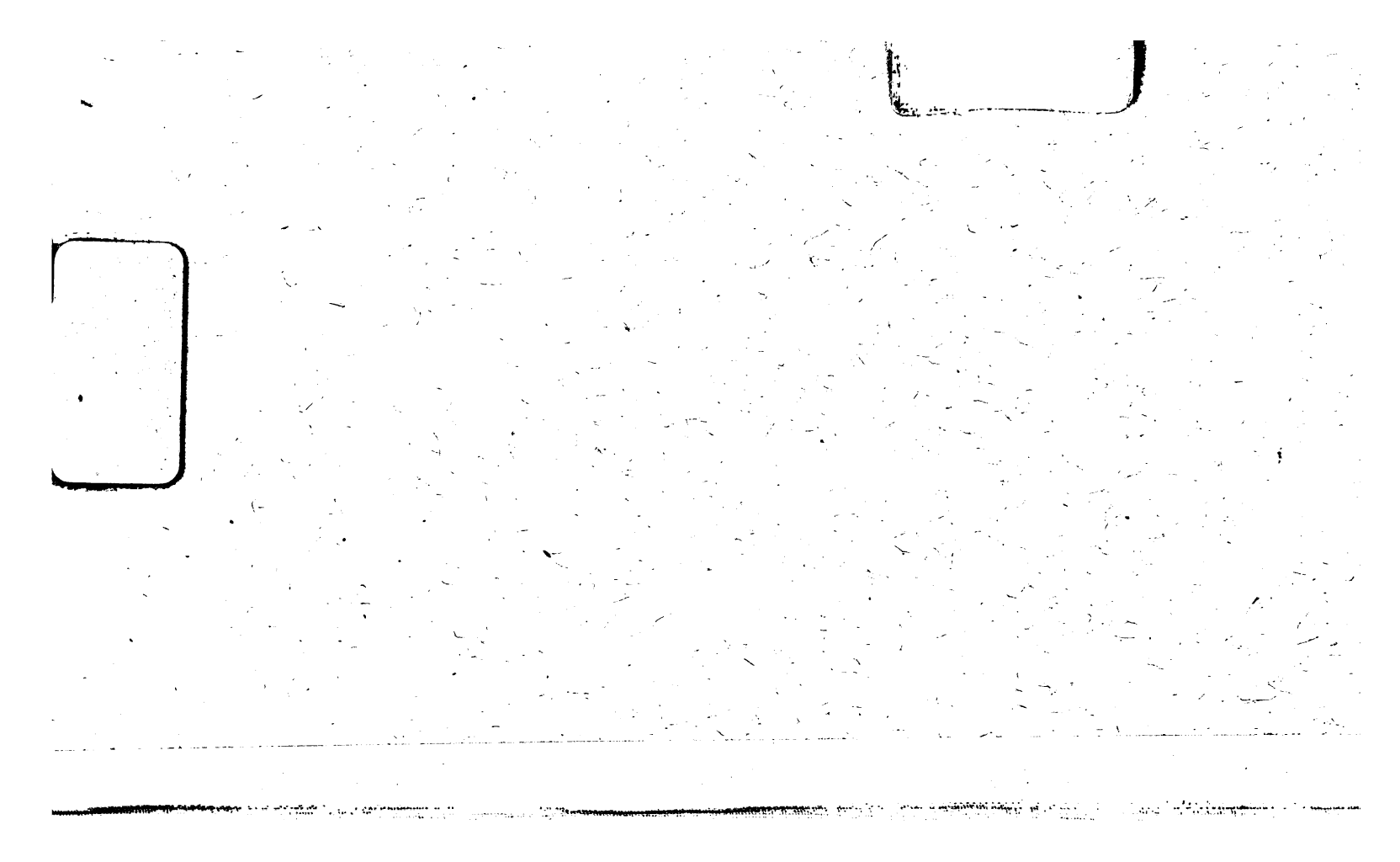

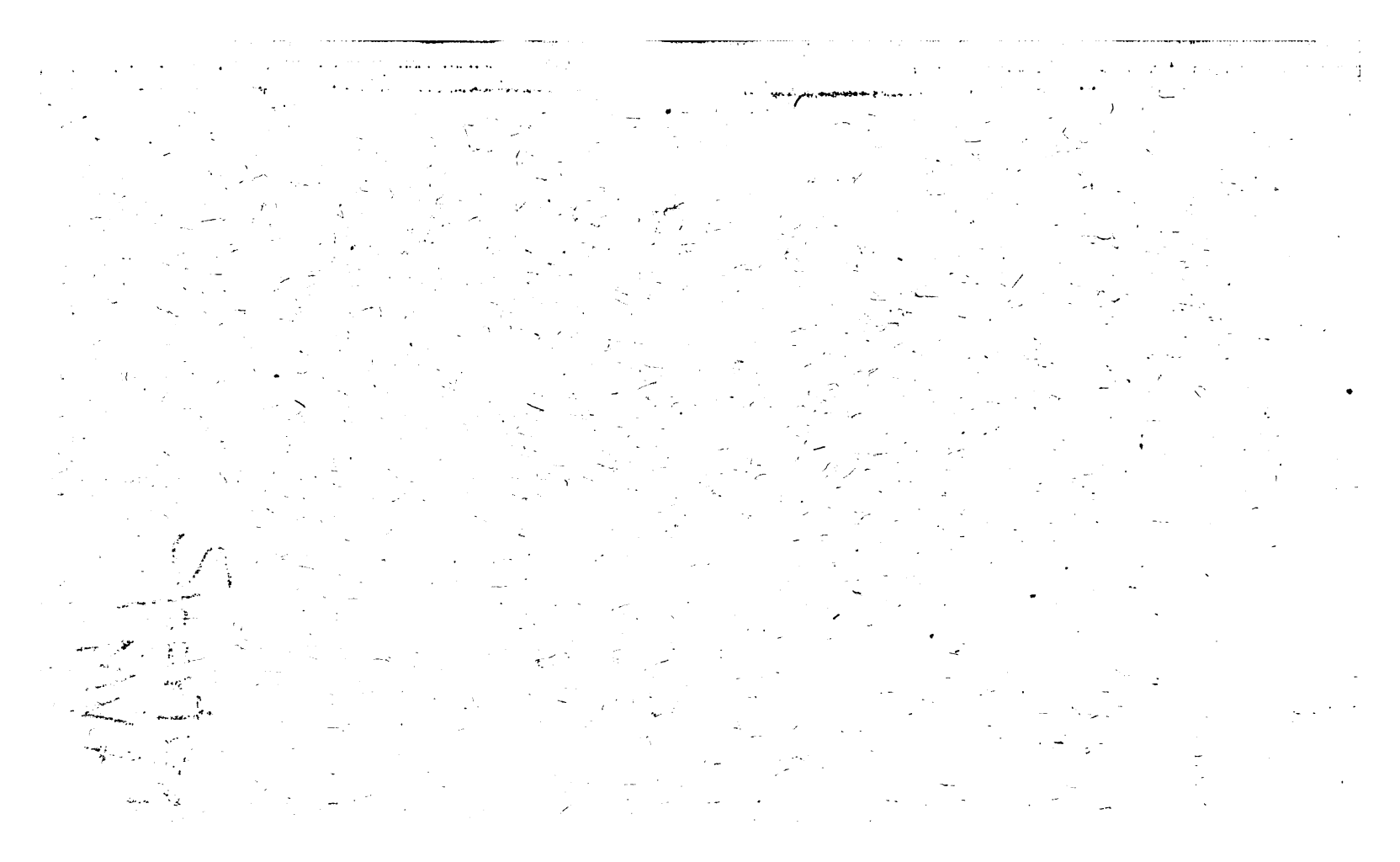

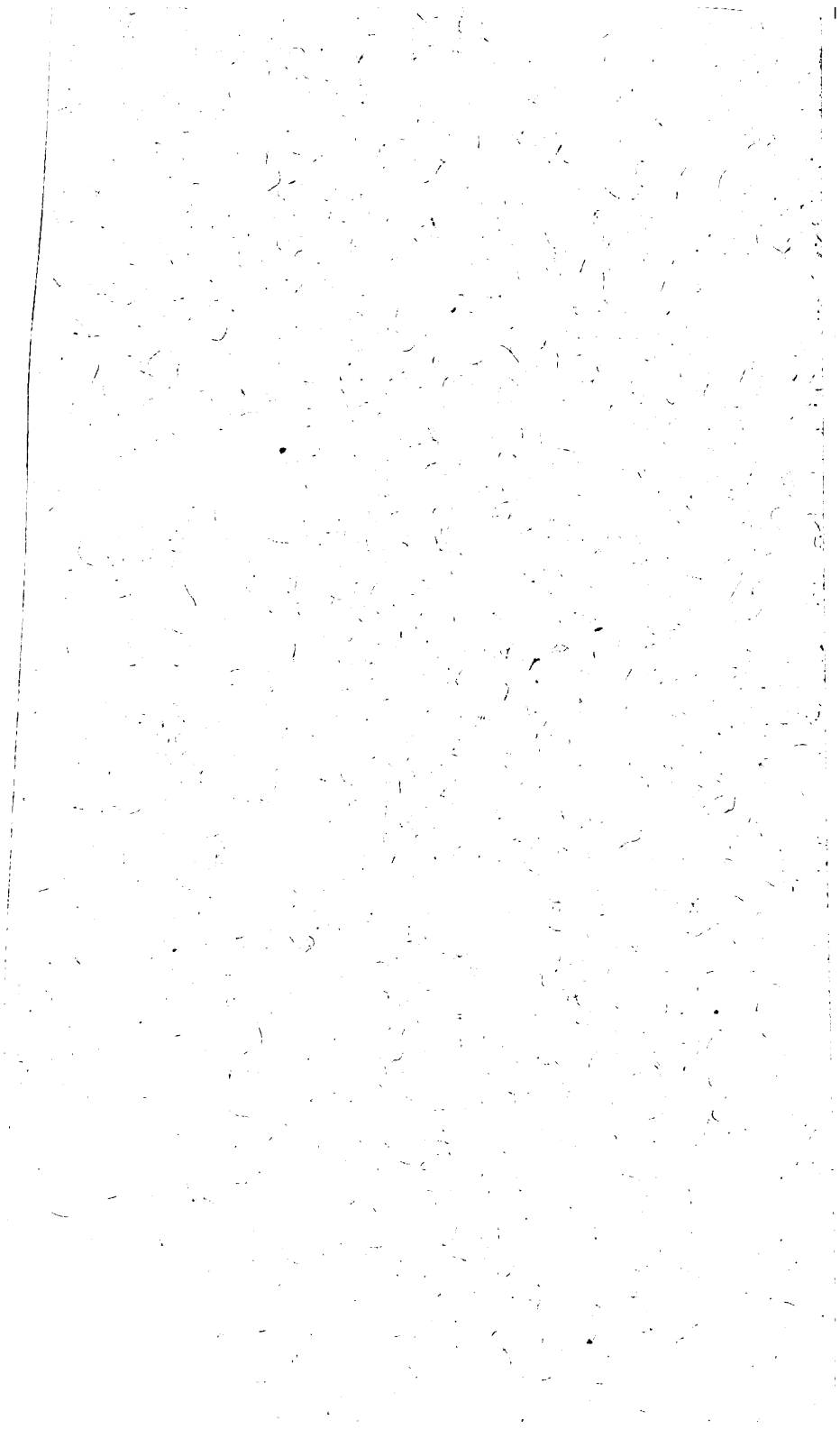

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THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

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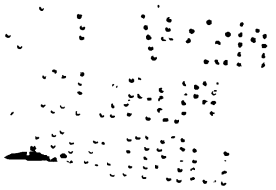

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

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MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

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II. *An Engraving of the Stricken Deer.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Attonitus, *alias* a Hunter of Oddities, &c. &c. &c. who would intimate that he is *stricken* with astonishment at the Odd Fish he describes, we should take to be irrecoverably moon-struck, were there not so much method in his madness. Low diet, and a dark room, however, may cure him of the "bewilderment" of which he complains. As to the veracity of his supposed friend at Liverpool, or rather *in nubibus*, we think it of a piece with the rest of his communications. The same writer, under the signature of Ornithon Philos, should have sent his strange bird along with his description. As a fabricator, he is much too clumsy to pass his reveries upon any publisher whatever; and as a wilful and corrupt violator of the sacred character of truth, and the order of the creation, his turpitude is without excuse. His address being known, his letters will be returned to him enclosed in covers.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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Mr. John Kirby.

a Celebrated Angler.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1804.

MR. JOHN KIRBY.

A celebrated Angler.

MR. John Kirby, the keeper of Newgate, who died on the 30th of August 1804, was a celebrated angler—so much so that his portrait was once placed as the frontispiece to a book of angling, though Mr Kirby never wrote a line of it. The pamphleteer wished to make him an author, but he was a practical, not a writing fisherman. The head, which we have here procured to be handsomely engraved, is copied from a very good mezzotinto by Turner, from a painting of Masquerier's, and is an excellent likeness.

The plan of our work renders it almost needless to say any thing of Mr. Kirby in any other character than that of an angler, with remarks on his fondness for the sport. But the man carried a charm about him, that impels us to speak not only of his private, but his public character—in doing which but very few words are necessary. John Kirby was in nature and principle an honest man—he never did a mean action in his life: in executing the difficult, and, in many cases, the distressing office of keeper or governor of a prison, no man ever shewed a better disposition towards the unhappy objects under his care; and so sensible were many of the highest characters in the kingdom—secretly inclined to relieve the distresses of the unfortunate debtors—of Mr. Kirby's integrity, that they confidentially intrusted him to dispense their alms to such as he thought proper objects of their bounty. The magistrates of the corporation were likewise fully aware of the truth and steadiness of Mr. Kirby, in his official character. The judges likewise, and all the officers of the Courts of Session and Oyer and Terminer, &c. all respected him; and several of high name and consequence, felt a pleasure in his acquaintance.

When he could relax, fishing was his amusement; and nobody was better known as such at the different resorts where angling could be enjoyed.

The following, extracted from the public prints, is an account of

HIS FUNERAL.

"Friday, Sept. 7, at noon, the last token of respect was paid to the mortal remains of a man, who, having passed through life in a situation too apt to attract odium and popular dislike, had, by the exercise of the amiable qualities of humanity and benevolence towards the most unfortunate and wretched class of mankind, endeared his memory to all who knew him, and acquired the enviable character of a pure philanthropist.

About

About one o'clock, the coffin, containing the body of the deceased Mr. Kirby, was removed from his house at Newgate, into a herse and six, which preceded three mourning coaches, each drawn by four horses, in which were, the Ordinary of Newgate, as chief mourner, and Mr. Edward Kirby, the nephew of the deceased; Mr. Wood, the son of his first wife; Mr. Beale, Mr. Dacre, Mr. Tanner, Mr. Wadd, and several other gentlemen, who officiated as mourners on the melancholy occasion. The mournful procession passed down Ludgate-hill, along Fleet-street, the Strand, the Haymarket, and Piccadilly, to St. James's Church, the sacred storehouse of the bones of those relatives who were most dear to the deceased. The concourse of people who pressed for admittance was so great, that the gates were obliged to be shut. The body was conveyed into the church, and the funeral service was read by the Rev. Mr. Madden, one of the officiating curates of the parish of St. James, and lecturer at the chapel in Berwick-street. It was afterwards carried to the burying ground, the west side of the church yard, and there deposited near the remains of the late Mrs. Kirby. During the whole of the solemnity, the virtues of the deceased were the theme of every one's praise; and all put forth a fervent prayer, that his successor might imitate so worthy an example.

THORNTON'S SPORTING TOUR.

(*Concluded from page 310 of our last.*)

HAVING met the Duke of Gordon's forester, according to previous appointment, proceeded together, and soon got into the most likely harbours for both stag and roebuck; and although the Colonel professes himself as quick sighted as any man, yet he could not see a roebuck at no more than fifteen yards distance, though he was perfectly seen by his companion; instantaneously upon which, he made but one bound, and every chance of a shot was lost. Dined following day with the Rothiemurchus family; returned to Avemore in the evening, and the next day had four gentlemen and three handsome ladies to dine; introduced whist, and highly entertained the party.

Sep. 25.—Went out at eleven; and, to vary the scene, killed seven brace of partridges full grown, and three brace of snipes. Ordered some hounds to be thrown into the wood at Raits, and soon unkennelled a Fox, who was soon killed, being over loaded in body from the effect of his depredations amongst the sheep. Tried for roebucks, roused a brace and a half, but could not pull one down by either dog or gun. Dined again at Rothiemurchus. Did so in hopes of meeting his Grace of Gordon, to return thanks for the civilities bestowed upon the party; but his Grace not appearing, disappointment ensued. Mr. Grant of Rothiemurchus has built a new and commodious house here, not in the best situation, though his table and its collaterals, is the most enviable in the world, as is his estate also; in addition to every other luxury, he has to boast roebucks, cairvauns, hare, black game, dottrel, white game, partridges, ducks, and snipes; salmon, pike, trout, char, par, lampreys, and eels, all which are in abundance upon his own estate.

September 26.—Trolled a few hours in Loch Alva, killing one pike of fifteen pounds weight, and four others from six to nine pounds each. Set out for Grantown, within

in three miles of which, the scene becomes enchanting, from the magnificence of the large woods, chequered with hanging banks of birch, amongst which arises, over-topping the whole, Castle Grant, a very large building, partly ancient, partly modern; and forcibly conveys an idea of the weight of the old feudal chieftains. Sir James Grant, the present Laird of Grant, is a man of the most amiable character, and his attempts to improve his estate have not failed of that success which such great undertakings lay claim to.

Passed through Forres. On a moor not far from this place, Boethius, and Shakespear from him, places the rencounter of Macbeth and the three wayward sisters, or witches. The Colonel says, it was his fortune to meet with one, some where not remote from the ruins of Kyn-Eden. She was of a species far more dangerous than these, but neither withered nor wild in her attire, but so fair—

She look'd not like an inhabitant o' th' earth.

Boethius, sensible of part of their business, calls them Parcæ: and Shakespear introduces them just going upon their employ.

When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurly-burly 's done,
When the battle 's lost or won.

All the fine incantations that succeed, are borrowed from the fanciful *diableries* of old times; but sublimed and purged from all that is ridiculous, by the creative genius of the inimitable poet of whom Dryden so justly speaks—

But Shakespear's magic could not copy'd be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Proceeded for Elgin, a town about the size of Forres; it has a few good houses in it, which are chiefly built over piazzas; it has little trade, excepting its great cattle fairs, but is rich in ecclesiastical antiquities. The people here, as in the little towns of Inverness, Nairn, Forres, and Elgin, are employed in making thread and linen, as well as wollen cloath, chiefly for their own use; all these towns have a very dismal appearance, being built of large stone, nor can they claim the merit of being clean; and Elgin in filthiness exceeds them all. Here are the remains of the old cathedral; and Boethius says, that Duncan, who was killed by Macbeth at Inverness lies buried here. About two miles from Elgin is a pretty view of the frith of Murray to the left; and a few miles farther up, in a beautiful sequestered valley, stands the abbey of Pluscardin, renowned, in this part of the country, for its fruit trees. A little farther produces an indistinct view of Gordon Castle, situated in a valley; above it rises a beautiful forest of firs. A few miles below Elgin, on a promontory running into the sea, stands the borough of Murray, a station of the Danes, where they for some time maintained a settlement. Arrived once more at the river Spey; no river can be more calm, or more rapid than this; and the ravages and destruction it makes on the Duke of Gordon's property would render it a serious evil, did it not afford sufficient compensation, in a fishery now let at one thousand five hundred pounds per annum.

Visited Gordon Castle, which is described as a prodigious, yet elegant pile of building, standing near some large well grown woods, and a considerable one of great hollies: and the Colonel remarks, that examining one in particular, under which there appeared to be some fox-earths, from whence a grumbling noise was heard, and to their astonishment, they were saluted by a litter of young terriers, whose existence was quite unknown to the huntsman;

huntsman; and there is no doubt but from their early education they will be excellent. The principal pictures in Castle Gordon, are the first Marquis of Huntley, who on his first arrival at court, forgetting the usual obeisance, was asked why he did not bow? He begged his Majesty's pardon, and excused his want of respect by saying, "he was just come from a place where every body bowed to him;" the second Marquis of Huntley, beheaded by the convenanters; his son, the gallant Lord Gordon, Montrose's friend, killed at the battle of Auldford, &c. &c. The Duke of Gordon still keeps up the diversion of falconry, and has several fine hawks of different descriptions. Here also was a true Highland greyhound, which is now become very scarce, it was of a large size, strong, deep chested, and covered with very long rough hair; this kind was in great vogue in former days, and used in vast numbers at the magnificent stag-chases, by the powerful chieftains. Mr. Pennant mentions in his tour a dog which he saw, the offspring of a wolf and Pomeranian bitch. It had much the appearance of the first, and was very good natured and sportive; but being slipped at a weak deer, it instantly brought the animal down, and tore out its throat. This dog was bred by Mr. Brook, animal merchant in London, who told him that the congress between the wolf and the bitch was immediate, and the produce of the litter was ten. N. B. This recital instantly calls to mind the oblique doubt of the Irishman "arrah! by my soul! and the hills are green a great way off."

I went to church—singing good, sermon excellent—women astonishingly plain—except one pretty girl, not another to be seen in the country. This must have proved a mortifying stroke to men of so much finished galantry. Introduced to Lord Monboddo, a gentleman of much polish and uncommon abilities, who at upwards of eighty years of age, underwent the fatigues of the field for several days together. Left Gordon Castle for Grantown, which they there call twenty miles, though the book of roads makes it thirty-five English. Found the roads bad, as well as deceptive; after five hours upon the road reached the inn called Ballendalloch. But for an inn, the Colonel never saw such a one in his life; he says, it proved a burlesque upon the name, a house with rooms, indeed, but no windows. He had reason to believe the people, from their extreme poverty, had taken them out; as he observed many other creditable people had done, to save the additional duty laid on that time. He did not expect a profuse bill of fare, hoping at least to find eggs, in which however he was disappointed. Not only so, being thirsty, called for porter—none; for brandy—none; rum—none. All this the traveller says, he could bear with tolerable composure, in a hope that his horses would be able to obtain better accommodation; but, upon inquiry, all that expectation fell equally to the ground. Upon inquiry for hay—none; thought that difficulty might be surmounted by a double portion of corn; that idea was no sooner imbibed, than it was instantaneously rendered abortive, for oats were no more to be got at than any of the articles already recited; and the Colonel was in this happy predicament, no less than fifteen miles from Grantown, to which he was destined. So much for the luxurious fertility of the highly favoured Caledonia.

The landlord indeed lamented his inability to furnish even the very common necessaries of life, which in some degree softened down the disappointment; and, feeling for his unfortunate

unfortunate situation, the Colonel endeavoured to forget his own.

No alternative presented itself but to renew the journey, the horses were therefore ordered to the carriage, and to follow the Colonel, who walked on. Not far from this inn of celebrity was a seat of Gen. Grant; but the inhospitable specimen already experienced, prevented the indulgence of the least wish to stop again in that part of the country. After getting on with difficulties by land and water, nearly all drowned at a ford of the river Spey, and loosing the road repeatedly upon *terra firma*, and at eight o'clock, the night quite dark, the carriage and the servants were left in this situation till the morning, the Colonel mounting one of the horses determining to explore his way, and no doubt exclaimed at the moment,

I boldly venture upon a road unknown;
It cannot use me worse than this has done.

After a variety of vicissitudes, and luckily falling into the right road, he reached Grantown, from whence assistants were dispatched in search of carriage and servants, who were all found without any serious injury. The next day attempted to shoot a roebuck, having Capt. Grant's foresters as guides; saw a brace but could not get a shot at either. Killed in shooting and fishing, four moor game and one pike. Next day brought down twenty-nine moor game and three snipes. After various and long recitals of eating, drinking, fishing, shooting, and sleeping, without a single line either new or entertaining for twenty or thirty pages of quarto nothingness, they reach and fish in Loch Laggan, of which Mr. Garrard has given a view, where, with a repetition of similar views, of which we have had so many, we are told there are trout of four kinds; three of which were caught, differing in both colour and taste; the fourth kind is called *duermain*, and weighs from sixteen to twenty pounds. This lake is nine miles long and one broad. Here every thing was arranged with Mr. P. who could not be prevailed upon to follow the track that had been planned, with Mr. Garrard, of returning by the western coasts &c. he, being keener for fox-hunting, determined to return to Thornville, taking his servant and the falconer with him. Those concerned in the naval excursion, received their orders to make the best of their way to Edinburgh, and from thence there was a ready conveyance by flys, &c. to Borough-bridge, seven miles from Thornville. Bid adieu to each other and proceeded with Mr. Garrard. Bought a piebald poney, for four guineas, and ordered it to be delivered to the falconer at Avemore for the journey home. On the 5th. of October had the good fortune to shoot a roebuck—story too long for insertion here.

Pages after pages of the utmost insipidity follow each other, till reaching Fort Augustus, found the Duke and Duchess at the Governor's—invited to breakfast. Peep at Fort William; then follows a steril description of mountains, lakes, woods, and decayed castles, without a single line to excite attention, or to gratify curiosity. After wandering through the various recesses of northern obscurity, without an anecdote laying the least claim to perusal, they arrive very hungry at Dalmally; found an excellent inn, which at all times and seasons, seems to have been the great god of their idolatry. The luxuries of eating and drinking, when they could be had, are described with so much sublimity, that it is not unreasonable to believe some lineal descendant from Justice-Guttle

Guttle had been secretary to the groupe, during their peregrination. By way of relief to the general dulness of the tale, a view of Loch Awe is introduced, but with very little of the picturesque to recommend it. Here follows another eulogium upon Lord Breadalbane and his ancient castle of Kilchurn, which is falling fast to ruin; with a superfluous hark-back! halloo, to his residence before described at Loch Tay, in Perthshire. Killed some black game, here, and had an extraordinary point with the dogs at six old black cocks, a circumstance exceedingly rare, as they are a lonely bird, and seldom seen together. Many pages intervene with no variety, but a repetition of fishery upon fishery, of which such a glut has been introduced through the whole, that a definition of it would not be dissimilar to the woman's opinion of matrimony—"that there was nothing so very enchanting in it, for 'twas exactly like going to church, the same thing over again."

Reach the castle of Inverary, the seat of his Grace of Argyle, which is a very elegant modern building, but has rather a monastic appearance, from the windows being all turned with a Gothick arch. Some account of the situation, woods, and water, are introduced; as well as some description of different branches of the family, but not of note sufficient to lay claim to repetition. Inverary itself, is said to be hardly worth notice, being an inconsiderable fishing place, and chiefly dependant upon the castle, from which it is distant about half a mile. Coals here are as dear as in London, on account of the additional duty, which is there deemed an impolitic imposition and operates greatly against all the manufactories. On the twelfth of October finished shooting in the Highlands, when all matters were arranged for the return to Thornville; Messrs. Crosly, Jonas, and Jack, with three horses, hawks, dogs, guns, and baggage waggons, being sent forward; and Mr. Kennion and John attending the Colonel with five horses they proceeded on their journey, leaving Mr. Garrard employed by his Grace at the castle. Two views of the Cowthorpe Oak, and of Dumbarton rock and castle are here introduced. Surveyed Bothwell Castle; proceeded to Hamilton house, visited and shot with the Duke of Hamilton, who has a fine stud of blood horses, and whose park is thirteen miles in circumference. Reached Dun's hotel in Edinburgh, and met with the English travellers from whom they had some time before parted; nothing occurred here worthy of note or observation. Arrive at Kelso at the time of the races; all confusion, and no comfort; view of Kelso abbey; a description of Langholm; from thence through Langtown and to Carlisle, of which some short account is given, as well as of Keswick, Calder abbey, Mulcaster house, Coniston lake, Ambleside, Windermere lake, Kendal, Marshfield, Malmstarn, Gordalescar, Maumcove and Settle, &c. Brimham rocks, and for want of something better, an etching of the Heath Cock; with a conclusion as variegated, confused, and herogeneous, as those given by the late speculative balloon adventurers, in their suspended situation, between heaven and earth. As the production is too simple, puerile, and steril to encounter the dignity of criticism, it can only be remarked, that as the cause of its being brought before the eye of the public, was a motive of charity, so charity (in compliment to the author) will probably soon destine it to a state of peace and permanent oblivion.

THE

THE LINEAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

(*Continued from page 291 of our last.*)

LETTER II.

DEAR COUSIN,

"SOPHIA," says my good aunt Deborah, this morning, "what are you so very thoughtful upon?"—"O! aunt, I have a long epistle to write my cousin, and must think maturely of my subject, as countryfied folks are so precise and formal."

"But what important or serious affairs have you, child, to render long letters to your cousin expedient?"—"None in the world, aunt, thank Heaven; for important and serious affairs make one so dull. But it is so pleasant, so delightful, and so charming, to write the thousand little flights, fancies, and conceits, of one's imagination. At this time, aunt, I am going to relate a pleasant dream, for the amusement of my country cousin, who is always infinitely delighted with whatever comes from this dear, dear fascinating city; this great emporium of merchandise, wealth, arts, sciences, grandeur, politeness, joy, and gladness; the promoter and encourager of all industry, and every virtue; the harbour of all that is great, good, and admirable."

"And of all that is little, base, and detestible," rejoined the good old woman.

"O, dear aunt! that cannot be prevented, since in all great places there will be a few nooks and corners where folly and vice may conceal themselves, and lie in ambush to prey upon the unwary. It is a standing maxim, that nothing is quite perfect: small evils always accompany great good, and slight inconveniences attend the most useful inventions. But, dear aunt, if there be any truth or reliance upon dreams, then a great and sore evil is near its final period; I mean the ear-piercing cries of hawkers. Know, dear aunt, that I have been dreaming the hawkers are all turned poets, and that they were each crying or calling his or her respective commodity, in the soft numbers and sweet accents of Hudibrastic verse. I was very highly delighted; I awaked in an ecstacy of rapture, and am resolved to communicate such a pleasing and truly auspicious dream to my cousin, poor hard-fated creature, doomed to breathe, and merely to vegetate, among woods and groves, cornfields and meadows, prettily dappled with kingcups and daisies. O! that I had the dear girl here, to participate in the general joy which this long-wished-for and highly necessary change of custom must produce. That it will be brought about very shortly, I am fully persuaded; for my dreams are always verified: so, dear aunt, pray do not let me be disturbed for two or three hours, and I will prophesy the whole matter to my cousin. Aye, now you shake your head; as much as to say—'You talk at random; you are a flighty, giddy, nonsensical girl, Sophia.' Indeed I am, aunt; but pray remember how often my giddy flights of fancy and nonsense have put to flight the vapours and fidgets, those plagues of life, and you will excuse your random niece, Sophia."

So far so good.—Here I am, child, hard at it. Pray attend now to my performers, or actors, in this delightful innovation.

OLD CLOTHESMAN.

Old clothes! Old clothes! man, boy, or maid;
Or any thing that's been mislaid—
Come, find out something good and nice,
And I'm the man shall give your price.
And, mark me well, I'll tell ye how
That ye may get old things enow—
Spill soup, drop tallow, stain, and tear,
And clothes will fall but little worse for wear;
Find fault with make, and colour, all ye can,
And you'll get clothes enow to sell at second hand.

Enter MILK MAID.

Milk, ye maids, new, thick, and white,
To make a pudding nice and light,
And whosoe'r of it shall eat,
Will find it better far than meat.
My cream is sweet, and smooth as oil,
I warrant, madam, it will boil
For custards, in a cup or pan,
And fit for any Alderman.
To banish vapours, fidgets, spleen,
All ladies mix their tea with cream;
And wish to have the same of me,
Because I'm neat and clean, d'ye see.

Enter MATCH WOMAN.

I have matches well made, and thrice dipp'd in the ore,
Such matches as mine were ne'er handled before;
And whoso of Susan nice matches shall buy,
Shall 'scape the hard fortune, nice matches to cry;
And Tom, John, and Harry, ye quickly shall catch,
Then Tom, John, and Harry, will each have his match.
Come lay out a penny to have a good bargain——

SERVANTS.

A pox on your nonsense, they're not worth a farthing——

HAWKER.

You will all die old maids—so, madams, good morning.

Enter TOM SWEEP, *singing*.

Sweep! Sweep! here's Tom Sweep, and eke his boy Jack;
We will sweep all your chimneys and stoves in a crack;
We always sweep clean, not a dross leave behind,
And are willing to take away all we can find.

Recitative.

Fire is a dreadful scourge,
Where'er the master he is seen;
Would ye the dreadful scourge prevent,
Be sure to keep your chimneys clean.

Chorus.

Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep,
Be sure your chimneys clean to keep.

Enter FISHMONGER.

Twelve for a penny, sprats, sprats,
Fit for Christians and for cats,
Head and back-bone fresh and good,
Ev'ry part is wholesome food.
Lobsters, soles, fresh cod, and salmon,
All alive!—I scorn to gammon.
Oysters to increase the chyle,
And shrimps, for sauce, as fat as oil;
Haddocks, whitings, fresh and good;
Eels, just taken from the mud:
Here's ev'ry kind that man can wish;
No food is so genteel as fish—
Step up, good cook, and choose a dish.

Enter SAND, WHITING, AND BRICK-DUST CRIER.

Sand and whiting, who please to buy?
Brick-dust, well sifted, light, and dry?
Maids, if you'd soon married be,
Keep the kitchen fit to see;
The floor keep clean, walls lily white,
Brass, tin, and iron, smooth and bright.
'Tis this the good house-wife doth show,
And thus let's all the young men know
Where to choose a tidy wife,
To lighten all the cares of life.
Come, buy these articles of me,
And, girls, ye soon shall married be.

SERVANTS.

Till mistress rise, we cannot buy.

HAWKER.

Pox take your mistress, let her lie.

Enter SHOE-BLACK.

The morning is fair, and the streets they are dry,
Your shoes I will black in the wink of an eye;
Black shoes to white stockings do serve as a foil,
And my black is so good it the white will ne'er soil.

Try

Try, your honour, you 'll find what I 've
said to be true,
And I 'll make your old shoes look as
glossy as new.

The above specimens, I flatter myself, you will think no way despicable, for the first attempts of men and women, long confined, by barbarous custom, to the unvaried use of a few harsh sounds.

But the awful, the sublime, the pleasing, the edifying, and the beautifully descriptive specimens of poetry, can be expected to sound from no other lungs than the watchmen's. Night is the season for making and reciting poetry of all kinds; and those who nightly perambulate, cannot fail of excelling in the heavenly art of poetry, when once they come to give their minds freely to it. In what sweet and harmonious numbers, therefore, may we expect the watchmen to give their rehearsals of the various changes and appearances of night, heat and cold, serene and boisterous, gentle rains and rapid showers, sweet dews, with sometimes a touch of the awful, in a lively description of a thunder-storm. Then the sublime and grand will frequently occur in their poetic paintings of the canopy of heaven; the prettily spangled vault, the dim lustre or bright twinkling of the stars, the proximity, transits, conjunctions, &c. of the planets, must give the watchmen an ample field for their poetic genius; all which, occasionally recited, will sooth the bed of sickness, toil, and care, and make even the downy pillow of the rich still more easy and refreshing.

Enter WATCHMAN.

Past twelve o'clock— the morn is fair,
And Boreas blows salubrious air;
Pale Cynthia lifts her silv'ry head,
Above Old Ocean's wat'ry bed.
All things are hush'd, all toil doth cease,
Pray close your eyes, and rest in peace.
Halloo, there, maids!———what now
about!
Reading in bed!—Pray put the candle
out.
No wonder fires so oft the city fright,
If folks will novels read in bed by candle
light.

Another Round.

Past four o'clock—the air is mild and
fine,
Behind the eastern hills gay Sol doth
shine;
The lark is up, and mounting to the
skies;
Whoe'er loves health, will think it time
to rise.

You see I have had the temerity, the presumption, to give these specimens, of what may be expected from the watchmen, who will probably become the first poets in the nation, as no other class of men have so fine opportunities for acquiring sublime topics for their poetical genius.

In my next, I may give you a few specimens of another description. In the mean while, conclude me your's very affectionately and sincerely.

SOPHIA HEMISTIC.

London, Oct 9, 1804.

SKETCH OF MR. EMPHASIS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR.

AMONG the various characters this world affords, there is none more ridiculous than the self-applauding, sententious man, who lugs in hard words and turgid sentences, which, with the vulgar, pass for profound learning, and uncommon erudition, but with the sensible and judicious, carry only

their intrinsic value, mere sounds without meaning.

Mr. Emphasis is well known at a certain coffee-house near Temple-bar. He was bred a cheesemonger, and was reckoned as great a connoisseur in butter and cheese as any factor in Leadenhall-market; but having the good fortune to gain L.10,000 in the lottery, he quitted trade, and has conceived such an antipathy to his former business, that he eats dry bread for his breakfast, and is ready to faint if cheese is brought on the table.

He plumes himself for his taste in literature, and has, in his opinion, as complete a collection of books as any private gentleman in the kingdom. Every day he reads, and gets by heart, a collection of phrases from the Rambler: with these he sets forward for the coffee-house, and, upon the first opening, whether politics, or parties, or history, or the drama, he enters into a regular discourse, with such words as these—"Gentlemen, I shall take up but little of your time upon this subject; yet I must first premise" ——then in bursts a pompous quotation from Johnson, as little to the purpose as if he had spoken the soliloquy in Hamlet, or repeated the 119th psalm. "Now, gentlemen, you may not at first discern the aptitude of this digression"—which he explains away by another digression as long again; and, after haranguing a full hour, he is astonished to find that perhaps he has not above one auditor left; one who is fascinated with Emphasis's *copia verborum*, and articulation, without once attending to the argument, had his discourse partaken of any, and retires fully convinced, that Emphasis is, as he himself believes, one of the greatest orators in the world.

This gentleman generally participates in the pleasures of the Pic Nic Society, and attends all the speaking clubs, and never suffers any question to pass him without his speaking at least twice to it; and the president holds his abilities in such high estimation, that he waves the standing rule of speaking no more than five minutes, and frequently allows him ten, to the great mortification of other spouters, who usually vent their indignation at such infringements on the constitution of the club, in malicious invective and sarcastic insinuations.

Emphasis has worked himself up to such a pitch of self-conceit, that he really believes he would make a very capital figure in the House; and proposes being a candidate for a borough at the next election, in order to oppose Administration, to suggest some effectual measures against the ambitious views of Bonaparte, and vociferate himself into an important post under Government.

I have often heard the debating clubs called the schools of eloquence; but any impartial man will, I believe, be of opinion that they are more pernicious than useful. The nonsense that I have frequently heard uttered there, is a disgrace to reason; and the deistical, not to say atheistical, questions proposed, are a scandal to a Christian country.

I am no enemy to free inquiry in politics, or any other topic that does not invade, and vainly endeavour to undermine the foundations of our religion; for could I, with the freethinkers, suppose it to be the production of monkish hypocrisy, yet it would then be necessary; as a state of anarchy and confusion must ensue, if it should ever be exploded. Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon, have done more

more mischief than any three writers of this last century; and I think I may venture to say, that the spouting societies have diffused baneful notions of infidelity among the lower class of people, who have not time to read, and still less the power of thinking. Others, like Emphasis, they have flattered with ridiculous ideas of oratorical abilities, thrown them into a rhetorical delirium, and made them frantically imagine they were capable of displaying their transcendent abilities with great splendour at the bar; or of thundering in parliament, like a Demosthenes, in the preservation of their country. I am, &c.

A Hunter of Oddities.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF THE DRAMA.

MASTER CHESHIRE coming home for the Easter holidays, was observed to be extremely pensive and thoughtful, frequently walked up and down with folded arms, sometimes started—in short, exhibited the appearance of a young man "craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love." His mother, an honest cheesemonger's widow, who had scarce ever been at a play more than her annual Christmas visit to George Barnwell, began to think her darling's intellects were a little disordered; and accordingly, as an affectionate mother should do, resolved to sit by his bedside, to watch the crisis of his indisposition. Her son had retired to his bed an hour, when his dear mama, bearing a rush-light in her hand, entered the room with silent circumspection. Master Billy had been rehearsing the part of Macbeth, and unfortunately left his truncheon on the floor; the consequence of which was, that poor Mrs. Cheshire, having her eyes fixed upon her son, did not perceive it, till rolling under her feet, it gave her a severe tumble; the rush-light of course was extinguished, and the noise of her fall awakened Billy. The moon darting her resplendent beams upon the brass candlestick, directed the young man's eyes to his prostrate mother, and having his mind fully impressed with the dramatic influenza, he burst forth with—

Angels and ministers of grace defend me!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd?
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell?

His mother made no other responses than her groans, for she was much bruised by the fall.—Master Billy went on: "Never shake thy goary locks at me; thou canst not say I did it."—"Alas!" cried his mother, "no, 'twas this infernal head of a mopstick, which your madness has made use of for a walking stick, ever since you came from school."

Her son's mind was too much taken up with the admiration of his own recital, to attend to the complaints of his mother, and he proceeded in the same dramatic style—

What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble—Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword,
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me

The

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

Upon saying these words, he sprang out of the bed, and advanced towards his affrighted mother. Fear gave her strength, and dreading the ill consequences of being left alone with a madman, although her own son, she flew out of the room with much greater precipitancy than she entered it, and left Billy repeating these words—

The earth has bubbles as the water hath, and this is of them.

Mrs. Cheshire, as soon as she recovered from her fright, hurried to her neighbour, the apothecary.—After thundering some time at the door, she was let in by the disciple of Galen, in *propria persona*. "And would you think it, Dr. Bolus," she exclaimed, "my poor boy Billy is out of his mind! O Billy was a sweet child, till I sent him to the academy, and now the boy has returned as mad as a March hare: it is but this moment that I came from his room; directly he saw me, he began to be light headed; and first of all called me an angel, then changed his note, and said I was a damned hobgoblin, and a blast from hell; that I could not say as how it was he that tripped up my heels; after calling me tiger and ragged bear, concluded with threatening to turn me out of the room."

To this incoherent harangue, Dr. Bolus, after pulling down his ruffles, and adjusting his wig, replied in these words—"I partly comprehend, Madam, the origin of your son's malady; the fibres which lead from the stomach to the brain have, by some unforeseen mischance, become entangled with each other, and have occasioned a concretion of the discrete or divided matter of the brain, where, according to the opinions of Pythagoras, Hippocrates, and Galen, the soul is supposed to reside. Now, my opinion is, that the soul of your son, finding her apartments up stairs very much deranged and out of order, has very wisely retired to some part of the body, and will probably take up her residence there, till the apartments in the attic story are made fit for her reception, which cannot be done till the accustomed humidity again flowing through the usual ducts or channels, disseminate the concreted substance, and restore the cerebrum to its natural state. This, Madam, is the cause of your son's being light-headed, which, I flatter myself, I can easily remove. But pray, what was the first symptom of his indisposition?"

"Why, Sir," said she, "the first day Billy came home for the holidays, I saw him in the back-yard sawing off the end of our mop; and so says I, Billy, are you going to be in the fashion too, with a walking stick six inches long? 'No, mother,' said he, 'I shall make a trencher of it.' A trencher! quoth I; then I suppose, Billy, you have learnt to conjure at the academy? and so he giv'd a start, and said, 'Yes, I can call spirits from the vasty deep;' and he went on with a great deal more, which I don't remember now; but I do remember my mind misgiv'd me then, that Billy was *non corpus*; but if you can cure him, Dr. Bolus, you shall have the best cheese in my shop, and tick for another."

Lured by the splendour of the proposed reward, the Doctor proceeded immediately to business, and so purged, blistered, and blooded the young man, that he left him neither strength nor spirits to rant; so thinking himself deprived of the most valuable accomplishments in acting, he wisely gave up all hopes of succeeding in the dramatic line, and

and became perfectly composed. The Doctor claimed his cheese, and is, by the credit of this cure, still spoken of in the neighbourhood as wonderfully skilled in all cases of insanity.

DESCRIPTION
OF
AN AMATEUR IN BOXING.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

MY life, which for a long series of years passed with comfort, has of late been distracted by the impertinence and folly of an old acquaintance, who has caught the boxing *mania*, and been using every means to infect me. His visits are always for the purpose of acquainting me, that some battle or other is shortly to take place, and his whole conversation has become infected by the vulgar and coarse jargon of illiterate pugilists.

As I walked with him some time ago, he stopped to behold a beautiful female, who was reclining her head upon her hand, at the window of a very handsome house, and gazing at the passengers as they walked along the street. After suffering some minutes to elapse, which I thought were employed in admiring so lovely an object, I interrupted my friend in the midst of his rapture, and asked him if he did not think that the person he was viewing with such attention, was a charming woman? "I never," exclaimed he, "saw a finer arm for boxing in my life!"

I was irritated at reflecting, that we had squandered our time to so little purpose, as that of discovering that a fine woman had a good arm for boxing; and my looks, which I could not disguise, convinced him of my chagrin. Imputing my vexation, however, to a wrong cause, he observed that, "to be sure he had seen an arm better calculated for inflicting a good beating, than that which he had just commended; for that his washerwoman had an arm that, to speak within narrow compass, was as large in circumference as the calf of his leg, and that he would take me to her lodgings in order to shew me such a curiosity."

I returned no other answer than cold contempt, and endeavoured to change the nature of our discourse; but he either did not, or would not perceive my disgust, and continued to dwell on the same subject, till we arrived at my own door. As we had been old acquaintances, common civility induced me to ask him to dinner; at the same time requesting him to quit his theme, as it was particularly disagreeable to my wife—which is really the case. He promised that he would, and for some time we were very comfortable together. At an unlucky moment, however, his favourite ideas came across his mind, and he could not avoid reminding me of his washerwoman's arm. But recollecting, that any circumstance relating to boxing was unpleasant to my wife, he said very significantly, in a low tone of voice, "I hope you will not forget to visit—a certain lady, that you may see her—you know what," pointing to the calf of his leg, and meaning nothing more than that he wished me to visit his washerwoman in order that I might behold her arm. This partial manner of expressing himself, was much worse than if he had explained his meaning in plain terms, since it appeared so mysterious and singular to my wife,

as justly to alarm her jealousy. It was impossible for her to entertain any other thought than that I had an assignation with some woman of bad character, and this thought she unfortunately did entertain. My friend wishing to confirm me in my belief of what he had said, bade me "take care of myself, or I should find it a dangerous piece of business;" by which he meant to be understood, that if I gave any provocation, the woman alluded to, was strong enough to punish me by manual castigation. This was unintentionally adding to the mischief, and I could perceive that my wife's eyes sparkled with indignation, and that she imagined the plain English of what my friend had been saying, to be, that some man was in the case, who had a right over the woman with whom I was apparently intriguing, whose vigilance I must endeavour to avoid, and whose jealousy it would be prudent in me to prevent.

I was now obliged to acquaint my wife that I might ease her of her apprehensions, with the real nature of the case; and declare that Jack Careless, for that was the name of my friend, was only alluding to a washerwoman who had a good arm for boxing. True as this confession was, it appeared too ridiculous to be believed. Careless added, that the woman was not to be praised only for her arm, but that she was every way remarkably "prettily made." Confused as I had been, this declaration embarrassed me more; my friend imputed my confusion to his having introduced his darling subject, and instantly recanted, declaring, that nothing was farther from his thoughts than boxing; that what he had said was mere folly, which had unawares escaped him, and that he begged my wife's pardon for his unpoliteness. My embarrassment was doubly increased, and my wife, judging from appearances, became confirmed in her suspicions.

Irritated beyond bearing, I said something extremely rude, and bade my friend leave the room. A regard that he has always entertained for me, induced him to repress his resentment, and with nothing more than a look of indignation he quitted our company. I then explained to my wife his meaning; and after some time, persuaded her, as I thought, that her fears were without foundation.

Meeting Careless, however, some time after, and thinking that I had treated him harshly, I apologized for my behaviour, and explained its origin. He was surprised to hear that he had been the innocent cause of so much mischief, readily excused my conduct on the occasion, and renewed our acquaintance. We therefore chatted on different subjects with our usual familiarity, and parted better friends than ever.—On the following day my wife put into my hand a few lines, which she declared to have been just received from Careless, requesting me to go and see "a certain female," and assuring me, that he had very particular reasons for his request. My wife had, unknown to me, first read the note; and, from a principle of tenderness, or else from a secret desire of not accusing me of inconstancy before she had farther proofs, and greater information, forbore to let me know that she had given it a perusal. Conceiving that her acquaintance with its purport might only renew her former ill grounded fears, I did not communicate its contents; nor could I indeed myself to a certainty guess their meaning. I however went to Careless, and asked him if he intended to introduce me to a distressed female, who was in want of pecuniary assistance,

or

or only to his washerwoman? He informed me that he would not anticipate my surprise at the sight of the female, but that she was one of the prettiest made women existing.—After many turnings through lanes and alleys, he took me into a dirty, mean looking house, in which the only object that struck my eyes, was a strapping woman, up to her elbows in soap-suds, and half naked. "This is my washerwoman," said he: "look at her arms—her whole figure indeed, and then tell me if she is not prettily made for boxing." I was vexed at my disappointment, but thinking my former rudeness rather cruel, I put a good face on the matter; and having good humouredly acquiesced in whatever my friend advanced on the subject, gave him my arm, and quitted the place.

In walking along, however, we happened to pass by a shop, in the window of which was placed a print representing two redoubted combatants of the fist. My companion could not avoid stopping for the purpose of commenting on the different attitudes of the two pugilists. But I observed the subject so occupied his mind, that he began thoughtlessly to display his knowledge in the science, by imitating their postures. I hastened on through shame, since we attracted the attention of the street passengers. In endeavouring to get away, I unfortunately brushed with some force against two ill-looking fellows, who, notwithstanding my apology, thought proper to resent the accident by illiberal abuse. This disturbed my friend from his reverie, who instantly stripped and fought one, and whether from chance, strength, or skill, beat him. I wished then to hurry away, when the other fellow struck me, on which the mob exclaimed, a ring, a ring! and I was obliged to box him in my defence. I was however, soon beaten very severely, and my eye almost cut out. My friend took me home in a coach, but when we searched for our money to pay the driver, we discovered that our pockets had been both completely emptied.—My wife instantly conceived that I had formed some assignation with a woman, whose husband or keeper had thus wounded me; and was confirmed in this suspicion, by recollecting the contents of my friend's letter which she had read, and which I seemed unwilling to let her know; and the circumstance of his having formerly told me to "beware how I proceeded in the business." Thus had I no consolation upon earth, but that of being able to procure the speedy assistance of a neighbouring surgeon!

I am now much better. My wife however, upbraids my inconstancy, and will not believe, whatever I say to convince her, that her jealousy is groundless. Careless, it is true, sympathizes with me. He laments the bruises I received, and still more, the loss I sustained by having my pockets picked. He says, that the wound near my eye gave him much uneasiness when he thought it dangerous; but that since he observes my sight not injured, he would not but have had it happened on any account, as it was certainly the neatest blow that he ever saw struck. Do you then, Mr. Editor, enable me thus publickly to convince my wife, that I am innocent of the charge she has fixed on me, and my friend, that I am determined never more to interfere with his favourite subject; and in future, mean to leave the pleasure of receiving *neat* blows from *pretty made* boxers, entirely to himself.

Your's, &c.

TIMOTHY HEEDFUL.

THE VILLAGE OF HUNTSMEN.

By a Traveller in South America.

IN one of the deepest vallies which lie hid amidst the mountains of Kongo, about thirty scattered huts are known by this name.—The inhabitants are scarcely more civilized than the animals of the forest, whom they continually pursue. A few scattered fields of rice which line the bank of a rivulet, are indeed the only vestiges which here remind us of the arts of man.

The rainy season was now over; I had resumed my journey to the northward; and as it was impossible to fix upon any settled course in the pathless mountains of Kongo, I allowed myself to be led by the dry track of a torrent into the Valley of Huntsmen. The forests and the fields, refreshed by the late rains, were again clothed in the most luxuriant verdure; and a profusion of flowers, arrayed in all the gaudy colours which nature lavishes in the tropical climates, reminded the inhabitants of the sacred tribute due to the dead. On entering the village, I repaired to the tree provided for a shelter to travellers. One of the green seats which surrounded it, was already occupied by another stranger, who from his dress and looks appeared an Arabian. He was attentively eyeing the procession which approached towards the place where he sat.—The villagers were proceeding, according to the annual custom of the country, to open the graves of the dead, and to strew the remains of their departed friends with flowers. They stopt at a little inclosure hard by the place where I sat: it contained the body of a youth equally distinguished in war and the chase. He had perished in the sight of his kinsmen, while repulsing the natives of a neighbouring valley, who had suddenly attempted to plunder the Village of Huntsmen. His mother bore a basket in one hand, and with her other held the right hand of the girl who had been betrothed to her son, and who now came with the choicest flowers her diligence had been able to cull; as a pledge to her departed bridegroom, that she only lived to do homage to his memory. No sooner was the grave opened, and the body exposed to their view, than they set up a loud shout, as if the dead had been for a moment restored to them; and then heaping upon him a profusion of flowers, strove to prove the unabated ardour of their affection.

An involuntary exclamation, drawn forth by the mixture of whimsical superstition and generous affection presented before me, attracted the attention of the Arabian who had not hitherto observed me. He seemed to comprehend my meaning; and, perceiving from my complexion and beard, that I was an European, he addressed me in Italian:

"Fellow traveller, said he, you and I seem to have come to this part on the same errand; to observe the uncouth usage of this savage people, and return to our brethren of civilized society, who will join us in laughing at their absurdities, and pitying their ignorance.—You have no doubt, in the course of your travels, seen many things to draw forth exclamations of surprise. I also have often lifted my hands in wonder, since the day I quitted the holy city of Mecca, with a vow to spend my days in observing the ways of man.

"In a distant part of the world, I arrived in a large and populous city, known, from its great wealth, by the name of the City of the Golden

Golden River. The inhabitants boasted themselves to be the best and wisest of all nations; and, on entering the streets, when I perceived the eager crowds pressing past me in every direction, I thought that surely the blessed people were all hastening in pursuit of wisdom and virtue.

"How different in their usages were this most polished of nations from the savages you see yonder, ornamenting the putrid remains of the dead with flowers. They well know that when once the spirit is fled, what remains is nothing more than a senseless lump of clay, which must be removed quickly to its mother earth to prevent disgust and loathing. As soon therefore as the breath has left the body of a relative, the whole family quit the house till the nuisance it contains is removed. The care of doing so is entrusted to certain persons who hire themselves for this purpose, and who at their convenience deposit the body in the vault to which it is destined. Sometimes, however, these persons, being as wise and as prudent as the rest of their nation, find means to turn the useless remains of the human race to some advantage; and many a wealthy epicure, who lived only for himself, is at length compelled, in the form of a skeleton, to render some benefit to his race.

"The savages of Kongo follow their departed kinsmen to the grave, weeping and wailing aloud for him who is never more to enjoy the embraces and applause of his beloved friends. The inhabitants of the City of the Golden River in their barbarous days, had a similar custom; and as many ridiculous things are held in reverence from their antiquity, they are still obliged in some degree to comply with an usage which they know to be absurd. They are, however, too careful of reputation to be found performing such foolish rites in person. It is therefore the custom to hire some of the lowest of the people, who are too needy to be scrupulous what they do, provided they can earn a livelihood. These persons they dress in certain habits, which are supposed to denote very deep sorrow; and a long train of carriages being also, with their drivers and horses arrayed in the emblems of mourning, the body, or at least the coffin of the deceased, is thus conveyed with due honour to the grave.

"The savage custom of tearing the hair, and disfiguring the cheeks, by which the females of Kongo express their keen sorrow for their departed husbands and lovers, are of course unknown among the polished nation I am describing. It is not, however, from the fear of pain, but merely from their sense of its folly, that they abstain from this practice. When proper occasions offer, the most delicate females display the most resolute contempt of pain. About twenty years ago high foreheads were an object of admiration; at that time, therefore, it was customary for the ladies to have their hair removed an inch back from their brow, even although the blood followed every hair that was pulled. It is usual for young females, whose teeth do not equal in beauty their other charms, to remedy the defect of nature by having them pulled out to make room for the more perfect preparations of art. During my stay there, it was even in question to introduce a custom known among the ladies of the West Indies, who by means of a caustic liquor, contrive to deliver their faces from their old skin, and to procure for them a new and beautiful covering.

"The females of this wise nation I speak of, are well assured that the

departed neither know nor care how those left behind demean themselves: instead, therefore, of leaving their hair dishevelled, throwing aside their ornaments, and seeking out some solitary place to give full vent to their grief, like the females of Kongo, they take advantage of the old custom I mentioned, of honouring the dead, to assume a particular dress which is thought very becoming. To shew that they are altogether above cherishing any idle sorrows, that can have no effect but to render their eyes red and complexions pale, it is the custom to appear in this new dress as soon as possible at some public scene of peculiar festivity. Hence it frequently happens that the funeral procession of the dead interrupts the carriage of his mother, of his sisters, or his wife, on their way to a public breakfast, or military gala.

"Violent and uncontrouled passions are a mark of rudeness; and, to bear the external emblems of such passions, would denote a hankering after barbarism. In the polished city of the Golden River, therefore, grief, like other feelings, is reduced to rule. An exact period is fixed for relations to appear to mourn; and we have only to know the degree of kindred, to be able to ascertain to a day, how long the survivors will grieve for their deceased friend.

"Nor is it only in regard to their indifference for the dead, that this nation may boast of its civilization. All the other feelings common to savages are nearly as well subdued as those of grief. In the Village of Huntsmen, when a child is brought into the world, the inhabitants meet to rejoice over this addition to their tribe.—The mother fondly gives her little pride, from her own breast, the only food of its infancy. In hunting expeditions, she carries it in a basket slung on her back; and the father, by turns, relieves her of the pleasing load. When hoeing the rice fields, in company with her husband, her infant lies in its basket, under the shade of some neighbouring palm; and, at the intervals of labour, while others refresh themselves, she turns aside to share with her little innocent the nourishment which her own body seems to require for its support. Every morsel during his childhood is conveyed to his little mouth with her own hand. When time has given strength to his limbs, he is found by the side of his father in the chase; and returns in triumph to present his booty to her that suckled him. He may be fierce or cruel to others; but he pays reverence to those who cherished his infancy while they live, and is careful to strew their dead bodies with the choicest flowers of the valley.

"The wise parents of the city of the Golden River, however, know that it is extreme folly to sacrifice their own pleasure for the sake of those who may or may not turn out a comfort to their old age. The ladies know that suckling is a tedious and teazing employment; that it is inconsistent with every plan of pleasure; and that, besides, it is reckoned very hurtful to the shape. This disagreeable office is therefore consigned to those who are glad to perform it for the sake of subsistence; and, as persons are hired to pay the last tribute of affection to the dead, those who come into the world have also to bestow their earliest affections on attendants procured by hire. If the mother is too wise to sacrifice her own enjoyments to the numberless cares of rearing the infant, it is not to be supposed the father will pay any needless attentions to the youth. A son, then, becomes interesting to his parents, when he can grace the parties

parties of his mother, and join his father in his sports or his bottle.—By this means the affections of kindred are prevented from ever attaining any inordinate height; and the son consigns the remains of his father or mother to the hands of the undertaker, and decently puts on the accustomed dress, without disturbing either his own mind, or those around him, by idle demonstrations of grief."

The Arabian having proceeded thus far, abruptly put a period to his discourse, by shortly observing —"I could instance many more usages of this polished people, bearing a striking contrast to those savages of Kongo, but let this suffice for the present."

MANNER OF HUNTING THE CHAMOIS-GOAT & MARMOT.

THE chase of the Chamois-goat, though very dangerous, occupies most of the inhabitants of Chamouni, and carries off, in the flower of their age, many men whose lives are most valuable to their families. And when we are informed how this chase is caried on, we shall be astonished that a course of life at once so laborious and perilous, should have irresistible attractions for those who have accustomed themselves to it.

The Chamois hunter generally sets out in the night, that he may reach by break of day the most elevated pastures, where the goats come to feed, before they arrive.—As soon as he discovers the place where he hopes to find them, he surveys it with his glass. If he finds none of them there, he proceeds, always ascending: whenever he descries any, he endeavours to get above them, either by stealing along some gully, or getting behind some rock or eminence. When he is near enough to distinguish their horns, which is the mark by which he judges of the distance, he rests his piece on a rock, takes his aim with great composure, and rarely misses. This piece is a rifle-barrelled carabine, into which the ball is thrust; and these carabines often contain two charges, though but one barrel: the charges are put one above another, and are fired in succession. If he has wounded the Chamois, he runs to his prey, and for security hamstrings it: he then considers his way home. If the road is difficult, he skins the Chamois, and leaves the carcase; but, if it is practicable, he throws the animal on his shoulders, and bears him to his village, though at a great distance, and often over frightful precipices: he feeds his family with the flesh, which is excellent, especially when the creature is young; and he dries the skin for sale.

But if, as is the most common case, the vigilant Chamois perceives the approach of the hunter, he immediately takes flight among the glaciers, through the snows, and over the most precipitous rocks.—It is particularly difficult to get near these animals when there are several together, for then one of them, while the rest are feeding, stands as a sentinel, on the point of some rock that commands a view of the avenues leading to the pastures; and as soon as he perceives any object of alarm, he utters a sort of hiss, at which the others instantly gather around him, to judge for themselves of the nature of the danger. If it is a wild beast, or a hunter, the most experienced puts himself at the head of the flock; and away they fly, ranged in a line, to the most inaccessible retreats.

It

It is here the fatigues of the hunter begin: instigated by his passion for the chase, he is insensible to danger; he passes over snows without thinking of the horrid precipices they conceal, he intangles himself among the most dangerous paths, and bounds from rock to rock, without knowing how he is to return. Night often surprises him in the midst of his pursuit, but he does not for that reason abandon it, he hopes that the same cause will arrest the flight of the Chamois, and that he will the next morning overtake them. Thus he passes the night, not at the foot of a tree, like the hunter of the plain, not in a grotto softly reclined on a bed of moss, but at the foot of a rock, and often on the bare points of shattered fragments without the smallest shelter. There, all alone, without fire, without light, he draws from his bag a bit of cheese, with a morsel of oaten bread, which make his common food: bread so dry, that he is sometimes obliged to break it between two stones, or with the hatchet he carries with him to cut out steps in the ice. Having thus made his solitary and frugal repast, he puts a stone below his head for a pillow, and goes to sleep, dreaming on the rout which the Chamois may have taken. But soon he is awaked by the freshness of the morning: he gets up benumbed with cold, surveys the precipices which he must traverse in order to overtake his game, drinks a little brandy, of which he is always provided with a small portion, and sets out to encounter new dangers. Hunters sometimes remain in these solitudes for several days together, during which time their families, their unhappy wives in particular, experience a state of the most dreadful anxiety: they dare not go to rest for fear of seeing their husbands appear to them in a dream, for it is a received opinion in the country, that when a man has perished, either in the snow, or on some unknown rock, he appears by night to the person he held most dear, describes the place that proved fatal to him, and requests the performance of the last duties to his corpse.

The few who grow old in this employment bear upon their faces the marks of the life they have led. A savage look, something wild and haggard, makes them be known in the midst of a crowd, even when they are not in their hunting dress; and, undoubtedly, it is this ill look which makes some superstitious peasants believe that they are sorcerers, that they have dealings with the devil, and that it is he who throws them down the rocks.

What then can be the passionate inducement to this course of life? It is not avarice, at least it is not an avarice consistent with reason. The most beautiful Chamois is never worth more to the person who kills it than a dozen of francs, even including the value of its flesh; and now that the number is diminished, the time lost before one can be taken is much more than the value. But it is the very dangers that attend the pursuit, those alternations of hope and fear, the continual agitation and exercise which these emotions produce in the mind, that instigate the hunter: they animate him as they do the gamester, the warrior, the sailor, and even to a certain degree the naturalist of the Alps, whose life in some measure resembles that of the hunter whose manners we have described.

But there is another kind of hunting which is neither dangerous nor laborious, not fatal to any one but the poor animals that are the objects of it. These are the Marmots, animals that inhabit the high mountains, where in summer they scoop out holes which they line with hay, and

and retire to at the beginning of autumn: here they grow torpid with the cold, and remain in a sort of lethargy till the warmth of spring returns to quicken their languid blood, and to recall them to life. When it supposed they have retired to their winter abode, and before the snow has covered the high pastures where their holes are made, people go to unharbour them. They are found from ten to twelve in the same hole, heaped upon one another, and buried in the hay. Their sleep is so profound, that the hunter often puts them into his bag, and carries them home without their awaking. The flesh of the young is good, though it tastes of oil, and smells somewhat of musk: the fat is used in the cure of rheumatisms and pains, being rubbed on the parts affected; but the skin is of little value, and is sold for no more than five or six sols. Notwithstanding the little benefit they reap from it, the people of Chamouni go in quest of this animal with great eagerness, and its numbers accordingly diminish very sensibly.

RETROSPECT OF FASHIONABLE LEVITIES, IN *A Sketch of the late Mrs. Cornelly.*

THIS lady was once the Goddess of Fashion; her orgies were the heaven of the dissipated. At her fane, the libertine could indulge uninterruptedly in ephemeral gratifications. With her, the voluptuary might aspire to the zenith of his wishes; and the thoughtless bacchanalian drown his few intellects in the most costly productions of the vineyards; or, without apprehension of a spy upon his conduct, revel away the night, and insult the blushing star of the morning.

Mrs. Cornelly was by birth a German; and, at a very early age, became a public singer. She was the delight of Dresden, and in high estimation at the Imperial court; from whence she went into Italy, and soon acquired, under the best masters, those inexpressible graces, for which no country is so justly celebrated. About forty years since, she came to England, in the suite of a British nobleman, who had promised her his protection.

Being of an enterprising spirit, possessing a good understanding, great knowledge of mankind, and of specious manners, Mrs. Cornelly presently contrived to raise herself into public notice, and obtained the patronage of the fashionable world to all the amusements her taste and fancy could suggest.

She had now laid the foundation to her fortune; and, to make that desirable object complete, opened a magnificent temple in Soho-square, and called it after the name of her first benefactor, Carlisle House. Her splendid scenes soon became the favourite resort for the nobility and fashionables within the metropolis. She had so diversified, and so well contrived her amusements, that no public place could pretend to rival their attraction; and she was now in a way of prosperity beyond her most sanguine expectations: but not contented, like the fool in the fable, with her golden egg every day, she killed her goose to seize at once upon immensity.

In addition to her already unrivalled brilliancy, she introduced Harmonic Meetings, becoming, at once, a competitor with the managers of the Opera, who took the alarm, and strove by every means in their

their power to counteract the successes of so formidable a rival.

A part of her friends presently withdrew themselves; and those attached to the interests of the Opera managers, on the ruins of the old *Scavoir Vivre* club in Pall Mall, raised the new coterie: subscriptions came in from elevated quarters to support this new temple of fashion and pleasure; and in less than three weeks their fund amounted to four thousand pounds. Chin Hughes was made their croupier, and Captain Harry C—— they placed at the head of the treasury. This was the first shock, and Mrs. Cornelly felt it; but, like a skilful general, forced for a moment to retreat, she soon rallied her forces, attacked the enemy in the most vulnerable part, and gained a complete victory. The lady smiled upon the treasurer. Mrs. Cornelly rejoiced at the success of her plan, but her exultation was of short duration; for the Opera manager, enraged at the defeat, lodged an information against her for unlawful proceedings, before the Bow-street magistrates: in consequence of which, notice was privately sent from Sir J. Fielding to Mrs. C. acquainting her that application of a serious nature had been made respecting the impropriety and unlawfulness of her amusements, recommending her to regulate her conduct in future, or Mrs. C. would hear from Bow-street in another way. From this condescension on the side of the magistrate, the lady concluded she might deal with safety, the card that generally turns up a trump. A purse was delivered to a trusty friend, with a letter addressed to Sir John Fielding, Knight, requesting his acceptance of the sum within, and that his worship would be pleased not to be too severe in looking into the conduct of a defenceless woman, who only endeavoured to gratify the wealthy, the high, and the fashionable, and from whose amusements the lower orders of society were wholly excluded. But Fielding was incorruptible; and, instead of accepting the purse, sent his *posse* at a most unfortunate moment, for the promenade was just begun. The variegated lamps for that night were doubled, and fed with a most delicious perfume, equal to Egyptian luxury, where pleasure prepared the banquet for a Cleopatra—

Out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.
——— From the arch'd roof,
Pendant by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielding light
As from a sky.———

In the middle of the area was raised a capacious bower, composed of vine leaves and artificial roses, in the centre of which stood an altar with a flame thereon. At a signal from the hand, a large group of maskers, composed of gentlemen performers from the theatres, and others, entered like Comus and his crew. Mr. Vernon sang an Anacreontic composed for the occasion, the rest the chorus; and thus the first scene ended.

The company were superb and numerous, the masks whimsical, and every thing in the highest taste. At the top of the walk was a hermitage, from the side of which issued a real cascade; from this recess Guadani the singer came forth, attired as the hermit of the cave; his song was charming, but, alas! just in the middle of his quavers, the police officers entered, and bore him off in a manner so theatrical, that the company conceived the attack part of the evening's entertainment. However, Guadani got bail and was liberated, on a promise

mise of never appearing again as a public character in these Soho amusements. But to return, the bacchanalian crew had been joined by Lord Littleton, Mr. Daisey Walker, and Mr. Fitzgerald, and commenced the third act by approaching the altar where the flame was burning; each man held a torch in his right hand and a goblet in his left, and on a signal being given for the dance, they suddenly thrust in their torches, which were quickly lighted. The revels then began; their cups overflowed with wine, and what with their singing, dancing, and drinking, nothing could be more ridiculous or displeasing; however, had they contented themselves to stop here, no notice had been taken, but there was no method in their madness. They all, as if moved by one impulse, rushed from the bower and flew to the square. It had struck five o'clock, and a long train of Calvert's drays were going on their occasional duty: the bacchanalian masques fell upon the drivers, beating them with their lighted flambeaus till a general engagement ensued, the guardians of the night were gone away, the noise encreased, the inhabitants were alarmed, up went the windows, and, though at that early hour, all was mob, riot, and confusion; victory, however, declared in favour of the knights of the bung, who played their parts so well with their horse whips, that Fitzgerald and Walker were completely flogged out of their shoes, for they were seen retreating down Greek-street barefooted, and as fast as their legs could carry them. My Lord lost a jewelled repeater, of 100 guineas, and the men in twilly armour drove away in triumph; and many of our young gentry and green sprigs of nobility got a drubbing, that probably they may remember to the last day of their lives.

To return to the temple; by this time the company had disappeared, except a few young men of quality, who had found their way under ground, and continued drinking till nine o'clock. Nothing could shame the inebriety of these deluded fools; and though the sun soon put the variegated lamps out of countenance, yet nothing could shame these inordinate topers. Perhaps few noticed the beauty of the effect, but the conscious shame which the lamps confessed, upon the approach of the great luminary of day, was very pleasing; they diminished in their lustre as the sun advanced in his. It was a good moral for those who chose to adopt it.

The reputation of Mrs. Cornelly began rapidly to decline, and the Pantheon opening in all its splendour, now put the period to that Lady's consequence; her creditors began to grow clamorous, and she was at length obliged to relinquish the concern, and seek in concealment a refuge from legal prosecution. She remained in obscurity for many years, under the name of Mrs. Smith; and here our readers will no doubt learn with surprise, not unmixed with risibility, the strange transition in her fate; for she who had been so long the leader of fashion, became literally the superintendant of asses, for she kept a house at Knightsbridge, and was a vender of asses milk.

In this situation she still retained a desire of resuming her former pursuits, and for this purpose ornamented a suite of rooms in order to have occasionally a public *dejeuné* for people of fashion. The manners of the times, however, were changed; her taste had not adapted itself to the variations of fashion;

and, after much expence employed in gaudy and frivolous embellishments, she was obliged to abandon her new scheme, and find out an asylum from her creditors. She had a son and a daughter, to whom she gave all the accomplishments of modern education. The son was tutor to Lord Pomfret. He was a very amiable man, and an excellent scholar; this gentleman allowed his mother an anuity till his death. The daughter is still alive, under another name, has long been patronised by some noble families, who knew her mother in better days. The Lady Cowper left her an annuity, and her musical talents still procured her an easy introduction into the best circles, but the unfortunate Mrs. Cornelly ended her life in the Fleet Prison.

Such was the fate of this once celebrated woman of fashion, whose melancholy exit holds forth a warning to imprudence; for, with common discretion, she might have closed her life in affluence.

LETTERS TO LORD CAMELFORD.

LORD GRENVILLE has recently published Letters written by the Earl of Chatham to his nephew Thomas Pitt, Esq. (afterwards Lord Camelford) then at Cambridge. "They are," says the noble editor, in his preface, "few in number, written for the private use of an individual, during a short period of time, and containing only such detached observations on the extensive subjects to which they relate, as occasion might happen to suggest, in the course of familiar correspondence. Yet even these imperfect remains will, undoubtedly, be received by the public with no common interest, as well from their own intrinsic value, as from the picture which they display of the character of their author." "What parent," continues this acute, learned, and elegant writer, "anxious for the character and success of a son, born to any liberal station in this great and free country, would not, in all that related to his education, gladly have resorted to the advice of such a man? What youthful spirit, animated by any desire of future excellence, and looking for the gratification of that desire, in the pursuits of honourable ambition, or in the consciousness of an upright, active, and useful life, would not embrace with transport, any opportunity of listening on such a subject, to the lessons of Lord Chatham? They are here before him; not delivered with the authority of a preceptor, or a parent, but tempered by the affection of a friend, towards a disposition and character well entitled to such regard."

The first letter is without date; the second is from Bath, Oct. 12, 1781; and the last from St. James's-square, Oct. 27, 1787. On all subjects, except the improvement of his nephew's mind and heart, and some few domestic trifles, they are totally silent.—In the third letter we find this excellent advice:

"You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which, the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend: I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me, namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make

make him more learned. *Macte tuâ Virtute*; Go on my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough at your age, the love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer; and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgencies, he fall under the yoke of irresistible habit. *Vitanda est Improba Siren, Desidia*, I desire may be affixed to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress worth talking of; and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself, or any one else, to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for the first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good as to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with, but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular manner, may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action."

Here follows a small part of a course of study. In his fourth letter—which can never be too often read by one about to visit either of the mothers of science and learning—the Earl thus continues:

"As to your companions, be sure to associate with men much older than yourself; scholars, whenever you can; but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily, in good sense, and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them, entitle them to all deference, and submission of your own rights to theirs, you will particularly practise that first and greatest rule for pleasing in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superiors in age and knowledge, namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty; to deliver your own opinions sparingly, and with proper diffidence; and if you are forced to desire farther information or explanation on a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give; or if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which that truth is to be found.

"There is likewise a particular attention required to contradict with good manners; such as begging pardon, begging leave to doubt, and such like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined on his scholars an absolute silence for a long noviciate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity, but I highly re-

commend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction; which is to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well-examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened for company before it is fitted either with necessaries, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing errors for truths, prejudices for principles; and when that is once done—no matter how vainly and weakly—the adhering perhaps to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them; and submitting for life the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger; but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflections to your thoughts.

"As to your manner of behaving towards those unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; retort their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good-breeding. If they banter your regularity, order, decency, and love of study, banter in return their neglect of them; and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease, as your inward estimation of them is full of pity mixed with contempt,

"I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer you which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man; the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? If it be, the highest benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise; *Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit.* If a man wants this virtue, where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, is big with the deepest wisdom: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and an upright heart, that is understanding. This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not: nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure think of a whore and a bottle, a tainted health and battered constitution. Hold fast therefore, by this sheet-anchor of happiness, religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger--the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion as preciously as you would fly with abhorrence and contempt superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature; the two last the deprivation and disgrace of it. Remember the essence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions

ous, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine that I must give them to you: *Compositum Jus, Fasque Animi, Sanctosque recessus mentis, et incoctum generoso Pectus Honesto.*

After the above important and valuable admonitions, we have, in letter 5th, his Lordship's observations on matters of a lighter nature, but, nevertheless, indispensable in the constitution of a gentleman.—Ridiculing the idea of a good or a great man being above attending to a noble, engaging, and proper management of his person, he makes this remark—" As if the body, because inferior, were not a part of the composition of man; and the easy, ready, and graceful use of himself, both in mind and limb, did not go to make up the character of an accomplished man." " Now as to politeness," continues he, " many have attempted definitions of it: I believe, it is best to be known by description; definitions not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly occurences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c. what is this but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles, to the convenience and pleasure of others?—And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention—by habit it grows easy and natural to us—to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent, or remove them. Let your behaviour towards superiors in dignity, age, learning, or any distinguished excellence, be full of respect, deference, and modesty. Towards equals nothing becomes a man so well as well-bred ease, polite freedom, generous frankness, manly spirit always tempered with gentleness and sweetness of manner, noble sincerity, candour, and openness of heart qualified and restrained within the bounds of discretion and prudence, and ever limited by a sacred regard to secrecy, in all things entrusted to it, and an invaluable attachment to your word. To inferiors, gentleness, condescension, and affability, is the only dignity. Towards servants, never accustom yourself to rough and passionate language. When they are good, we should consider them as *humiles amici*, as fellow christians, *ut conservi*; and when they are bad, pity, admonish, and part with them if incorrigible. On all occasions beware of anger, that demon, that destroyer of our peace."

From what we have given, it will be seen how admirably these letters are calculated, as the noble editor observes, in his dedication to Mr. Pitt, to " teach how great talents may most successfully be cultivated, and to what objects they may most honourably be directed."

REMARKABLE ASSOCIATION OF ANIMALS.

From a Paris Paper.

THE living rattlesnake, four feet and a half long, and six inches in circumference, has been publicly exhibited this day, the 20th of July, 1804 at the Hotel Taranne, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain.—A goldfinch, which has never quitted him since his arrival at Bourdeaux; and a Louisianian rat; live together in the utmost harmony. The rat is as interesting in consequence of its mildness, as for its manners, which resemble those of a bear. By the last papers, however, we find that the rattlesnake is since dead; so that this singular association is of course dissolved.

ON

ON THE

CRUEL PRACTICE OF FISHING WITH LIVE BAIT.

"To many, no doubt, the subject which I have chosen, will appear whimsical and unentertaining: from the reflecting, however, and the humane, I shall hope for a different opinion."

From an Essay on Humanity to Animals,

BY THOMAS YOUNG, A. M.

Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

AS the season is arrived, when, in the language of the Poet,

Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook—

I have thrown together a few reflections on the cruel practice of fishing with live bait.—"Sportsmen in general," it has been well observed, "are so wedded to their favourite pastime, and so firmly resolved to pursue it, that it may seem presumptuous to undertake to make any impression upon them, by appealing either to their heads or hearts." But from those who are not yet initiated in the mysteries of cruel diversions, we may hope better things. Parents, guardians, and preceptors of youth, in particular, whose province and duty it is,

To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind—

Will do well to pay the most exact and constant attention, in this respect, to those who are under their care. For, by a timely interposition on their part, children may be gradually brought to turn with abhorrence from those cruel practices, in which, before their minds were enlightened on the subject, their careless and wanton humour may have indulged itself without controul. "The minds of children," it hath been remarked, "are naturally tender, and susceptible of soft and benevolent impressions; and if some are of a rougher cast than others, they are still capable of being instructed in their duty, and reduced to order, by the principles of religion, and the fear of God.—"With regard to hard heartedness, or a want of pity, this," says an ingenious writer—and a writer, of great celebrity in his day, though now perhaps too much and too undeservedly neglected—"is often encouraged, if not implanted, in the hearts of children, by suffering them to exercise the most unprovoked and wanton cruelties on the innocent brute creation. The child begins these acts of cruelty without any consciousness of giving pain: he delights only in the novelty of the contortions and cries of the suffering creature: he proceeds in this unmeaning folly, without rebuke, till at length the practice of wantonly tormenting becomes a strong and confirmed habit of amusement. It is then too late to convince him of his error, by telling him the creature suffers pain: for his confirmed habit hath now given him a passion or desire, which is probably too strong for the pity which then riseth in his heart.

This being premised, I proceed to the subject proposed——

"I have often wondered," says a benevolent writer," that Thomson, who was distinguished by his humanity during life, and is yet distinguished by it in his poetry, did not altogether condemn fishing for amusement. He even speaks of it with complacency and approbation, in his description of angling, which seems to follow somewhat awkwardly after the lines immediately preceding, in which he had gone so far as to condemn the killing

ing of animals even for food. He could not, however, help condemning the cruellest sort of fishing, that is to say, with the worm:

But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonising folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. SPRING—385.

I am sorry (adds my author) that the gentler sex have been led to practise this sort of fishing. If cruel diversions must be retained, it were to be wished that at least they may be reckoned fit only for the men.

Surely, (as another writer on the same subject observes) amongst the softer dispositions of the other sex, we shall never find the least tendency to cruelty. Yet are the ladies of this island not exempt, although I am proud to boast that there are no women in the known world, who poſſess so much delicacy and sensibility; and yet, in some instances, I cannot exculpate them.——Is the lady fond of angling—she takes her station by the side of a murmuring stream, and, with the utmost unconcern, forces the barbed hook through the defenceless body of the writhing worm, and there it must remain, in torture, as a bait for the fish; for, should death put a period to it's existence, it is no longer fit for use, and must be succeeded by another sufferer. Can there be a more dreadful, a more ingenious piece of torture contrived than this? Yet will they tell you with a laugh, *it is only a worm!* Is pain then confined to beings of a larger bulk? Has not the worm a body, in all it's parts exquisitely formed by the hand of Providence?

It is not size which gives value to life.—No creature is so insignificant, but whilst it has life, it has a right to happiness. To deprive it of happiness is injustice; and to put it to unnecessary pain is cruelty. It is very unreasonable, therefore, to estimate the degree of the sin of cruelty to any creature by the value we set upon the creature itself; or to suppose that difference of size, or difference of beauty, are foundations of real difference as to the feelings of brutes. A fly has feeling as well as an ox; and a toad has as much right to happiness as a canary bird; for the same God made the ox, and the fly, and the toad, and the bird. We ought not to put any of the creatures to pain, if we can avoid it; for cruelty to a brute is odious and abominable, whether it be to a beast, or a bird, or a fish, or a worm. Be the creature ever so insignificant in our estimation, we cannot put it to any degree of unnecessary pain without a violation of the laws of nature; because every living creature is the work of the God of nature.

THE TYRANT REPROVED BY HIS SLAVE.

A POOR West India Negro, employed as a domestic in the house of his master who had purchased him, having bought a trifling article of a fellow negro, who had procured it by clandestine means, was detected with the property about him, and therefore ordered by his master to be severely whipped. After he had received the punishment, he said to the officer who had inflicted it, "why you no flog white man?—"So we do," answered the officer, when they buy stolen goods knowing them to be stolen. "There stand my massa; why you no flog him, as you flog poor me? he buy me—he knew me ſtole."

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE

FROM

Exeter to the Back-waters and Exmouth, with a Return to Chudleigh.

With an Engraving of the Stricken Deer.

The Toxophylites—The Back-waters—Topsham—The Epitaph—Exmouth—Powderham Castle—The stricken Deer—*(of which last see Engraving)*—John Cross of Star-cross—Chudleigh—The Glow-worm—And Set down at Exeter.

Of hills I sing, along the varied scene,
Of howling tempests, and of skies serene;
Forts, tow'rs, and cities, and their ancient date,
How prop'd by int'rest, and how shook by fate.
Men and their manners oft employ my song;
The wise I rev'rence, and condemn the wrong:
The ways of Providence bring forth for thee,
And, where I can't unravel, bend the knee.

THE TOXOPHYLITES.

A BAND of Western Bowmen had obtained permission from Lord Courtenay to come with horn, and with hound, to hunt the deer for a whole day, on any part of his Lordship's domain, from Exmoor to Exmouth; and, if they should kill the stag in the right Robin-Hood stile, the game to be dressed at his Lordship's expence, and served up at the Star-cross Tavern, and the archer who struck the venison to death should be master of the feast. This company of merry Toxophylites overtook me in my way towards Powderham Castle, between Exminster and Kenton; they were all on horseback, richly dressed in their uniforms, and completely equipped with bows and with arrows. The Captain of the band was singing the old ballad of Merry-Sherwood, and all the rest joined in the burthen of the song. I kept pace with these jolly sportsmen for near a mile, and then turned off towards the sea-bank, opposite Topsham, wishing to make myself acquainted with the manner of admitting vessels of commerce to the

BACK-WATERS OF EXETER,

So much and so justly the boast of that city. There were about thirteen ships waiting within the bar of Exmouth, for the tide to carry them to the flood gates of the canal, when the craft with the trade from London claimed their right to be first admitted. This commodious and charming aqueduct, is near four miles in breadth. The toll is paid at the entrance, to a fraternity called the Chamber of Exeter, under whose government the whole is regulated, and kept in perpetual repair. With the help of locks, through these waters, the trade is conducted with great speed and safety; the banks are covered with beautiful spreading trees, whose umbrageous arms are impervious to the mid-day beams; and the passenger, divesting himself for a moment of locality, may conceive he is in a Dutch schute, travelling *a la Hollandois*, and less for profit than for pleasure, till he arrives at the last watergate, where he is let into the Ex, and presently moored before the custom-house of the town.

The utility of these Back-waters must evidently appear, when it is known, that, from the great power or caprice of the ancient Earls of Devonshire, continually at variance with the citizens, the natural river was so dammed up, staked, and obstructed, that the smallest vessel could not reach their walls. But others have assigned another reason, which I conceive to be the more probable; that the river was so strait and shallow, it was impossible

sible to keep a head of water sufficient for their trade, and they were obliged to acquire by art what was denied them by nature. Whatever might have been the true cause, the effect has been of no serious consequence to the people of Exeter; since, from their Back-waters, they draw all the comforts of commerce and of security; for though close on the sea, they are so far secure from the sudden attempts of an invading enemy, that, while true to themselves, the citizens of Exeter have, on that score, nothing dreadful to apprehend. From the lower mouth of this canal, I passed the Broad-waters of the Ex, and landed at

TOPSHAM,

A long straggling street, chiefly inhabited by fishermen, and others engaged in navigation and commerce; it is exceedingly ill paved, and most repulsive to the tender feet of indulgence.

Topsham is a place which has little or nothing to recommend it; for, excepting their females, their French brandy, and their fish, the people have nothing to tempt a traveller for one night to rest among them.

However, on quitting Topsham, the scene changes, the traveller is again put in spirits by a foot-road, and a grand variety of charming objects through a long chain of villages to the sea. Georges Clyst, Woodbury, and Limpstone, have much to recommend them; they are the foot-ways of health, and the lands of fertility. At Woodbury, I was shown a whimsical epitaph, on ROBIN OAKS, once a celebrated Blacksmith of Limpstone, who died at the advanced age of one hundred and one, and, as the inscription expresses, greatly beloved and respected.

THE EPITAPH.

Stop a moment, my friend—why so fast to your labour?
You 'll not think it time lost to remember a neighbour:
I was once Robin Oaks—call'd by some Blacksmith Bob,
Till Death took me in hand, for a very tough job.
However, he finish'd the work he begun,
And shut up my shop at a hundred and one.
No more shall the chime from my anvil, at morn,
Call up the bold Hunters to follow the horn;
For my bellows, alas! are now robb'd of their wind,
My files gone to rust, and my hammers declin'd;
Quite low in the dust all my vices are laid,
My fires burnt out, and my forges decay'd;
My coal is all spent, all my iron is gone,
I've made my last nail!—Thus my labours are done.
Go forward my friend, and your bus'ness pursue;
In a very short time it will be so with you.

Widecombe is famous for being the favourite retreat of that great naval commander, Sir Francis Drake, whose ancient mansion still strikes the passenger with reverential respect, and whose memory shall proudly live with the hardy seaman—Yes! while the British flag rides triumphant, and with untarnished splendour around the repulsive shores of his unconquered country.

EXMOUTH.

We now rise to the high grounds of Exmouth, one of the pleasantest summer retreats on the southern shores of England; and where the rationally polite may find every accommodation to the height of their wishes. Respecting sea-bathing, here is the clear, the uncontaminated saline. Thanet, Brighton, Bog-

nor, have their charms, but Exmouth has those serene delights most engaging to a susceptive mind. Quiet, mingling with commendable pleasures, are at all times of the season to be found; and cheerful health, in her spray-washed sandals, constantly frequents these samphire covered cliffs.—Many ravishing objects are seen from the high lands of Exmouth. The perforated rock below Dawlish, when the sun has passed the meridian, is a fine picture of rude nature, as is my Lord Courtenay's park and castle of polished art. To the northward, the cathedral church of Exeter rises majestically grand in the landscape; and to the eastward, that rapidly declining specimen of Saxon magnificence, Corfe Castle, terminates the view. Governor Paulk's pillar, and my Lord Courtenay's look-out, are pleasing objects; but the most brilliant of the whole is the British Channel, when the blocading squadrons shew themselves on the aquatic horrizon: while the commerce of England, outward bound and returning from many parts of the world, contribute to awaken a sensation not easy to be described; and at the close of day to behold the surrounding beacons is a spectacle awfully grand.

Descending to the beach, I hailed a fisherman returning to Topsham, who, for one shilling, landed me at Lord Courtenay's park gate, and gave me a fine pair of soles into the bargain: having a recommendation to view the internal beauties of this celebrated mansion, I presently entered

POWDERHAM CASTLE,

The seat of the Earls of Devonshire, from the time of King Stephen till near the death of the first Mary. In 1683 the title was revived in Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy; in 1618 it fell to William Lord Cavendish, in whose family the title still continues. But though the title was lost to the Courtenays, they never quitted the domain; and the castle, built by Baldwin De Rivers, or Reparii, is still in the possession of the lineal heir of that ancient family.

From whatever point we behold the castle of Powderham, it exhibits a fine silvery feature in the landscape, insomuch, that it has not been improperly called "The Lily of the Vale." the front towards Exmouth has been considerably enlarged, after a modern fashion, and opens to one of the finest sheets of water in the universe; but the greater part retains its ancient consequence, its narrow windows, Norman battlements, peep-holes, &c.

In one of the largest and loftiest rooms of the castle his Lordship has several fine pictures; among the best, I observed the Tribute Money, by Rubens; Charles the first and his Queen, by Vandyke; Mr. Montague in his Turkish habit, and a very fine picture by Schnieder; over the chimney piece, in a most supurb frame, Lord Courtenay, by Cosway; with some good shipping, and several pieces of less eminence. While I was here, I had a transient view of the three sister Sylphs of the castle; the first, like St. Cecilia, was playing on her harp; the second, like Ariel, singing to the divine harmony of the chords; and the third, like Penelope, employed in adorning the web of the loom.

In quitting this palace of enchantments, I turned up the Park; and, having passed through a herd of mischievous buffaloes, and some of the finest deer in England, I was entering a fir plantation, on the brow of the hill near Kenton, when my ear was delighted with the sound of the spirit stirring bugle; the archers had struck the stag, and the poor trembling creature staggered feebly before me, I followed it to the valley where it fell; and the attitude of THE

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The Stricken Deer.

THE STRICKEN DEER

Called to my recollection that charming description of the melancholy Jaques, in Shakespear's comedy, "As you like it."

———"As he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish."—

The arrow that had pierced half deep between his ribs, bore upright its silvery fletch, and seemed to tremble at the cruel deed its point had done; while

"The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase."—

The Bugle again announced the triumph, and the Archers surrounded the expiring beast: he was presently carted and conveyed to Starcross to have his haunches fashioned for the feast.

(To be continued.)

THE GOUT, AND THE LATE DR. FRANKLIN.

A DIALOGUE.

THIS was lately sent from Philadelphia, and is saidto have been undoubtedly written by Dr. Franklin, probably during his last residence in France. Its humour would do no discredit to him, and we think it worthy of being presented to our readers:—

Mr. Franklin. Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout. Enough, enough; you have ate and drank too much, and over indulged those legs of yours in their indolence,

Mr. Franklin. Who is it thus accuses me?

Gout. It is I, even I, the Gout.

Mr. Franklin. What! my enemy in person?

Gout. No! not your enemy.

Mr. Franklin. I repeat it; my enemy; for you would at once torment my body to death, and ruin my good reputation: you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world that knows me will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

Gout. The world may think as it pleases: it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I know full well that the quantity of nourishment proper for one who uses suitable exercise would be too much for another who uses none.

Mr. Franklin. I take—Eh—he, as much exercise—Eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state; and in regard to that, it would seem Madam Gout, you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my fault.

Gout. Quite otherwise; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or if the weather prevent that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast, by salutary exercise, you must amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or gazettes, which commonly are not worth the

reading. Yet you eat a large breakfast, four dishes of tea, enriched with slices of hung beef, which I fancy are not the most digestible things. Immediately afterwards you set to writing at your bureau, or discourse with persons who apply to you on business; thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition, But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends with whom you have dined, would be the choice of men of sense: your's is to be fixed down to a game of chess, where they find you thus engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, and the least eligible of any for a sedentary man; because instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation, and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapt in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution.—What can be expected to result from such a course of living, but a body replete with stagnant humours, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not bring you relief by agitating these humours, and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played a while at chess, who would not excuse you? but the same taste prevails with you in Passey, Auteil, Montmartre, or Savoy: places furnished with the finest gardens and walks; and beautiful ladies, who there breathe a pure air, render the air still more inviting by their most agreeable and instructive conversation; all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks! But all are as certainly rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fy then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to bestow as wholesome correction; so take a twinge—twinge.

Mr. Franklin. Oh! Eh! Oh! Ohhhh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray Madam! a truce with your corrections.

Gout. The very reverse; I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your own good—for instance.

Mr. Franklin. Oh! Ehhh! It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often; going out to dine, and returning in my carriage.

Gout. This of all imaginable exercises is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. In observing the degree of heat obtained by the different kinds of movements, one may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be produced by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in such a carriage as that, you may go a journey, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire.—Flatter yourself, then, no longer, that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages—to all he has given a pair of legs, which are in truth machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful then, and make a proper use of your's. Would you know how they forward the circulation of your fluids, in the very action of transporting you from place to place; observe when you walk, that all your weight is alternately thrown from one leg to the other, this occasions a great pressure on the vessels of the foot, and repels their contents,

tents. When relieved by the weight being thrown on the other foot, the vessels of the first are allowed to replenish, and by a return of the weight this repulsion again succeeds; thus accelerating the circulation of the blood. The heat produced in any given time, depends on the degree of this acceleration: the fluids are shaken, the humours attenuated, the secretions are facilitated, and all goes well; the cheeks are ruddy, and health is established. Behold your fair friend at Auteil, a lady who received from bounteous nature more really useful science, than half a dozen such pretenders to philosophy as you have been able to extract from all your books; when she honours you with a visit, it is on foot; she walks all hours of the day, and leaves indolence and its concomitant maladies to be endured by her horses. See at once the preservative of her health, and personal charms. On the other hand, when you arrive at Auteil, it is in your carriage, though it is no farther from Passey to Auteil, than from Auteil to Passey.

Mr. Franklin. Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

Gout. I stand corrected, I will be silent and continue my office: take this, and this.

Mr. Franklin. Oh! Ohh!—talk on, I pray you!

Gout. No, no; I have a good number of twinges for you to night, and the rest you may be sure of tomorrow.

Mr. Franklin. What, with such a fever. Eh! Eh!—I shall go distracted, can no one bear it for me?

Gout. Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

Mr. Franklin. How can you so cruelly sport with my torments?

Gout. I am very serious: I have here a list of your offences against your own health distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

Mr. Franklin. Let's hear it then.

Gout. It is too long a detail; you shall have it briefly.

Mr. Franklin. Proceed—I am all attention.

Gout. Can you remember how often you have appointed the following morning for a walk in the grove of Boulogne, in the garden de la Muette, or in your own, and that you violated your promise; alleging, at one time it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist, or too what else you pleased; when in truth it was too nothing, but your insuperable love of ease.

Mr. Franklin. That I confess may have happened sometimes; probably ten times a year.

Gout. Your confession is very imperfect; the gross amount is one hundred and ninety nine times.

Mr. Franklin. Is it possible?

Gout. So possible, that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement You know Mr. B—'s gardens, and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of an hundred steps, which lead from the terrace above, to the level below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week after dinner; and it being a maxim of your own invention, that—one may take as much exercise in walking a mile up and down stairs, as in ten on level ground. What an opportunity was here for you to exercise in both these ways? Did you embrace it; and how often?

Mr. Franklin. I cannot at once answer this question.

Gout. I will do it for you; not once.

Mr. Franklin. Not once!

Gout. Even so; all the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely

lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you and entertain you with their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice? Why, to sit on the terrace, satisfying yourself with the fine prospect, and passing your eye over the beauties of the gardens below, but without taking one step to descend and walk about them. On the contrary you call for tea, and the chess board; and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock; and that, besides two hours play after dinner: then, instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you stepped into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcileable to good health without my interposition!

Mr. Franklin. Now I am convinced of the justness of poor Richard's remark, that—our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for.

Gout. So it is! you philosophers are sages in your maxims, and fools in your conduct.

Mr. Franklin. But do you charge among my crimes that I return in a carriage from Mr. B—'s?

Gout. Certainly: for having been seated all the while, you cannot object the fatigue of the day, or want the indulgence of a carriage.

Mr. Franklin. How would you advise me then to employ my carriage?

Gout. Burn it if you choose: you would at least get heat out of it once in this way; or if you reject this proposal, here is another for you; take notice of the poor peasants who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages of Passey, Auteil, Chaillois, &c. you may daily among these deserving creatures, find four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled under the weight of years, and by overstraining and too long continued labour. These people, after a most fatiguing day, have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. See, there 's an act for you, of importance to the good of your soul; and at the same time, after your visit to the B—'s, if you return on foot, that will be good for your body.

Mr. Franklin. Ah! how fatiguing you are.

Gout. Let us return to my office: it should be remembered that I am your physician.

Mr. Franklin. Ohhh! the devil of a physician!

Gout. What an ungrateful man are you to say so! Is it not I, in the character of your physician, who have saved you from the palsy, the dropsy, and apoplexy? one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

Mr. Franklin. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future: for in my mind one had better die, than be cured so dolefully. Permit me Madam Gout just to hint that I have not been unfriendly to you—I never feed physician or quack of any kind to enter the list against you; if then you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

Gout. I scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks I despise them: they may kill you indeed, but cannot affect me. As to regular physicians, they are at last convinced, that the gout in such a subject as you are, is no malady, but a remedy: and wherefore cure a remedy? but to our business. —There——

Mr. Franklin. Oh! Oh! for Heaven's sake quit; and I promise faithfully never more to play chess, but to exercise daily, and live temperately.

Gout.

Gout. I know you too well—You promise fair; but after a few month's of good health you will return to your old habits: your fine promises will be forgot like the form of the last year's clouds. Come then; we will finish the account.—But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for your good is my object; and you are now sensible that I am your real friend.

THE SHOOTING DIRECTORY.

By R. B. Thornhill, Esq.

IN adding this work to the many which have appeared upon the various divertisements of the man of pleasure, the author exhibits himself under the threefold character of a philosopher, a sportsman, a moralist or divine. How he has acquitted himself in these assumptions, will be the object of some animadversion in the present and future numbers. On the first view, we presume, that Mr. Thornhill's dedication to his subscribers, asserts a truism, which will scarcely be disputed by any, viz, that his work "contains such a quantity of important knowledge as has never yet been comprised in any single treatise, on the subject of shooting."

Mr. Thornhill very properly acknowledges that many of the subjects in his work, have so frequently been handled at full length in separate publications, that each in his cannot be expected solely to consist of new principles: what *originality* it is therefore entitled to, he adds, is principally from a manuscript, so far back as the year 1508, and the compilers own indefatigable exertions in pursuit of every information, joined with his own experience.

That our readers may judge of Mr. Thornhill's talents as a philosopher—for it seems that the *philosophy of sporting*, is not a non-entity—we have borrowed the following extract from his introduction, which, allowing for the *wildness* of his theory respecting the scale of human being, is exceedingly pertinent, and well written.

"The branch of natural history is the most comprehensive of all others, extending not only throughout that part of the animal kingdom, generally termed *Quadrupeds* (the lizard tribe excepted) but including also the cetaceous order, or whales, and the human species. This class at first sight appears to unite animals, not only totally dissimilar in their outward appearance, but in no respect analogous in their habits and dispositions.

"A more nice inspection and closer examination will however soon convince us of their similarity and near alliance; the outward appearance indeed affords an astonishing variety, but the inward structure is nearly alike in all the genera. They breath through lungs, are viviparous, and suckle their young by means of mammillæ or teats, which differ in situation, and are more or less in proportion to the number of young brought forth by each species.

"The placing of man at the head of this system, by Linnæus, has given offence to many naturalists, who think it a degradation to be ranked with the brutes that perish; but if we take the pains to examine the internal structure, and wonderful mechanism of the human frame, and compare it with that of beasts, as exemplified in the system of anatomy, and comparative anatomy, we shall find an astonishing similarity and agreement: composed

of

of the same materials, furnished with the same organs, which are acted upon exactly in the same manner; they are equally liable to accident, decay, and putrefaction. On the other hand we find, agreeable to the Mosaic account of the creation, that, man was the last of the Creator's works; created in the image of his Maker with an immortal soul; endowed with reason and reflection, which enable him to contemplate the works of that Omnipotent Being from whom his existence is derived.

"From many considerations we have sufficient ground for believing that there are beings as far superior to us as we are to the brutes; and although we are connected with the brutes by our corruptible or earthly bodies, so are we united with angels, and ultimately with God himself, by our incorruptible, or heavenly souls.

"It appears evident that we are a connecting link of that great chain by which all beings are united, and it is possible that we are much farther removed from the first great mover of all things, than from the most minute and apparently trifling part of the creation.

"If we attempt a general view of the animal kingdom, a large and extensive field opens to us, boundless on all sides, and stored with an immense number of creatures, as different in their dispositions and manners as in their make and form. We shall find each animal assigned its proper element, climate, and means of subsistence; that some possess strength and courage, accompanied with hunger and voracity; and others gentleness, temperance, and agility, attended with restlessness, and timidity: some again are endued with faithfulness, patience, and honesty; others are strongly characterized by deceit and treachery. Some animals, and these the most gentle, innocent, and tranquil, content themselves in our pastures, enjoying the society of men. Those which are more fierce and suspicious, hide themselves in the deepest recesses of the forest; others, as if they knew there was no safety for them on the surface of the earth, dig subterraneous abodes, take refuge in caverns, or gain the summit of the most inaccessible mountains. Lastly, the most ferocious and formidable kinds, inhabit deserts only, and reign as monarchs in those burning climates, where man, nearly savage with themselves, are unable to conquer them.

"The brute creation are in general confined to particular districts and situations suited to their respective wants and calls of nature. It is man alone that roves universally impressed with an irresistible curiosity, and an arduous thirst after knowledge; we see him daily encounter the greatest dangers, bid defiance to almost insurmountable difficulties, quitting his native country, where he not only enjoys all the necessaries, but even the luxuries, willingly to encounter storms and tempests on the perilous ocean. We find him at one time almost naked, dissolving beneath the fervent heat of the sun, under the torrid zone; and at another wrapped in furs, yet nearly petrified with cold, under the chilling influence of the frigid zone. The intense heat and almost insupportable burning sands in the southern desert; the mountains of ice, and chilling blasts of the northern atmosphere; have each attractions to employ his faculties, engage his attention, and gratify his inquiring spirit.

"Hence we may conclude, that as all the treasures of nature are so artfully contrived, so wonderfully propagated, and so providentially supported throughout her three kingdoms, they seem intended by the Creator for the sake of man.

(To be continued.)

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A SERJEANT was drilling some recruits on Tuesday, in Hyde Park, when having an occasion to complain several times of a want of expertness in one individual, he at last ordered him away to the awkward squad, remarking, that he was the most *stupid* fellow he ever came near. "You may say that," muttered the young Irishman as he went away, "or I never should have entered for a *foot soldier*."—This was followed by an order of the serjeant to take down his name; and we suppose his *wit* will produce him a few *smarting* remembrancers.

THE dying speeches, issued a few days since at Manchester, on the execution of J. Boadle, contained the following ludicrous Hibernianism:—"He was twenty-eight years of age, was born near Bolton-le-Moors, but is supposed to be an *Irishman*."

A GENTLEMAN passing through Bond-street, a few days since, was accosted by a female mendicant, whose countenance spoke her distress more forcibly than her language. He gave her a shilling, asking her at the same time, from something that struck him in her tones, whether she was not an Irishwoman.—"Indeed I *am*," said she, dropping a grateful curtsey, "and *have been ever since I was a child*."

A BULL.—In the Limerick paper, an Irish Gentleman, whose Lady has absconded from him, cautions the public against trusting her, in these words:—"My *Wife* has eloped from me without *rhyme or reason*, and I desire no one will trust her on my account, for I am *not married* to her."

A PREGNANT actress, of the name of Smith, in one of the provincial theatres, was announced last week in the play bills, in a favourite character, "being her last appearance previous to her being delivered of a *young Roscius!*"

AN Evening Print assures its readers, Government have received information, that Leighlin bridge, in the county of Carlow, has lately travelled into the county of Kildare.

TRICK upon a Bailiff.—One of these gentlemen lately met a gentleman whom he *wanted*, in Baker-street.—He of course soon let him know his business, at the same time asking his captive, "Whether the gentleman who accompanied him—and who then stood at a door some distance—was not Mr. ——" The captive answered in the affirmative. "Then d—n it," said the bailiff, "I *want* him too." "If you do," said the captive—throwing an intelligible signal to his friend—"You'd better take your companion with you, or he'll *bolt*,"—a term for running, or forcing away.—The bailiff and his follower accordingly advanced towards the other gentleman, who immediately *bolted*—they pursued, but could not overtake him. The captive fled in the other direction; and the bailiff, through his eagerness to make a double hit, was left to bewail the entire loss of his prey.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HARRIERS.—Brighton, October 12. The Prince's harriers, for the first time this season, threw off near Patcham Windmill, on Wednesday last, attended by a field of nearly sixty sportsmen, among whom were, the Earl of Berkeley, Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, &c. Mrs. Stoddard, the Lady of Captain Stoddard, of the Enniskillens, also partook of the pleasures of the chase, and was in at the death of a brace of hares, which were the well-earned spoils of the day. Mrs. Stoddard is one of the best female equestrians we ever saw; a descent at full speed from the highest hill alarms her not; graceful and easy in the saddle, she manages the reins with all possible ability, and seems to acquire additional fortitude when difficulties present themselves; difficulties which—as on Wednesday—unhorse the Cockney sportsman, but call her powers pleasingly into action, and give fresh cause for admiration and surprise. The same harriers, to a numerous field of sportsmen, threw off to-day, on the race-hill, and produced excellent diversion. This staunch and fleet pack, the same as last year, will continue to throw off for the amusement of all who choose to join the hunt, on Mondays near Portslade Windmill, on Wednesdays near Patcham, and on Fridays on the Race-hill, throughout the season. Hares this year are in great abundance.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 22.—The Prince's harriers, on Friday, as usual, threw off on the Race-hill, but little sport ensued; for, from the improper conduct of some presuming Cockney sportsmen, in persisting in their attempts not to follow but to ride before the hounds, the huntsman was compelled to return his dogs to the kennel some hours before the accustomed time, and leave the puppies offending to hunt notoriety without them.

COURSING.—At the last Malton Meeting, a challenge was given, on the part of Mr. Percival, to start three brace of greyhounds against any gentleman there, which was accepted by Mr. Darley, of Aldby Park. The dogs of Mr. Percival, we understand, to be got by Major, the brother of Snowball; and those of Mr. Darley, by Mr. Snowball, out of Dent.—At the Driffield Hunting Meeting, Mr. Milner, of Bishopthorpe, is to produce four greyhounds, of one litter, against all Holderness.

FRIDAY, Oct. 5, was run, in Charlton-Field, Worcestershire, for a considerable sum, a match between Mr. Hunter's famous greyhound, Soldier, and Mr. Dingley's Jack; after some very good courses, and a leash of hares being killed, it was decided greatly in favour of Soldier.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3, a farmer, at Hampton, for a wager of 25 guineas, rode his poney, a beast under

under 14 hands high, 90 miles on the western road, in twelve hours and a half. The rider weighs at least 14 stone, and the beast performed the extraordinary feat in three quarters of an hour less than the given time. A number of the *cognoscenti* in those matches were present, and they were deeply taken in by the extraordinary performance of the poney.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 3, a gentleman, who never has been in the habit of walking a great distance at a time, undertook, for a wager of two hundred guineas, to walk from Glasgow to Perth, distance fifty-seven miles, without once sitting down, or taking any kind of rest whatever. Saturday morning he started at four o'clock, and accomplished the journey, in terms of the bet, in about seventeen hours. A good deal of money was sported on the occasion—odds in general against the performance.

ON Wednesday, the 3d inst. Col. Lord Edward Somerset, of the 4th Dragoons, and Capt. Munro, of the North Hants Militia, started to run one hundred yards, at East Bourn, for a bet of fifty guineas, which was won by Lord Edward.

Last month a foot race, of four miles and three quarters, for 200 guineas, was run at Lantrissant, Glamorganshire, by a native of that place, and a young man brought from England for the purpose. It was won by the latter, who went over the ground with great ease in 26 minutes, although very rough and uneven. The bets were three to two in favour of the Lantrissant man, who had never been beaten before.

A YOUNG gentleman, an assistant to an eminent surgeon at Chipping Sudbary, Gloucestershire, undertook, last month, to walk two miles in twenty minutes, and afterwards to run a mile in five minutes; the first he lost by half a minute, and he won the last by nearly the same time.

BOXING.—A well contested battle was fought, early on Tuesday morning, Oct. 9, in Hyde Park, between Trigg, a carpenter, from town, and a countryman, of the name of Hawkins. The quarrel originated on Saturday night, when each of them had repaired to Hammersmith in one cause, that of paying their addresses to a *black-eyed damsel* of that place. It was agreed on between the parties that a fight should take place, and that the victor should be the fortunate gallant. At the commencement of the fight, Trigg gave proofs of a proficiency in the art of pugilism, and put in some clean hits about the head of his antagonist. The blows of the countryman were, however, irresistible towards the latter end of the fight, and seldom failed to penetrate far enough to knock down his antagonist. In the last round, Trigg received a hard blow in the throat, and was unable to rise after. The fight lasted forty minutes. The fortunate gallant was severely beaten, and immediately secured, as it was undetermined whether his antagonist would recover the blow.

Two gentlemen, out a-shooting on Tuesday the 2d inst. shot a badger in a hedge bottom, in the neighbourhood of Sex's Hill, Leicestershire; it weighed upwards of 40lb. and was remarkably fat; the skin was so thick and loose as to resist many of the shot, which were found only indented; and they were obliged to fire three times before it was destroyed.

ABOUT a fortnight ago, three gentlemen of Manchester, shooting at Colne, near Burnley, were for two days accompanied by a man 82 years

years of age, who carried a basket, containing their provisions, with great ease, though it was supposed he must have walked 25 miles each day. He told them, that at the age of 76 he walked from thence to London in three days, which was 55 miles a-day, stopped four days, and in three days more returned to his native place. He said he had several *lads* between 50 and 60.—He frequently goes to Preston and back in a day, which is 46 miles.—The same gentlemen were informed, that there had formerly lived in the neighbourhood of Colne three persons, a grandson, his father, and grandfather, the youngest of whom was upwards of 80 years old.

MARGATE, Oct. 21.—A match at billiards, upon which many hundred pounds are depending, made by Sir Horace Mann, Major Foley, and Mr. Edwards, to be played by the two first cue-players in England, viz. Evans and Hughes, commenced on Friday evening at Kidman's Hotel. The match to be decided in forty-two games; twenty-one to be played at Evans's table, and twenty-one at Hughes's. To prevent a crowd, and the intrusion of improper persons, half-a-crown was taken for admittance. The play on Friday evening, terminated with Evans being three games a-head.

REMARKABLE Contrast of Manners.—The celebrated tour through the Highlands of Scotland by Loch Lomond and Inverary, attracted many travellers during the late summer. A small party, consisting of a lady and three gentlemen, being on their way from Glasgow to Inverary, their carriage was suddenly overset near the inn of Arrochar. A noble Lord, one of the sixteen Peers of Scotland, justly distinguished for his knowledge in agriculture, happened to be in the inn, and was the first who hastened to the assistance of the party. Convinced that humanity "is nobility's true badge," Lord Somerville first extricated the party from their perilous situation, and having called his servants, most condescendingly united his personal efforts with their's in raising the carriage. This accident was the forerunner of another, which unluckily happened to the same party in the lonely Glencoe, in the middle of which they were arrested by the breaking of the carriage pole; their horses took fright, but were at length unyoked, and then they themselves turned out into the desert road. While in this hapless condition two well-known merchants, the one at that time a Mayor, and the other a late Mayor of a populous manufacturing city, arrived in two carriages at the spot; they beheld in this sequestered glen a lady trembling from recent escape of danger, and the rest of the party in much evident embarrassment; yet, strange to tell, in place of offering the smallest aid, they "passed by on the other side," with indescribable apathy, and without dropping one word of sympathy or condolence, or so much as inquiring what had happened, though their foremost postillion stopped his horses for a few seconds, seemingly to provoke an order for assisting the unfortunates. The polite and benevolent manners of the noble Lord, contrasted with the behaviour of the two Mayors, no doubt increased those lively sensations of gratitude and respect to his Lordship which had been previously impressed upon the party, but would naturally excite feelings of a very different sort towards the callous spectators of their last misfortune.—"Take physic, Pomp!"

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE DASH;
OR,
WHO BUT HE,

A new Musical Farce, brought out at Drury Lane; which, though d—nd the first night, contained the following excellent Song.

DON'T you know me? Jenny Dash!
Every where the go and flash!
Every sportsman's known to me,
Every jockey cries, "that's she!"
No where but my fame is up,
Since I won the silver cup!
I'm up to each rig,
Trot a poney, drive a gig,
Or dashingly can whip four in hand;
On a colt of Eclipse,
I glory in high leaps,
At a five-barr'd gate ne'er shilli shalli stand:
Each huntsman of the field
To my horsemanship must yield,
When I fly o'er the dew,
With the game in my view,
And the dogs are all cheer'd by the sound of my voice!
Then, on, on,
Dash along!
Over mountains of snow,
Or the levels below,
If the weather be foul,
Or the weather be fair,
If the wind blow here,
Or the wind blow there;
O'er high ruts,
Or low ruts,
Or no ruts,
Yoix!
This, this is the life of my choice.

Would you more about me know,
I can handle the cross bow;
Drive the mail the whole night long,
Give a sentiment or song,
Take my bottle fairly down,
And drink myself into renown!
With my dogs I walk out,
Scour the country about,
And all flying game I bring down;
Drive my tandem in style,
But a minute to a mile,
And on Newmarket turf my fame's known:
As I prance o'er the course
Full of spirit my horse,
All the knowing ones cry,
"That's the girl of my eye,"
And all flock in crowds to the sound of my voice!
Then done, done,
Done and done,
Are the cries that resound
When I start for the ground;
Like an arrow I fly,
All my rivals dart by;
As the goal I draw near,
Not a sentence you hear
But she wins,
Now she beats,
Now she's home.
Hurra!
This, this is the life of my choice!

TANTIVY.

TANTIVY.

A favourite Hunting Song, sung by Mr. Dignum at Vauxhall Gardens.

TANTIVY, the huntsman he starts for the chase,
In good humour as fresh as the morn;
While health and hilarity beam from his face
At the sound of the mellow-ton'd horn.
The nimble fox flies;
Hark forward he cries,
And the brush we 'll secure when he dies.

Tantivy, the huntsman returns from the sport,
To carouse o'er his bottle and glass;
With pleasure he drinks off his bumper of port,
And his toast is the chase, and his lass.
The nimble toast flies,
Round the table it hies,
And he hunts every man that denies.

Tantivy, the huntsman has finish'd his rounds,
And in bed plans new joys for the morn:
In his sleep still he hears the loud cry of the hounds,
And the voice of the mellow-tond horn.
Thus dreaming, time flies,
Up at day-break he hies—
Let's return to the chase, boys, he cries.

THE ORIGIN OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

OH! give me the lads of the chase,
Brave boys, that won't start from the bowl;
The juice of the grape in their face,
And frolic and fun in their soul.

For such, and a can of mild ale,
First gave to good fellowship birth;
Bade rational mirth to prevail,
And chase away sorrow from earth.

J. M.

Kingsland, Oct. 2, 1804.

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

SEE where on Alpian heights the hunter keen
Follows the fearher-footed chamois' flight;
Now on the brink of fearful abyss seen,
Now proudly gazing from the slippery height.

His fell pursuer, man, with anxious eye,
Follows resolv'd, with pointed spike in hand;
His haggard air seems with the scene to vie,
Nobly forlorn, and desolately grand.

Unceasing, from the earliest streak of morn,
O'er sheets of ice and dazzling snow, he hies,
Now on the dizzy steep, by magic borne,
Now o'er the precipice like lightning flies.

And oft, if Night her sable plumes should spread
O'er toil unpaid, no lassitude he knows;
A fragment of the rock supports his head,
And deaf'ning torrents lull him to repose.

Too happy, if at length his prize he gain,
The fleet chamois—whose wild, disdainful eye,
Whose graceful form, whose slender feet, are vain—
The hunter's glory is to bid him die!

These are the strange delights of savage life!
Yet tender ties the mountain-warrior knows:
A cottage, children, and a gentle wife!
For whom, while risking death, his bosom glows.

Yes, such a life hath charms: its enterprise,
Its constant animation, and its care,
Calls forth young Energy, bids Hope arise,
And saves the soul from torpor and despair.

ROSA MATILDA.

A MAROON SONG.

HASTE, haste, my companions, the night dews are o'er;
From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows are flown;
The bright morning-star calls to the chase of the boar,
And the rock's secret echoes are waiting his groan.

O'er the deep-tangled thicket our toils shall prevail,
In vain to the steep-cliff the savage shall run;
Where the cocoa waves gay to the balm-scented gale,
And the aloe expands its tall spires to the sun.

Ye spirits, that triumph'd in death o'er your foe;
But left the dark sons of your race to complain;
Ye that bade, in your anguish, the heirs of your woe
Be the heirs of your hatred, the chiefs of disdain.

If ye sail in your pride on the sun's slanting beam,
If ye robe your stern shades in the mist's fleeting form;
Or, if rather ye joy in the lightning's fierce gleam,
And stride on the whirlwind, and trample the storm:

O come on your clouds, o'er the wide rolling wave,
To the hills of our freedom in triumph repair;
For the blue-mantled mountains are trod by the brave,
And the dark-dwelling sons of defiance are there.

Hark! the horn's swelling tones call to danger away;
And when the stern course of our pleasure is past,
Though the whirlwinds of heav'n wake around us their sway,
We will heed not the tempest, and sing to the blast.

Haste, haste, my companions! the night dews are o'er;
From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows are flown;
The bright morning-star calls to the chase of the boar,
And the rock's secret echoes are waiting his groan.

P. M. JANUS.

Bristol.

ON TITLES.

TIMES past have seen people in administration
With some share of merit, and great ostentation,
Who are highly offended whene'er you address 'em,
Or repeat their plain names to one person, God bless 'em—
Without the addition to ev'ry word
Of "your Worship"—"your Grace"—"your Honour"—"my Lord."
And here, as I've just laid these follies before ye,
Permit me, *en passant*, to tell a short story.
As the great Marshal Villars was passing along,
He heard a French officer, sprightly and young
Shouting out to a friend—"I'll be with you at nine,
For at four I'm invited with *Villars* to dine."
Stepping up to him quickly—"good Captain," he cries,
"You have caus'd me, I own it, a little surprise;
Without Gen'ral, or Marshal, to mention my name,
Since such titles from rank in the army I claim!"
When thus answer'd the youth—"Did the Romans inquire
For Lord Cæsar, or ask for Marc. Brutus, Esquire?"
And so then who'd but laugh should an Englishman speak
Of Lord Cato, or Monsieur Achilles the Greek.

ON

ON TAKING A SALMON.

'TWAS June the seventh, the present year,
The morning mild, the weather clear;
A soft and genial western breeze
The water wav'd, and mov'd the trees;
When down to Usk I gaily trod
With winch and fly, and line and rod.
Admiring, view the lovely scenes
That rise from woods, or hills, or plains;
Or gushing rills, in sportive play,
As down the shelving rocks they stray;
While love-tun'd birds, on bush or wing,
In rural concert jocund sing.
But when in view the rolling stream
The salmon's fav'rite haunts proclaim,
Unheeded then the woods, the hills,
The birds, the plains, or gushing rills;
O'erjoy'd, with quicken'd step I move,
To meet the sport I fondly love.

Where Yangolth's silver streamlet ends,
And with the Usk her beauty blends;
Delighted there, with dext'rous art,
The whizzing line around I dart:
Now here, now there, with anxious mind,
Nor leave, untry'd, one stream behind;
When in fam'd Cambolt's pool at last
A rise—I strike—I hook him fast.

Not with more joy the S——n peer
Eyes his fat oxen, or his deer;
Or peeress, when her bounty gives,
Or those her charity relieves;
Nor Gripus when he views his store,
And counts and counts it o'er and o'er;
Or Stella, just commenc'd a bride,
Trimm'd out in all her nuptial pride;
Than I to feel—O bliss divine!
A salmon flound'ring at my line.
Sullen at first, he sinks to ground,
Or rolls in circles round and round;
Till more inflam'd, he plunging sweeps,
And, from the shallows, seeks the deeps.
Then bends the rod, the winch then sings,
As down the stream he headlong springs.
But turn'd with fiercer rage, he boils,
And tries, indignant, all his wiles.
Yet vainly tries, his courage flown,
And all his mighty powers gone;
I wind him up with perfect ease,
Or here, or there, or where I please:
Till quite exhausted now he grows,
And now his silver sides he shews;
Nor one faint effort more he tries,
But at my feet a captive lies.
His tail I grasp with eager hand,
And swing, with joy, my prize on land.

PISCATOR.

HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

AWAK'D by the horn, like the spring, deck'd in green,
Betimes in the morning the hunters are seen;
With joy on each brow they enliven the place,
And impatiently wait to join in the chase.

AIR.

From his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly flies,
As the arrow that 's shot from the bow:
O'er rivers and mountains all danger defies,
And fears nothing but man, his worst foe.

RECITATIVE.

Now they trace him through the copse,
Panting, struggling—see! he drops!
Hark! rude clamours rend the skies,
While the dappled victim dies.

AIR.

Thus Britain's sons, in Harry's reign,
Pursu'd the trembling Gaul,
Thro' streams of blood, o'er hills of slain,
And triumph'd at his fall.

CHORUS.

Now hostile foes alarm; arm, arm, Britannia, arm.

RECITATIVE.

Then away to the field, 'tis great George gives the word;
Quit the horn for a trumpet, the whip for a sword:
Like our valiant forefathers, stern death let us face,
And be glorious in war, as we are in the chase.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1804.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. of Kingsland, to whose muse we are indebted for so many lively sallies, will find two of these poetical favours in the present number. One of the latest communications, we fear, has been irrecoverably mislaid. We should be glad to know where to address a letter to this ingenious correspondent.

Several other favours, from various correspondents, shall be inserted without delay.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

THE NEW YORK
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Grouse Shooting.

Pub. Dec. 1806 by J. Wallis, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR NOVEMBER, 1804.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

An Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting of the Younger Sartorius.

THIS beautiful Plate, being the second of a new set of Engravings, on the subject of Shooting, we here present to our readers and customers. It will be followed by four others, though not, perhaps, in immediate succession, as the labours of the artist, Mr. Scott, are engaged on other Sporting Works, as well as our Magazine.

STAG HOUNDS—ROYAL CHASE.

IN all the details which have appeared in the public prints, respecting the remarkable run with the King's stag hounds, on Tuesday the 6th instant, it is singular that not one has given a just recital of circumstances as they occurred, or the termination of the day. It is true, the account given in the County Chronicle was accurately correct, so long as the chase lasted; but the writer was absolutely absent at the conclusion, or had, by choice or necessity, left the field before the finish of the day. Upon the stag's taking the Thames, near Shepperton, a most tremendous storm came on, which threatened to drown men, horses, and dogs, upon their arrival at the river side. In this awful predicament, self-preservation was recollected to be a most predominant principle of nature, and "Every man to his tent, O Israel!" became the order of the day.

The general declaration from his Majesty's subordinates was, that the deer had taken refuge in an osier island, situate nearly in the centre of the Thames; and it being at the moment getting dusk, the huntsman and yeomen prickers considered it most prudent to let him remain in his self-chosen shelter till morning, rétiring themselves, with horses and hounds, to warm and comfortable accommodations at Chertsey.

When the morning, with mild and freshening gales arrived, every heart replete with eager expectation, a number of those present on the preceding day prepared for a renewal of sport with their devoted victim; in which they were, however, most curiously anticipated; for, upon their arrival at the spot, expecting immediately to unharbour their deer, to their inexpressible mortification, it was almost instantly discovered that he had *brushed*, or, in more sublime and expressive language, *was off*. In

from the River Gods—yclept West Country Bargemen—so famed for "mirth and jollity," had most industriously contrived to stop the sport of the intentional pursuers, by introducing a sport of their own. They had just time, before the break of day, to despatch him in a cart, ready quartered, for the great market of gluttony; and it is by some positively asserted, that the haunches contributed to a city-feast of sumptuous celebrity, on the 9th. If so, it is to be regretted that his Lordship, who presided, was not made acquainted with the circumstance, as he might then have had an opportunity of recommending it to his noble guests, as Royal venison, hunted by his Majesty himself.

DRIFFIELD HUNT.

Falconers Hall.

ON Tuesday the 20th. inst. at eleven o'clock, each sportsman on the Wolds and around, who thought his horse superior in blood and speed, made his appearance at Foxholes. It was soon known that the Royal Hart Thornville, was at Col. Thornton's farm at Boythorpe, whither the company drew. At ten minutes before twelve, Sir Mark Sykes, the Driffield hunt, and horsemen in number about a hundred—a very manageable field—being all ready, Col. Thornton ordered the door of the pen to be thrown open, and the hart made his appearance, but took quite a contrary direction from what was wished; he seemed fat, sleek, and modest; he soon, however, bounded over a pretty high fence, and took Boythorpe Great Sheep Walk, and seeing the hounds at a distance, —who luckily did not see him— he went away gallantly up to Falconers Hall Great Whin-bed, and as he now was about two or three miles forward, the steady hound Consul was laid on the scent to drive him, so that he might not loiter; the pack in twenty minutes were then brought to the line, and a finer or more sharp burst was never seen than what took place through Sir Mark Sykes's high wood, Butterwick Wold, and across that extensive fine turf Sherburn Wold. Consul had got up to him, but he soon disengaged himself, by knocking him over, and bounding the fence.

Here the pack were stopped, and the horses allowed twenty minutes to breathe; they then were permitted to go on, and another sharp burst took place in Sir Mark Sykes's plantations. A greyhound and a mongrel mastiff coming out of the cover, made it clear they had run the hart, and possibly killed him; for the hounds did not acknowledge any scent farther. After much search in the upper and lower covers, the hound Modish, one of Old Conqueror's blood, at last gave tongue, and immediately from a thicket out bounded the hart; Modish attempted to seize him, but was knocked down by the deer; she attacked him again, when he bounded over the fence. The burst was most tremendous. He took the wide Wold over Heslerton; descended the brow, the whole pack at his haunches, and in the act of snapping at him; dashed through East and West Heslerton townships, across Knapton Warren, seemingly for to take soil at Scampston; bent eastward across the Scarborough road for the river at Yedingham, where he got into a pool, and there defended himself bravely against the hounds till secured.

Thus ended a long expected chace, which for speed and run over the finest turf, has no parallel. The hounds all the way were in a compact

compact body, and might have been covered with a sheet. It is expected that the extremity of the run could not be less than fifteen miles and the whole run about twenty-five miles. The hart returned on Thursday to his pen, apparently no worse for the sport he had afforded. In the ardour of the chase, and with a view to save the hart from the fury of the hounds, Mr. H. Boynton, Mr. Burton, and a farmer, got some severe falls, but luckily no contusions or broken bones took place.

FOX HUNTING—BERKELEY HOUNDS.

ON Thursday, the 1st instant, the Berkeley hounds began their season, under a most opulent and respectable subscription. Upon the arrival of their principal members, and the usual congratulations at the pleasure of meeting, upon so joyous an occasion, the hounds threw off at Harefield Common, and continued to draw the various coverts from thence to Batcher Heath, without success; when a general voice prevailing for Ryslip Coppice, in drawing from which, through the Park—after having drawn upwards of three hours without a drag—they unkennelled in high style, to the exulting gratification of every desponding sportsman in the field. After a ring or two, with the hounds close at him in covert, he—having, no alternative—broke boldly, and, crossing Ryslip Common in view, reached the coppice, which running through without a stop, he covered the intervening enclosures to the coverts at Batcher, and Mr. Barnard's pleasure grounds, at one burst, before they came to a check: this being of short duration, the old and leading hounds presently hit him, and going away breast high, over Harefield Common, and through Harefield Park, to a small covert in its environs: where the pack was for once beat, after a rattling run of more than an hour, through a country little less than knee deep.

HARRIERS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

KNOWING you occasionally allot a small portion of your entertaining miscellany for the insertion of sporting intelligence, the following may not prove unacceptable to your numerous readers. The well-known pack of harriers, kept by that excellent sportsman, Robert Andrew, Esq. of Harlestone-Park, Northamptonshire, had, on Monday last, one of the severest days perhaps ever recorded so early in the season. After two very good runs, killing the first hare, and pressing the second in such a degree as to compel her to seek refuge in a drain, the proprietor, with his wonted discrimination — the ground being foiled—ordered the hounds to a gorse covert, in the lordship of East Haddon, where they immediately found. Puss, disdaining the prescribed circles generally taken by her timid race, boldly challenged the fleet warblers to a trial of strength over an extent of country apparently strange to each other, leaving and dispersing, for a considerable period, even the swiftest horses of the field. After traversing an unusual distance—which your limits will not allow me to describe—she bent her course towards Althorp Park, making three desperate efforts to ascend the wall, which her strength not enabling her to accomplish, she directed her course to her once-fancied peaceful habitation,

habitation, but where she was not suffered to remain many seconds, the voice of her pursuers resounding from all quarters. Deeming her safety in flight, again she broke covert; and after an hour and twenty minutes most severe running, fortune decreed her a respite in the fall of a very heavy shower of rain. I should add, that the diversion was circumscribed to a small number of sportsmen, and that a well-bred valuable mare, rode by the huntsman, died in a few hours after the last run. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A Partaker of the Sport.

EXTRAORDINARY RUN OF THE YORKSHIRE LAP-DOG BEAGLES.

THE above beagles found a hare on Saturday the 17th. inst. near Major Topham's, who took the finest part of the whole Wold, over Wold Newton, Carsdale Race Course, Fordon Banks, Flixton, Brompton, Saxton, Flotmanby, came across part of Hunmanby, Flixton, Fordon, and was killed —without a check for nearly twenty miles—near to North-Burton. All the field were thrown out, except the Huntsman, who came in by accident.

COURSING.

ESSEX.—On Friday, the 2d instant, was decided, at Havering Park, Essex, the match so long expected, between a favourite red bitch, called Smut, the property of T. Burley, Esq. and a well-known black bitch, Fly—half sister to Needle—in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Wiseman. In the two first courses, there did not seem the least advantage obtained on either side. During the first course—says our correspondent—Dr. Wiseman's bitch made the first and second turns; but Mr. Burley's had the credit to kill. In the second, Dr. Wiseman's bitch made a most perfect display of superiority, in sagacity, speed, and perseverance, having made every turn, and killed by herself. The match, of course, was decided in her favour.

SURRY.—On Tuesday, the 6th inst. Mr. Durand gave a grand coursing day on Epsom Downs, to a number of his sporting friends out of the counties of Middlesex and Hertford, who brought with them a selection of the choicest dogs the country can produce.

The weather proving extremely favourable, a great concourse of people attended, and never was a finer day's sport witnessed. The gentlemen met on the Downs about ten o'clock, and the first hare was started half an hour afterwards, when an excellent course took place between Mr. Harrison's red dog, and a favourite dog belonging to Mr. North; decided in favour of Mr. Harrison.

Second Course.—Mr Luff's red dog against Mr Harrison's tried bitch, which proved an excellent match; after much hesitation, the superiority was decided in favour of the bitch.

Third.—Mr Durand's Leader against Mr. Allen's yellow dog, Spring; undecided.

Fourth.—Mr Durand's bitch, Miss, against Mr Bridge's brown dog; the bitch made a capital course, the dog never saw the hare.

Fifth.—Mr Woodman's red dog, Smoker, against Mr North's black dog, Dash; so nice a point that the superiority could not be decided.

Sixth.—Mr North's bitch, Lady, against Mr Goldsmith's white dog, Spring; a long chase; the dogs

dogs were out of sight when the hare was killed; undecided.

Seventh.—Mr Woodman's red bitch, Fly, against Mr Durand's Triller, black bitch: Triller won.

Eighth.—Mr Oxby's Spring against Mr B—'s brindled bitch, Pharo; Mr Oxby won.

Ninth.—Mr Luff's black bitch against Mr Bridge's brown dog; won by Mr Luff.

Tenth.—Mr Ashby's red dog against Mr Durand's famous black bitch Needle; an excellent course; Needle won,

Eleventh.—Mr Durand's Juggler against Mr B—'s brindled bitch; Juggler won.

Twelfth.—Mr Durand's Leader against Mr Allen's yellow dog Spring; won by Spring.

Thirteenth.—Mr Durand's black dog Leader against Mr Harrison's red dog; won by Leader:

Fourteenth.—Mr Durand's red dog Claret against Mr North's black dog Dash; won by Dash.

Fifteenth.—Mr Woodman's bitch Fly against Mr Ambly's black dog Driver; Driver won.

Sixteenth.—Mr Luff's Nelson against Mr Harrison's bitch; undecided.

Mr Durand's blue bitch Fanny against Mr Woodman's Fly; a famous match; undecided.

Mr Ashby's red dog against Mr Oxby's blue bitch; Mr Oxby won.

There were several other courses by inferior dogs.

Mr. Durand took great pains to find amusement for the day. Several men were employed the preceding night to stop the holes of the warren, to prevent the hares finding shelter in them; in consequence an unusual number of hares were started; it was supposed not fewer than twenty brace in the course of the morning—half of the number at least were killed.

To prevent that confusion and disorder which generally prevail in the field on occasions like the present, eight gentlemen sportsmen were chosen out of the number of Mr. Durand's friends, and nominated finders. They preceded the rest of the company, and the dogs, with yellow ribbons in their hats, by way of distinction, and found their game in high style, as might be expected from old practitioners.

The day's sport closed at four o'clock.

Uffington Meeting.—Uffington first coursing meeting was on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, at which a great number of gentlemen were assembled to witness the long depending match between Mr Molyneux's dog, Lygnum, and Mr T. L. Meire's dog, Smoaker, which was won in very good style by Mr Meire's dog.

The following were the principal courses:—

Mr Molyneux's bitch against Mr Williams's dog; won by Mr Williams.

Mr Bishton's bitch, Gossip, against Mr John Jones's dog; won by Gossip; a very excellent course.

Mr Burton's red bitch against Mr Browne's dog, Friday; won by Mr Burton; a very good course.

Mr Browne's dog agst Mr Wynne's bitch, Blue; won by Blue.

The match was then run between Mr Molyneux and Mr Meire; after which a most severe course between Mr Jones's dog, Smuggler, and Mr Molyneux's dog, Regulus, undecided. There were several other courses, but the day proving unfavourable, we were not enabled to get the particulars.

Malton Meeting.—First day, Nov. 6.—The prize cup, as the first thing of the meeting, was run for over Duggleby Wold, and was won as under:—

Mr Webb's brindled bitch 1
Mr Slingsby's black dog 2

Major

Major Topham's white bitch... 3
Mr Plumer's brindled dog 4

The two last dogs, from the number of horsemen crossing the ground, had a bad start; and the last scarcely saw the hare. The hare made no run.

About ten matches were run—but the hares running badly, did not afford much sport.

Second Day.—Sir M. Masterman Sykes's fox hounds threw off at Housham Woods—No run.

On Langton Wold there was some private coursing. Lord Middleton produced some very fine greyhounds, and beat, with a very beautiful blue bitch, Mr Webb's—the winner of the cup—after a very severe course.

Third Day.—A bye cup was run for, and won as under:—

Mr Dartley's brindled dog, Dart, got by Snowball, out of Dent. .1
Mr Slingsby's dog 2
Mr Thomson's dog 3
Mr Henry Boynton's dog 4

The day was so foggy, that there was no sport.

Mr Croft's brindled dog, Tiger, beat Mr Plumer's brindled bitch.
Mr Croft's white bitch, Fly, beat Mr Slingsby's bl. bitch, Swallow.
Mr Plumer beat Mr Broadley—two matches.
Mr Topham's bitch beat Mr Slingsby's dog.
Mr Croft's beat Sir M. M. Sykes's.
Mr Plumer's black dog, Skip, beat Mr Croft's black dog.
Mr Slingsby's black dog, Shylock, beat Mr Webb's black bitch, Zebra.
Mr Grimston's blue and white dog, Dart, beat Mr Richmond's bitch, Swallow.
Mr Richmond's black dog, Shark, beat Mr Grimston's b. dog, Doncaster.
Mr Croft's black dog, Flip, beat Mr Thompson's red and white dog, Catch.
Mr Croft's dog, Tommy, beat Mr Slingsby's red dog.
Lord Middleton beat Major Topham—four matches.
Major Topham beat Lord Middleton—one match.

Three matches paid forfeit—five matches undecided—and six off by consent.

There are upwards of thirty matches already made to be run in February next.

The meeting has been the largest that has been remembered for some years. The accommodations at Smith's inn, Malton, in every respect, were completely good. Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. was the president.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

A LONG pending match against time was, on Friday the 23d inst. performed by Lieut. Sketchley, an officer in the Army of Defence, for a considerable wager. This match has been in agitation for some months; the pedestrian having offered a wager that he would go to Maidenhead Bridge, and return to his house in town, in eight hours and a quarter, a distance of fifty-two miles and some poles. Mr. S. started from his house in Conduit-street, at five o'clock yesterday morning, and crossed the country for Burnham, Bucks, where he halted a few seconds, and arrived at the place of destination at a quarter before nine, and returned by the turnpike road, and arrived at his house in town at five minutes past one, having performed the feat in ten minutes less than the given time. Mr. S. halted on his way home for a few minutes, at a public house at Beaulieu. Considerable betts were pending on the performance.

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE
FROM
SALISBURY TO BATH.

Farewell to Sarum—Sergeant Darley—Warminster Market—The Sentimental Farmer—Mitford in the Vale—The Old Wife of Claverton—The Haunts of Bladud—Beechen Cliff—My set down, &c.

O let me, thro' life, as new objects appear—
T' ambition and soul-tainting av'rice unknown—
Humanity!—soften the sigh and the tear,
Nor suffer, unpitied, the wretched to moan.

The dish of the rustic—Peace, hand it to me—
I tremble that Lux'ry should sit at my board;
Yet the tables of Plenty I'm happy to see,
When the viands provoke not the gout of my lord.

FAREWELL TO SARUM.

"FAREWELL!" said I, "to Sarum," as I paced its ample market-place at an early hour. "Farewell! thou city of living waters. The hills which surround thee, enclose the theatres of wisdom! the temples of beauty! of plenty! and of honest patriotism!—may thy manufactures forever flourish, and no hostile hand pollute thy fountains of health." I was thus ejaculating, when my recollection directed me to cast a look on the spot where James the Second meanly crouched to the father of the man he had unjustly murdered.

When the phantoms, by which that monarch had been so long deluded, vanished from his sight; when his army distrusted his conduct, and his parliament filled his mind with unpleasant apprehensions; and when his own children melted from his side like chaste snow from the rugged mountains, James abandoned his throne without providing for its safety; and coming to this city, called an assembly of the peers, to advise with him in his extremities. Passing to this council, the king met the old Duke of Bedford, father to the patriotic and unfortunate Lord Russell, when, stopping his Grace, James thus addressed him—

"My Lord, you are a very good man, and have much interest with the peers, and can do me great service this day in the council—I pray you, my Lord, use your influence." "I am an old man," replied the Duke, "and can do but little; but," added he—while the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks—"I had once a son, who could have served your majesty upon this occasion;" and thus saying, placed his handkerchief to his face, and pressed on to the assembly. James for a moment became motionless; for the recollection of Russell's murder rushed upon his tortured mind, and bent him to despair. "Farewell," said I, "to the shades of Sarum." I passed its homely bridge, and cheerfully took the road to Warminster. Not a cloud was seen in the heavens; the heat increased with the hours; and, I verily believe, in the course of my existence, I had never felt so hot a day. It was to me, a figure inclined to corpulency, a perfect sudorific—the whole face of the way was like the floor of a flour-mill; and if a breeze did but steal abroad, it was only ill-naturedly to disturb the dust, and cause it to offend the eye-sight.

SERGEANT DARLEY.

I had travelled thus for about eight miles, when I beheld a fine young woman before me with two

children, one strapped on each of her hips, whilst her arms seemed to embrace them most tenderly—they were twin buds of one parent rose. "How far, young woman," said I, "have you carried these pretty burdens?" "From Flanders, Sir," she replied, "but I have only borne them this day from Salisbury."—"What!" I returned, "could you find no friend in Sarum to help you and the children to the waggon?" "We have lost our best friend," she rejoined, "and will, I fear, never find such another." As she spoke she sighed, and the bright beads of sorrow started in her eyes, and now they stood upon her cheeks like the morning dew-drops upon the carnation. After a pause, during which I felt as much as herself, I said, "and, pray, to what place are you bound?" "To Frome, in Somersetshire: my father is a clothier in that town," was her reply. "And how came you to go to Flanders, my dear?" "About two years since," she answered, "a party came to our town to recruit the army, when my husband, with many others, soon entered, and were marched eastward. His fine figure and good behaviour quickly recommended him to the notice and respect of his superiors, and my husband was made a sergeant in the Coldstream regiment. I had permission to follow him with the Duke of York to the siege of Valenciennes, where my husband, after receiving many wounds, was made a prisoner. The French surgeon who dressed him, behaved with all possible tenderness; and, at his request, I was permitted to attend him. I had not long been brought to-bed of these infants—here she kissed them most affectionately—when I was sent for. I gave him all the attention I could, and administered all things with my own hand, for he would suffer no one else to come near him. He was in a fair way—as I thought—of recovery, and I was happy to find him so; but, alas! a relapse came upon him, and he suddenly expired. After the surrender of the place, I was sent to Antwerp; and from thence, by the bounty of the officers, I came to my native country. In Salisbury I parted with my last penny for subsistence; but if I can reach Frome to-day, I have a good father there, who will rejoice to see me return, and be a friend to my children. I wish it were not so hot," continued she, "for I am ready to faint, and I fear I must look out for a barn to rest myself till the cool of the morning." "And pray, young woman," said I, "what was your husband's name?" "Sergeant Darley!" she replied. By this time we entered a village, and arriving at the door of a public house, I requested her to sit on the bench and take refreshment, for which I would cheerfully pay. Just over our heads—the sign was the White Swan—a board had been painted, to give notice to strangers that all vagrants, or persons not having a settled habitation, or visible business or employment, were not to *bide* in that town on pain of correction; and a reward was offered by the justice of the district to apprehend all persons coming under such description, &c.

The poor girl had taken a little food, and was drinking of the mug of ale, when a tall, broad-brimm'd ill-looking fellow came from the house nearly opposite.

"All but mercy seem'd to sit beneath
his beaver."

This being was the justice of the peace. He turned towards my travelling friend, as she was shifting the cooling cup from the lips of one babe to the other, and, with the greatest brutality, told her to make haste with

with her brats out of the parish, for they should not become chargeable there, or any such vagrants. At this moment—not yet acquainted with his consequence—I began to remonstrate in favour of the poor woman. "Ha! ha!" said his worship, braying not much unlike the beast that betrayed Pan, "you travellers are very kind one to the other; I suppose she has done you a favour upon the road, and you are endeavouring to return her civilities by speaking in her behalf; but it won't do:—come, mistress, you must take up your bundles, and be gone." "Why, thou unmannerly brute," I cried, with some warmth, "the woman is as chaste, for me, as thy wife and daughter: she is the widow of a brave man, who, in the service of England, has left his bones in Flanders. She was fainting, and I but yielded her the comfort that one human being should yield another. Is this the reward her offspring is to meet with for the loss of their father in the field of blood?" By this time one of his worship's creatures, who stood in fear of this western hydra, came up, and told me I did not know to whom I was talking—it was the justice himself. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "that the name of justice should be thus prostituted." "Ha! ha! John," cried the brute, "and I'll commit him too if he be saucy, for all his *pig's tail* and *knuckledabs*." I found it strewing pearl to offer argument to a being less qualified to receive it than his sheep or oxen; so payed for the beverage, and, with the insulted widow, turned from a place of so little hospitality. My road not bearing the way she meant to go, we parted: and, as she went, most ardently entreated me, if ever I came to Frome, to call on Master Stokes, her father, who would gladly entertain me for her sake.

How much it is to the discredit of this, or any other government, when *gentlemen* are not put in commission for the peace? What an insult to justice, when power is delegated to creatures who have less commiseration than the dogs that surrounded the fainting Lazarus?—Go, Pride, wrap thyself in the furs of fashion, trimm'd by folly, but slander me not; waste thy contumely on thine own species—This woman was the wife of a brave young man, who gave his life for his country, and I only made somewhat lighter the burden of her miseries.

The heavens became suddenly clouded, the showers fell, and favoured by the cooling breezes, after some fatigue, and an adventure so singular, I merrily entered the town of

WARMINSTER,

Which is the great corn depot for the western part of England, and perhaps the best situated of any town to serve the public in this division of the kingdom, because it nearly divides four of its principal counties; Hampshire and Wiltshire to the east, Somerset and Devonshire to the west. From the two first, Warminster markets receive the superflux of grain the land raises, which is said to be three times more than the inhabitants thereon consume; and this being chiefly distributed to the lower counties, which consume three times more than they produce, enables Warminster to keep up that happy equilibrium, without which many unpleasant difficulties must ensue. The town is long and straggling; and, except its market, has but little to recommend it. At the northern extremity rises a noble obelisk, directing the stranger to the different towns of import within twenty miles of that station. I now took

the way to Bath, resolving to reach that city before night. The morning showers had refreshed the plants, the dust was no more perplexing, and, all nature according with my desires, I was presently in sight of Philip's Norton, the stoney entrance to Somersetshire;

Where winds the way thro' vallies ever sweet—
Another Petra to the trav'ller's feet.

THE SENTIMENTAL FARMER.

In my way from Philip's Norton, I had to pass through an orchard becrimsoned with ripe cherries, where I perceived a single ewe feeding by three new-yeaned lambs, of which she appeared to be the parent. I could not help staying a while to remark on the tenderness of the mother, and the sportful economy of her offspring. They were particularly strong and lively, bounding round their dam like white feathers put in motion by the breezes: but the satisfaction I felt at this pleasing sight was presently damped by an accident of an unexpected nature. Some one had carelessly left uncovered the curb of a spring well, and, in their playfulness, one of the fleecy family slipped into the vacuity. I flew to release it, and was fortunate enough to save its life. As I was raising the emblem of innocence from the fountain, the farmer, who had beheld the accident from his window, came running towards me. I told him how the thing happened, and described to him the pleasure I felt in being the means of preserving its existence. "Friend," replied the man, "you have done me one favour, and I must request of you to do me another; it is only to walk with me into the house, and refresh yourself till the heat becomes less powerful." I complied, and we left this forest of fruit trees; and passed through a gate that led to his quiet mansion.

The roof was low, but it was expansive; the premises had been newly thatched, and the front of the dwelling as white as a new-caught ermine. A porch projected from its centre, over which spread a wall fig-tree full of delicious fruit; the branches were also interwoven with a woodbine, and here and there the silver blossoms of the jessamine made their appearance. The martins, in great numbers, had given the preference to this sylvan retreat; for their little rusticated habitations were so thick as to crowd one on the back of the other, while the motly owners were flying cheerfully to the meadows, and returning, on trembling wings, with food for their expectant little ones. Before the house was an ample garden, well stored with all things for pleasure and for culinary consumption.

No church-yard yew was fashion'd by the shears,
Like wig, full-bottom'd, o'er the curate's ears;
No flying peacocks—that the clowns might stare—
The gard'ner's want of taste had figur'd there:
But, true to Nature, nothing was forgot
For food, for physic, or the kitchen's lot;
And these his greatest comfort was to send
To crown the table of some distant friend:
For well he ween'd—a doctrine hardly known—
Man was not model'd for himself alone.

At the bottom was a running water from a distant spring, and a commodious bridge thrown over from the gate-way to a meadow that led to the high road. At the back of this peaceful mansion was a hill, gently rising, and well covered with lofty oaks, which, though they shut out the prospect in summer,

mer; defend it from the north-easterly winds of surly winter. Such was the external state of the farmer's house, which, like the painted outside of a show-box to a schoolboy, gave me an unconquerable desire to see the beauties within; and this the farmer perceiving, kindly led me to his best room, where, without waiting for orders, a female servant covered the table with sweetness and with plenty, and we sat down together with as little ceremony as two brothers of the same house. The fare was plain, but it was renovating, as were the sentiments of my new-found friend; and, after a little space, I had time to remark on the interior adornments of the cabin of my retention. The flooring was of brick-work, laid together in a most artful manner, and all around me, except the white ceiling, was of a straw-colour, but the adornments the most singular I had ever beheld. Over the fire-place, half a dozen fowling-pieces were neatly disposed, and below a couple of sleeping pointers of a beautiful breed. In the great window opposite, the branches of a grape-vine had been purposely let in, and expanded in a most prolific and luxuriant manner.

"Thus he rejoiced beneath his own vine and fig-tree."

From an half-opened closet, a few good books shewed their homely coverings; and beneath, several bottles of unexcised home-made nectar. On each of the other two parallel walls the painter had described three oval compartments, adorned about with simple field-flowers, and within, in silver letters on an azure field, the following singular sentiments:—

TO THE POWERFUL.

The pursuits of humanity add more to the lustre of a crown than the vain projects of sanguinary ambition: and the lute of charity yields music sweeter to the soul than the clarions of victory.

TO THE PROFLIGATE.

The profligate makes a great feast, but only the mean man partakes of it: the noble-minded resist the temptation, even though it only hastens the ruin of a fool!

TO THE DEPENDANT.

In summer 'tis shame to rise after the lark,
Or to join in the revels after the dark.

TO THE GLUTTON.

An acorn nourishes more than the table spread with dainties, when, for such viands, the writ of the law sends the bailiff.

TO THE VAIN.

The children of vanity are pride and folly: a wise man shuns their company, and lives respected.

TO ALL MEN.

Every man is our brother—relieve want if you can: if you cannot, add not insult to misery.

I could not help admiring these unfashionable and singular adornments. My comment was so much in their favour, that we entered more generally into the manners of the age we live in, but our conclusions were little to their credit. From these subjects we glanced to domestic felicity. The farmer told me he had been some time a widower, but had known no great share of comfort since the death of his poor dame; that he had several sons and daughters, whom he, with great pains and care, had fitted well for the world; that they were settled, in comfort, away from him; but, from an over-attachment to pride and to fashionable pursuits, they were become more the slaves of

of folly than the votaries of affection. "But no more of them, Sir," continued he, "it will be their turn next to complain; and we must all meet with disappointments in our journey, you know.—Come, Sir," continued he, filling the glasses, "here is a bottle of the best currant-wine in the county, and I will give you—

"Peace to the world, and that speedily."

After a most liberal and comfortable refreshment, he walked with me to the high road, where we parted; and I sincerely wished all the comforts of the world to this humane and sentimental farmer.

MITFORD IN THE VALE.

Entertaining myself with the pleasures of imagination, I passed through a delightful country, till I came to Mitford in the Vale, where, I know not how, but I was charmed by the surrounding objects, as if my fancy had been bound by the Abracadabra of some powerful sorceress, and still more so, as I clambered the mountain to the gothic mansion of Mr. Pugh, which, from below, has the appearance of a castle in the air. He who had dipped deep into antient romance, might here conceive himself the weary pilgrim, journeying up the rude windings of a rock, supported only by his palmer's staff, to wind the bugle hanging at the gate of the knight, to claim refreshment and hospitality. Such were the ideas which afforded me entertainment: but when I arrived at the castle gate, the charm was broken, and indignation succeeded; for, instead of *siste viator*, a large board was fastened to the entrance, on which was inscribed—"Let no one trespass on these premises, for here are man-traps and spring-guns placed within."

I turned my back on the inhospitable advertisement, and journeyed slowly over a wide down, covered, in many places, with thick clumps of fir-trees, planted at the sole expence of the late celebrated Mr. Allen, of Prior-Park, whose generosity and unparalleled attachment to the city of Bath, its inhabitants must ever remember with the highest sense of gratitude.—Finding myself somewhat weary in ascending this rugged mountain, I entered a small pot-house on Claverton Down, where, after the charms of a mug of good ale, and the recital of the following whimsical incident by the exciseman, I found myself ready for new adventures.

THE OLD WIFE OF CLAVERTON.

"The husband of an old woman in this parish," said he, "being extremely ill, she affectionately tramped over to Bath to seek advice of an eminent physician, who patiently heard her husband's case, remitted his fee, and gave her a prescription for a box of pills. *In idonea vehiculo sumendæ.* This the old lady took to a druggist, who, having dispensed it, wrote on the label a literal translation of the direction. "*To be taken in a proper vehicle.*" Returned to her cottage, she produced her treasure, and putting on her spectacles, perused the mandate annexed to the pill-box. All was perfectly intelligible save the word *vehicle*, which wholly transcended her knowledge of the English tongue. She applied to a neighbour, who fairly confessed herself in the same predicament. They agreed to consult the venerable and classical parson of the parish, who replied—"A vehicle, my good friends, is *quivis vehiculus*, a phaeton, a landau, a curricle, or a wheelbarrow." The last alone of these terms was intelligible to the inquirers,

ets, who repairing homeward to the sick man's room, his wife says to him—"Come, John, thee must uppy." "What vor?" answered the husband. "Come, come, don't ye make no words, but let me dress thee—thee must only take doctor's stuff, and then thee shalt go to-bed again." So saying, she forcibly dressed the poor creature, while her companion whipped down stairs to prepare the vehicle, into which, viz. a *wheelbarrow*, placed at the cottage door, they conveyed the patient while he swallowed the pills, and afterwards restored him, with equal precision, to his bed."

THE HAUNTS OF BLADUD.

From the extremity of Claverton Down, I first beheld the Haunts of Bladud; and, I own with pleasure, the scene was delightfully surprising, surpassing every thing of the kind I had seen before. All the way, as you pass, the high-road affords the greatest variety of novel objects. You have here dashing springs, hanging woods, prodigious quarries of fine free-stone, so soft as to cut with a woodman's saw, but hourly hardening in the air to the utility and consistency of our best Portland. In many places, the foundation of the road is the work of art, at immense labour and expence; and shews the discriminating traveller the wonderful pains taken to make his approach tolerably convenient to the waters of the sun.

BEECHEN CLIFF

Is a hanging wood of great beauty, and one of the chief ornaments to the city of Bath. It is just at the entrance to the city from the south road, and is considerably higher than the tower of its abbey. The streets being very broad, and, in many places, parallel, present the traveller from those heights with an ample scope for his admiration. At one view he beholds the public baths and squares, the grand circus, and new-built crescents, rising one above the other, to the very top of Landsdown, a most beautiful fir-capped elevation, which bounds the city in its northern quarter, and affords pasture for innumerable flocks of the finest breed throughout the island. At his feet, the traveller beholds the windings of the silver Avon, which, though of no great breadth, greatly enlivens the general scene. On his right hand, Prior-Park house attracts his attention. This was once the seat of that Bath worthy, Mr. Allen, by whom the vast extension of fir-trees that cover the surrounding hills was planted, and by whose liberality most of the exotic adornments were contrived and bestowed. The present possessor, who married the good man's widow, is a priest, and only having an *apron-string* interest in the property, is making hay with it while the sun shines—every third tree—if I am informed right—has been levelled with the earth, and a similar devastation in these haunts of the Dryades is shortly to take place. Thus the hope of the generous projector, the beauty of the surrounding landscape, the delight of the admiring citizens, and the works of a century, are all sacrificed by a mercenary, for the consideration of a few paltry guineas.—*O tempore, O mores!* The sportsman reprobates the conduct, and the poor labourer from the harvest-field laments the loss of such a shelter.

On this charming cliff I met Mr. Barker, of London. He has raised a stage here, and has already taken views of Bath, so that, in all probability, you will shortly behold in his panarama picture all the beauties I have been delineating.

MY SET DOWN.

From Beechen Cliff I descended rapidly to the old bridge at the south entrance

entrance to the city, where, on the Witcomb side, I was greatly disgusted with the manners of the inhabitants; my ears were continually saluted with more horrid oaths and execrations than I had at any time heard at Saltpetre Bank, or the vilest purlieus of Wapping: but when you have passed this pandemonium, the scene begins to mend upon you, and at length softens into order, decency, and good manners, according with the ideas a stranger is liberal enough to entertain of this celebrated city. My direction from the last station was to the Lamb in Stall-street; and now, after a ramble of twenty-three miles, with the heat as intemperate as I had ever experienced it, I entered the house of Mr. Dover; and, conforming to my old fashion, met with a civil reception, good company, and a hearty welcome to Bath.

T. N.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD DISPLAYED.

The following Extract is taken from a late Publication, entitled, "The Fashionable World displayed, by Theophilus Christian, Esq." As irony, it appears to us to be so just, and so well executed, that we are induced to lay it before our readers.

SPEAKING of the climate of the fashionable world, the author says—"The climate of fashion is almost entirely factitious and artificial, and consequently differs, in many material respects, from the natural temperature of those respective places over which its jurisdiction extends. Though changes from heat to cold, and *vice versa*, are very common among these people, yet heat may be said to be the prevailing character of the climate. They appear to have but two seasons in their year; these they call, in conformity to common language rather than to just calculation, winter and summer. Of summer little is known; for it seems to be a rule among this people to disband and disperse at the approach of it, and not to rally and re-unite till the winter has fairly commenced; though, therefore, they exist somehow or somewhere during the summer months, they wish it to be considered that they do not exist under their fashionable character. They wash themselves in the sea, drink laxative waters, lose a little money at billiards, or catch a few colds at public rooms; but all these things they do as individuals, wholly out of their corporate capacity as members of the community of fashion; so that in their mode of disposing of the summer, they invert the standing rule of most other animals; they choose the fair season for their torpid state, and shew no signs of life but during the winter. It is not easy to say exactly when the winter begins in the fashionable world; an inhabitant of Bath would have one mode of reckoning, and an inhabitant of London another. To do justice to the subject, the commencement of winter ought to be regulated by the former of these places, and the close of it by the latter. Supposing, therefore, that it begins some time in November, there can be no difficulty in settling its duration, for the 4th of June is, by a tacit, yet binding ordinance, considered as the limit over which a fashionable winter can never pass.

"There are many circumstances in which the climate of fashion stands peculiarly distinguished from any other. It has already been intimated, that heat is its prevailing characteristic; it is, however, not a little remarkable, that this heat is at its highest point in the winter season;

son; and that the inhabitants often perspire more freely when the snow is upon the ground than they do in the dog-days. The truth is, that, as was before said, the climate is wholly created by artificial circumstances, and the natural temperature of the air is completely done away; the sort of communication which they keep up with each other requires a species of apparatus which fills their atmosphere with an immediate degree of phlogiston. Besides this, they are notoriously fond of assembling in insufferable crowds; and travellers have assured us, that they have often witnessed from ten to twelve hundred persons suffocating each other, within a space which would scarcely have afforded a convenient accommodation for a dozen families. Certain it is, that no people upon earth have less benefit from the light of the sun than the people of fashion; so that, if it were not for torches, candles, and Argand lamps, they would scarcely ever see each other's faces.

"In observing thus largely upon the fashionable world, I have furnished a sufficient clue to their moral character; if, from some hints which have been thrown out in this and the preceding chapter, rigid Christians should be led to infer that it is no better than it should be, they must be reminded, that people of fashion have a standard peculiar to themselves; and that, therefore, what are deviations from our standard, are very often near approximations to theirs. In fact, they have acted in this respect with the same convenient policy by which they have been guided in framing every other part of their system. Pleasure being the object upon which a life of fashion terminates, it was sagaciously foreseen, that an unbending morality would be utterly incompatible with the modes, and habits, and plans, of such a career; there remained, therefore, no alternative but that of frittering away the strength and substance of the morality of the gospel, till it became sufficiently tame and pliable for the sphere of accommodation in which it was to act. And now modesty, honesty, humanity, and sobriety—names, with stricter moralists, for the purest virtues—are so modified and liberalized by fashionable casuists, as to be capable of an alliance with a low degree of every vice to which they stand opposed. A woman may expose her bosom, paint her face, assume a forward air, gaze without emotion, and laugh without restraint, at the loosest scenes of theatrical licentiousness, and yet be, after all, a modest woman. A man may detain the money which he owes his tradesmen, and contract new debts for ostentatious superfluities, while he has neither the means nor the inclination to pay his old ones, and yet be, after all, a very honest fellow. A woman of fashion may disturb the repose of her family every night, abandon her children to mercenary nurses, and keep her horses and servants in the streets till day-break, without any impeachment of her humanity. So, the gentleman of fashion may swallow his two or three bottles a-day, and do all his friends the kindness to lay them under the table as they dine with him; yet, if constitution or habit secure him against the same ignominious effects, he claims to be considered a sober man.

AN ANECDOTE.

MISS Sprightly having opened upon Lord Chesterfield's letters, where he recommends compliance with real good breeding,

being to call that morning on a fat and rigid quaker, determined to show her good breeding by imitating the simple dialect of Aminadab Broadbrim. In this resolution, Miss Sprightly sallied forth, under fine muslin, lace, and all the colours of the rainbow. Her salutation was—"Friend Broadbrim, how do thee do, this fifth morning of the third month?"

At this unexpected salutation, young Aminadab smiled, and said, "Thee speaketh, Hannah, like one of us."—"Yea, son Aminadab," answered Broadbrim, "but the gaudy vanities Hannah hath bedecked herself with, will not let thee take the maiden for one."

Miss Sprightly, though the innocent aggressor, was a little chagrined; and she replied—"My attire, friend Broadbrim, declareth me to be but too much addicted to the tasteless vanity of gay and gaudy clothing; but thee art wiser, and preferreth more substantial and poignant gratifications, as thy full rosy cheeks, and corpulent belly, doth abundantly testify."

BURLESQUE ON FASHIONABLE ROUTES.

MRS. SWEEP'S, IN ST. GILES'S.

AMONG the most elegant and convivial parties the metropolis has to boast of, we must rank a late assembly at the amiable Mrs. Sweep's. To enumerate all the beauty, gaiety, and fashion, that ornamented this charming assemblage, would be to recapitulate all that are worth noticing in London. The rooms were open about nine; and we can, with the strictest truth, observe, that if ever the buxom hostess exceeded herself, it was on this occasion. "Her face," to use the words of our immortal bard, "was fired with labour." She was all attention, all politeness, and all festivity:—indeed, she seemed to possess the power of ubiquity, for, wherever we turned our eyes, she still presented herself with a bottle of gin in her right-hand, and a gill glass in her left. Her daughter, too, the lovely Kitty Sweep, seemed to vie with her mother in entertaining her guests, by carrying hot purl to every quarter of the rooms. About eleven, Miss Slang was earnestly entreated to charm the company with the much-admired cantata of "Come tip us a glass of true blue." To those who know the affability, the readiness to oblige, and the sweet condescension of this young lady, it will be needless to observe how cheerfully she complied. She was accompanied by the two Master Priggs; one on the marrow-bone and cleaver, and the other on the Jew's harp. She was, it must be confessed, in full song, a fine compass of voice, great light and shade, and a most enchanting *portamento*. The elder Master Prigg's performance was astonishing; more firmness of finger, and delicacy of touch, we never witnessed. At that pathetic part of the cantata, "For Sall had the gift of the gab," we observed a tear of sensibility steal down the cheek of the fair Mrs. Diver. On inquiring the cause, we found that her delicate feelings had been cruelly wounded by that part of the song reviving the fate of her daughter, who, a little time before, on account of some amiable indiscretion, had been sent over the *herring-pond*. To this period, nothing could exceed the decorum of the assembly; when, unluckily, a person—for we cannot call him a gentleman—who is supposed to have

have intruded himself under the sanction of a forged ticket, abruptly exclaimed—"D—n all this cheek music, let us have a little jaw-work of another sort; where are the mutton-pies Mother Sweep promised?" A reel was now performed in a capital style; when Miss Sooty, who was one of the dancers, in consequence, as it was thought, of her having inadvertently mixed too much gin in her purl, tumbled, with some force, against Miss Dusty; who, stepping back, asked her, in an angry tone, if she had a mind to be running her rigs? telling her, at the same time, that she would "dim her daylights." Such an insult was too much even for the gentleness and forbearance of Miss Sootykin, who, squaring her elbows, asked Miss Dusty, "What she was for?" "A ring, a ring!" was instantly vociferated from every quarter of the room, when luckily Mrs. Bungy interposed, and remonstrated, with great earnestness, on the impropriety of such conduct; and desired them to consider how such vulgar proceedings would be reprobated by the company who frequented any of the assemblies of St. James's, which they might consider as their competitors. This did not fail to bring all parties to a proper sense of the respect that was due to their own characters; and every thing was amicably adjusted. The hot mutton-pies were introduced, and the Ladies waited for no solicitations, to testify their practical approbation of the gin and purl. About three in the morning the assembly began to separate: carts were provided for those who could not walk; the riders in which, falling to blows soon after their quitting the rooms, were seized by the watch, and most of the company safely lodged in Tothill-fields Bridewell.

THE LINEAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

(*Continued from page* 11 *of our last.*)

LETTER III.

DEAR COUSIN,

IT is the prudent and tolerably well-informed mercantile men, who are to improve in poetry, upon the humble attempts of the hawker and common-cryer of small wares. These are they who are to make known, to a grateful and distinguishing public, the various articles necessary to their pleasure, amusement, and utility. With such poetic publications, the newspapers will be daily and weekly nearly filled; as will likewise the wrappers of magazines and pamphlets, as well as the blank pages at the conclusion of volumes. A very pleasing change this—a change that will prove productive of much alteration in the taste of the public. For instance, of late years it has been a general complaint, that the papers, particularly the weekly papers, were nearly filled with advertisements—manors to be sold, houses to be let, turnpike-gates to farm, honest clerks, servants without a fault, wives without passions, blacking for shoes, ointment for the itch, with a never-ending list of quack nostrums, for the infallible cure of all real and imaginary disorders and maladies, &c. &c. &c. But when each individual who may, in future, advertise his wants and wishes in verse, and shall vary that verse as occasion may require, or genius may inspire, then will the complaints of the newspapers be entirely reversed; and the cry will be—"Here are no advertisements this week—I would not give one farthing for the paper—it is filled up with wonders, which are probably

fabrications of the news-writer's brain; and a long list of casualties, broken bones, dislocated joints, stages overthrown, horses run off in a fright, children, sheep, and oxen, bitten by mad dogs, &c.—Here, boy, take away the paper to Mr. Lackaday; he delights in wonders, and takes pleasure in condoling about misfortunes and accidents that happen—none know where nor when."

But, to return—Should our church-clerk's discordant echo catch the poetical influence of the hawkers, and give his notice, or set the psalm in verse, what complaint and clamour would be made about it at first; yet there would be nothing profane or irreverent in his so doing; and time and use would so reconcile the whole congregation, that they would hear him with patience; nay, probably, with delight, thus announcing the notice to the parishioners for a vestry meeting—

To-morrow, at the hour of ten,
A meeting's call'd of gentlemen,
To think of what they've best to do
In urgent matters—so and so;
Affairs unfit to mention here,
But will be told when they come there.

PREFACE TO THE PSALM.

Now, in soft music, let us raise
Our voice, in thankfulness and praise;
And sing two staves of psalm the first—
"O Lord! how blessed are the just."

Still, of all the various petty poets which are to step forward to public notice, in consequence of this descent of the heavenly-inspired nine musers, none will have so arduous a task as the wine-merchant; because the exhilarating effects of wine have been so ably sung by most of the real poets in all ages of the world. But, notwithstanding these, the honest wine-merchant should not be discouraged, but persevere, and he will surmount them. He may, to be sure, be incapable of reaching the flights of the poet, who consults his fancy and imagination more than his actual knowledge; who talks familiarly of nectar and ambrosia for the gods, and of claret, champaign, burgundy, &c. &c. for mortals, though he knows nothing of the first, and of the latter has perhaps never tasted. On the other hand, the wine-merchant may be very correct in reciting the pleasing catalogue of his exhilarating store of foreign and domestic wine; and, in giving a just and natural description of their effects. Thus—

Both food and physic men may try,
To mount their spirits to the sky;
But whosoe'er's averse to wine,
Will find his spirits oft decline.
Meats raise the body—wine the soul;
Then drain the bottle, and the bowl,
To keep alive the soul of man,
And joyous make his little span.

It is expected of every man, that he understands more of his own particular calling than others who have different calls upon their time and attention; it will therefore appear no extravagant notion, to suppose that the brandy and wine-merchant should excel the real poet in defining and celebrating the many excellencies of ardent spirits, wines, cordial waters, fascinating compounds, &c.

The man who can't in numbers grace
His art, profession, trade, or place,
Must be asham'd to shew his face.

And as the joyous department of poetry must, in future, be expected to flow from the fountain's head only, viz. the master or lord of the cellar, so the metaphysical part must flow from the pen of the chymist. It is he alone must evince the powers of the subtle elements, and teach the world to extract physic, food, and life itself, from gross matter, plants, shrubs, minerals, &c. which the unlearned and ignorant pass

pass over as worthless and contemptible. It is the chymist alone that can put forth a poetical prescription, for the attainment of the long-talked-of and much-sought-after philosopher's stone; which prescription, should it take, and fill the chymist's pocket, he then may exultingly sing—

The stone is found! you've put it in my purse—
Do not repent, ye are not much the worse.
The man who seeks to live in ease, don't blame—
If ye 've been dupes—why, place it to your shame.
My nest being made, good counsel I'll impart,
And give it gratis, too, with all my heart.
Your business mind, and seek for solid wealth—
Work, and ye will be rich in food and health.
'Tis vegetation all our wants suffice—
Then plough and sow; be honest, and be wise;
Seek neither wealth nor health from castles in the skies.

Though real poets have, on particular occasions, deigned to sing of mechanical employments, yet I do not remember any one who has celebrated the art millinery, or female handicraft, which must prove a very copious article in the hand of a sprightly female of some learning, but of more fancy and genius; and whose province it is to furnish her sex with those elegancies of taste and fashion, so absolutely necessary to the enhancement of their charms, beauty, and symmetry. The various shades and textures of that host of satins, silks, muslins, ribbons, laces, &c. &c. that furnish a first-rate milliner's repository in this great city, is more than any one poet can express: and yet what an ample field for a poet to range; what sweetly-flowing numbers, what a pleasing variety of rhymes may be expected to come forth under this one single article—the art millinery! In short, I think the word milliner is derived from *millenary*, which is to say, *one thousand*. No other word could be applied, to give any adequate idea of this art, than that which is expressive of a thousand. How long the art millinery has been known as an art, I cannot say; but it was probably very well known, and practised, in the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, and, consequently, is of six or seven centuries standing; we may, therefore, at a moderate computation, suppose that—with the new terms—great improvements, and large additions, have since been made to the stock of millinery articles. I affirm, and, in reason, conclude, that there are, at this day, three or four thousand terms, names, and epithets, peculiarly adapted to a milliner's art and stock in trade; a number, one must think, quite equal to all the calls of the divine propensity to poetic descriptions, without any necessity for borrowing or amplification.

SOPHIA HEMISTIC.

A KILL-DEVIL INQUIRY.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU will much oblige an old correspondent, by requesting some intelligence of your turf friends respecting the famous Kill-devil mare, hereafter mentioned. I wish to know whose property she was, at what period she raced, and on what ground the tale of the following impossible performance rests? About twenty-three or twenty-four years since, I engaged a young lad from the stables at Newmarket, as groom, and, among a number of racing anecdotes, he

he informed me, that there was once upon the turf, a famous mare called *Creeping Jin*, which beat four fresh mare horses in running over the Beacon Course, the horses starting upon her by turns, at the commencement of each mile; and that she was, after finishing her racing career, with transcendent reputation, buried at Newmarket in *silver plates*. If I mistake not, my man told me this mare was the property of Lord Grosvenor. I should be glad farther to be informed, if any instance exists, beside that of Sampson, of a horse or mare, not thorough-bred, racing in a high form, and breeding racers. I remain your old friend and servant,

A Gentleman Jockey.

THEATRICALS.

THE BLIND BARGAIN;

OR,

HEAR HIM OUT.

A New Comedy, by Mr. Reynolds.

ON Wednesday evening, the 24th of October, the above new Comedy was produced, for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Andrew Analyse	Mr. Fawcett.
Villars	Mr. Kemble.
Jack Analyse	Mr. Farley.
Tourly	Mr. Lewis.
Dr. Pliable	Mr. Blanchard.
Giles Woodbine	Mr. Emery.
Frank	Mr. Atkins.
Mrs. Villars	Mrs. Gibbs.
Miss Gurnet	Mrs. Davenport.
Sophia Woodbine	Miss Davies.
Rachel (a Gipsey)	Mrs. Emery.

The following is the substance of the plot:—Sir Andrew Analyse, in consequence of his niece marrying Mr. Villars against his consent, adopts a child in India, and consigns it to the care of his friend Dr. Pliable in England, with an allowance of L.300 per annum: the child dies, and, wishing to preserve the annuity, the Doctor employs a gipsey to procure him another.

Sir Andrew arrives, and selects for his wife, his old flame, Miss Gurnet, who, during his absence, has been coquetting with Alderman Davenant, and, amongst other love-presents, has sent him a marmoset, called "Little Peter," which the Alderman, in a fit of jealousy, writes word he shall return; and Miss Gurnet, afraid of rousing Sir Andrew's suspicions, bids the servant on no account to let him hear any thing of the Alderman, or "Little Peter." In the mean time, the Doctor is all joy at being prepared to shew Sir Andrew his adopted infant; when, to his confusion, he finds that the gipsey has most unexpectedly purloined Villars's child; and, knowing no better mode of extricating himself, than by fixing the theft on somebody else, he employs his servant Frank to select some stranger, and offer him L.100 if he will consent to be blindfolded, and led whereever he pleases. The person whom Frank happens to fix on for this Blind Bargain, is a young Oxonian, named Tourly, who is led blindfolded into the street where the Doctor lives—and when Frank leaves him for an instant, Tourly resolves to mark the house, that he may hereafter know the author of this mystery—but he mistakes the door, and marks Miss Gurnet's instead of the Doctor's; Frank then returns with a basket, and Tourly, soon after, finding it contains a sleeping infant, returns in distress to the street where the Doctor and Miss Gurnet live, sees the mark on her door, and rings violently at the bell,

bell, when the servant, expecting "Little Peter" by the stage-coach, receives the basket, which in the end exposes Miss Garnet and the Doctor to Sir Andrew, and reconciles him to Mr. Villars.

From the reception of this new piece, by this mirth-inspiring author, on the first, and several succeeding nights, it is not probable that it will very soon sink into oblivion, but long afford much rational amusement, at the same time that the situations of the characters occasionally convulse the audience with laughter.

In the first act, the following gave the most favourable hopes of what was to come:—Doctor Pliable, talking of the sums he had laid out in building, which had swallowed up the profits of his trade, observes, that "it might with truth be said, that what he gained by the pestle he lost by the mortar."

Giles Woodbine, in telling how he had been taken home to dinner by a Lord, for whom he had gained a match at cricket, gives a humourous description of his embarrassments, which gradually wore off as he drank repeated glasses of a sort of sham-cyder (champaign.) He began to ogle the Ladies, and, when they rose from table to go away, he got up and followed them, but was turned back by a pack of Butterflies, "who asked me," he proceeds, "when I had made my escape from Pidcock's, I think they call it?" When brought back, they would have plied me with bumpers, but "I told them that I was not born a beast, and would not stay among them to make me one."

In the second act, Chas. Tourly, accounting to Giles Woodbine for the irregularities of his friend Jack Analyse, observes, that "he was ruined by Greek and the Mathematics; for that he had got a fellowship, which, by preventing the holders of it from having wives of their own, made them seek after those of other people! He begins him with an injunction not to say a word of the fellowship, lest it should go over the whole county, and all should betake themselves to the study of Greek and the Mathematics!

Sir Andrew Analyse has a passion for writing, and is compiling a dictionary, which he carries in his pocket, and refers to upon all occasions. From this he reads a variety of definitions. In the list are those of an old maid, a dun, a sailor, fashion, England, &c. His definition of a sailor concludes with stating, that he loves grog, his mistress, and a Spanish war. An author, he says, is one who never lives till he dies—who makes less money in a year than an underwriter in an hour—who lies at the mercy of reviews, newspapers, printers' devils, &c. &c. A barrister is one who lives by agitation, altercation, consultation, cross-examination, and botheration—who proposes arbitration on day of trial—returns brief, but keeps fee! A banker is one who never opens shop till after breakfast—shuts before tea—and who takes three days grace before he gives one dinner! An old maid is one who is extravagantly fond of cards, calumny, and cats! Fashion is a thing which scouts the city, and yet is often found in Duke's-place, from the number of nobility that frequent it—which makes my Lord and Lady sleep in separate beds; or, if in the same, one of so wide an extent, that it appears as if placed in different parishes; so that while my Lady sleeps in one parish, my Lord snores in another! A dun is one whose visits are always so welcome, that, in the great squares at the west end of the town, he is constantly asked to call again.

Giles

Giles Woodbine is an honest farmer, full of sentiment and liberality. Doctor Pliable is a tame Doctor Ollapod, who has a happy method of quieting his conscience. He justifies his litigation, because it helps a starving barrister; and, for the stealing of a child, he feels a consolation in the advantage which it brings with it. Villars is a man of high sense of honour and spirit. This character gave Mr. Kemble an opportunity of delivering some very fine sentiments. He was extremely animated, and looked remarkably well. Tourly and Jack Analyse, two Oxonians, are introduced to the audience as having set out upon a tour in a gig, and met with a great variety of accidents and embarrassments, from which they are enabled to extricate themselves by the extraordinary assurance and good humour of Tourly. Such are the materials of which the author, Mr. Reynolds, has contrived to make out a light, lively, bustling comedy, in his usual style and manner. The characters are all accommodated to the peculiar talents of the respective performers. The sentiments and allusions are derived from the passing events and fashions of the day; and the whole combination interests, not by the harmony of the colouring and the beauty of the proportions, but by the contrast of light and shade, the whimsicality of the scene, and the irregularity of the parts. All the general observations, which apply to Mr. Reynolds's former pieces, are equally applicable to the present. It is of the same form, colour, and complexion, and cast in the same mould; and though not the most vigorous, is perhaps not the weakest offspring of his muse. The interest arises from the loss of the child of Villars stolen by Rachel, a gipsey, to supply the place of the infant in the care of Doctor Pliable. In following up this incident, Tourly suffers himself to be blindfolded, and hence the piece derives its name of the Blind Bargain. The several performers exerted themselves with perfect success. Miss Davies, in the character of Sophia Woodbine, was not the least fortunate in her exertions. She introduced a beautiful air, which was encored, and crowned with the most rapturous applause. The piece was heard throughout with unqualified approbation.

The prologue, which was grave and sententious, was spoken by Mr. Murray; the epilogue, which is of the ludicrous class, was sung by Mr. Emery.

There is an under-plot, consisting of the mysterious conduct of Villars—who is accused by his wife's relations of having squandered her fortune in dissipation—when it turns out that her father never paid it him.

A NATIVE BULL.

A CORRESPONDENT, who calls himself a *Cattle Improver*, says, it is well known, that most of the Irish bulls in print, like many other printed truths, have been fabricated for the public use: but it is nevertheless equally well known to all who have ever had any long acquaintance with that people, that they are really prone by nature to bulling; the men far more than the women, who are yet by no means behind the men, in volubility and eloquence. The following exemplification, I give you as an authentic fact, for which I am indebted to the evidence of mine own ears. My fish-man, of whom I constantly purchase, is really thorough bred, and from Tipperary;

ary; has been in England about ten years.—A woman having frequently called at the door, I asked the fishman whether the woman belonged to him, "Och no, replied he very seriously, I have no other woman belonging to me but myself."

About a month afterwards, Murphy brought us some mackarel,—a neighbour wished to have some at a penny each cheaper—"And," said he, "are you *really* a labouring woman like myself!—then you shall have them so." Could an account be taken of Murphy's daily dealings, there is no doubt but a great annual stock of spontaneous bulls might be obtained, merely for the trouble of catching and driving them to market.

SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE;

OR,

THE FOLLY OF BEING ROBBED ON THE HIGHWAY.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

BY superfluous advice, I mean that advice which, however good in itself, is given at a time when it cannot be of the least consequence to the party. Now, good advice being one of the most valuable things upon earth, you will no doubt be surprised that it should be thrown away in this manner; yet nothing is more certain, for instances of it occur every day. If a young fellow falls from his horse, and is hurt, there are some of the wisest of his friends who advise him not to ride so fast, or not to ride in the dark, or on such a bad road, &c.—All this must certainly be very consoling to him, at the time when the surgeon is probing one wound, and his assistant perhaps binding up another: and it must likewise be very useful at the precise moment when he is most sensible of his rashness, if he really has been rash, and is more conscious of the narrowness of his escape than any wise man around him can possibly be.

Some time ago, in company with a friend, and going to town to oblige him, whose business required that he should be very early there, I had the honour to meet with three of those gentlemen, whose notions of personal property are so confused that they take every opportunity to appropriate to their own uses what does not belong to them, and who commit so many mistakes of this kind, that it often requires a very learned judge, and twelve men besides, to convince them they have done wrong. In a word, Sir, the highwaymen stripped us of our money and watches, and left us only our philosophy to console us.

On our arrival in town, and announcing our loss, we expected to meet with some pity, seeing we had no means of defence, and were proceeding on his Majesty's highway on our lawful business. But instead of that, for near a month, we were overwhelmed with *post facto* advice, and *post obit* wisdom. One assured us that we could not have been robbed, if we had not travelled by night. Another blamed us excessively for not doing as he did, namely, to travel without any property about us. A third, with a smile of conscious superiority, wondered that we did not secrete our watches in the seat of the chaise, or among the straw, or under our armpits, or in twenty other places, in all of which he was certain they would have been perfectly safe; and in one or other of them he seriously advised us to deposit such articles, "in all time forthcoming." A fourth, collecting all

his prospective powers of sapience into one focus, advised us never to travel on that road without pistols. Others again were so perfectly astonished at our having been robbed that they could not reconcile it to any known principles of human prudence. "What! bless me! did not you see the highwaymen coming? Could not you have ordered the post boy to drive on? Could not you have dropt your watches at the bottom of the chaise? Could not you, if you must travel by night, have borrowed pistols by the way? Could not you have come away earlier? Could not you have staid till next morning? Could not you have got a cast in the Mail Coach? Could not you ——."

But I shall be out of breath. In short it appeared that to be robbed at all is one of the most foolish, unwise, imprudent things on earth; and that of all foolish, unwise, and imprudent robberies, our's was the principal.——Indeed I began to doubt whether we were not the first who had ever met with the misfortune of being robbed: and that while the rest of mankind were enjoying the luxury of cautious sagacity, and protected by the quintessence of true wisdom, we two were the only fools which the kingdom of Great Britain produced. Nay, from the manner in which we were tutored and advised by some of our Mentors, I am doubtful whether they did not think that we set out with a direct intention to be robbed, and that we had given due notice to the thieves, where they might most conveniently meet us.

Such is the kind of advice we are perpetually receiving from our sage counsellors, after the affair is over, which they wish to prevent, and the loss irretrievable which they wish to avert. Even the bedside of the sick is not protected from advice of this kind; there are always some sagacious persons, who foresaw that the patient must catch cold, if he did so and so, and who really wondered, that when taken ill, he had not immediate recourse to Dr. Bolus, or Dr. Apozem, or some other infallible terror of diseases. As to broken limbs, one would think they were always matters of premeditation. A friend of mine stepping hastily out of a coach, which several hundreds do every day, without hurt or danger, had the misfortune to fall and break a leg. He has often told me that the pain of setting the limb, and the subsequent confinement, would have been very tolerable, but for the kind admonitions of his friends, who had long declared open war against all steps of coaches, and really wondered how he could be so foolish as to jump hastily out of a coach; "this was what they never did, and what no wise man ever did, and what certainly none but fools would do."

But there is no case in which this kind of wisdom is more frequently employed, than when a person happens to be overreached by a swindler, or artful fellow, of which there are always plenty to take advantage of unsuspecting innocence.—Now, indeed, the sufferer is assailed with innumerable scraps of *post obit* sagacity. "Why did he trust such a person? Why did he not suspect him? Surely he ought to have had all his eyes about him. We would not have been taken in by such a fellow; and we would advise him in future to be more upon his guard against men of that description."

I know I shall be told, that the dealers in this kind of wisdom mean well. The same well meaning is in many instances a great enemy to proper acting. A mother beats her child because it falls down; a rider flogs his horse because he stumbles;

stumbles; and they may for any thing I know, mean well. But I am certain that neither child nor horse will be the better for a punishment inflicted in the heat of passion, and without a due consideration, or any consideration at all, indeed, of the circumstances.

But that I may not leave the *post obit* advisers in ill humour, I shall not dilate upon the subject, but merely submit to their consideration, whether a grain of good advice in a time of danger, is not preferable to a bushel of their sagacity after an accident has happened.

I am, Sir, &c.

Neither Rash nor Fearful.

A RAMBLE

FROM

Exeter to the Back-waters and Exmouth, with a Return to Chudleigh.

The Toxophylites—The Back-waters—Topsham—The Epitaph—Exmouth—Powderham Castle—The stricken Deer *(of which see Engraving in our last)*—John Cross of Star-cross—Chudleigh—The Glow-worm—And Set down at Exeter.

(Concluded from page 35 of our last.)

Of hills I sing, along the varied scene,
Of howling tempests, and of skies serene;
Forts, tow'rs, and cities, and their ancient date,
How prop'd by int'rest, and how shook by fate.
Men and their manners oft employ my song;
The wise I rev'rence, and condemn the wrong:
The ways of Providence bring forth for thee,
And, where I can't unravel, bend the knee.

THE beauties of the morning sky presently disappeared. The wind had shifted to the S. W. and a strong gale suddenly arising, the sea, that had before been as smooth as a looking-glass, became greatly agitated. The didappers were busy on the tops of the foaming surges, and the screaming curlews told a continuation of the tempest.

The thunder burst over our heads in frequent peals, that rolled away, muttering, down the arch of heaven; the lightning became troublesome, and dangerous to abide, insomuch that the vessels upon the shore claimed all the attention of the mariners, to secure them from accident. However, although unaccustomed to such sudden changes, I ventured towards the waves, at a time prudence told me it were better to prefer the shelter, and be in safety.

I am not inclined to pin my faith on the sleeve of every old lady who may pretend to the prophetic spirit; but that a foreknowledge of future events is the property of some, I must not deny, without encountering well-received opinions, and insulting attestations made by writers of the first celebrity.

It is recorded of Sir Francis Drake, that once, when a female relative hung on his neck, lamenting his departure, that he comforted her by saying—"Do not grieve; for I know that after suffering much peril, I shall return to this place, and die in peace with you."

Colonel Gardner, previous to the battle of Prestonpans, sent for his lady, and took his last farewell. Upon her endeavouring to represent the uncertainty of the fight, and that there was hope of their meeting again, he assured her—"I know I shall fall, and that no earthly power can save me." In the council, the night before the engagement, Colonel Gardner advised not to fight the next day.

"What!" said his superior officer *, "is Colonel Gardner afraid?"—"No," he replied; "for when you are flying from the field like a coward, I shall be seen dying like a man."

Innumerable instances may be drawn from the best authorities; but the limits of this paper will only admit of one more, in the story of

JOHN CROSS OF STAR-CROSS.

I was standing in the storm, on the sea-beach, to admire the rougher beauties of nature, when a tremendous wave dashed a human body on shore amidst the fishermen. They seized on God's Gift, as they were pleased to call it, and instantly drew it to the upper bank, where I as speedily followed them. The body had not been long in the water, for it seemed still bleeding; there were three visible shot wounds on its manly open breast, which was adorned all over with strange figures, so as to call to my remembrance the picture of an ancient Briton; and the collar-bone, on the right side, seemed separated by the chop of a sabre. The fishermen examined the pockets of the deceased, but found nothing there except a rusty iron tobacco-box, on which, in an unskilful way, was scratched—"John Cross, of the Dædalus." The spring was presently forced, and within appeared the following paper, very tightly folded, and bound with a thread of rope-yarn. They handed the writing to me, and I thus read aloud its contents—

"My name is John Cross. I sailed from England in a south-whaler belonging to Messrs. Calvert and Co. called the Matilda, which had the misfortune to bulge upon a reef of rocks. Finding it impossible to save the ship, or any part of the stores, myself, and five others, took to the boat, and committed ourselves to God's mercy, on the waves, and were safely wafted to the hospitable shores of Otaheite. The natives, not unaccustomed to the colour of our skin, and the sound of our language, received us with every token of affection and joy. They gave us lands, and servants to cultivate them, and we were admitted into their order of nobility; and, as a proof or insignia of this elevation, we were tattooed from top to bottom. Above all this, we had wives, the most pleasing and beautiful women in the world, so mild in their temper that they never contradicted us, but did all that man could request to make his life perfectly happy. In this state I might have been now; but an unfortunate attachment to a country that gave me nothing but my birth, drove me from my earthly paradise; for, going on board the Dædalus, which put in for wood and water where I was seated, she sailed with me for England. I lamented my folly; but it was too late, and I deserved what followed. As we entered the British Channel, a press cutter came athwart us, and without being permitted to tread the shore I had a desire to visit, without being suffered to embrace a relative, or to enjoy an interview with one common friend, I was thrown into a ship of war,

* Some time after the battle, where the English were dreadfully cut to pieces, Cope had the audacity to appear at Court. The King saw him—"So, Cope," said he, with a sigh, "I see you are here; but where are my brave men?"—then turned from him with the greatest contempt.

with

with an enemy in sight. As I am unknown to all on board, I have put these lines together, in case I should drop in battle.

"P. S. I was born at Star-cross, in Devonshire; and I know I am to return there again, but whether dead or alive, is doubtful. If the former, pray, you who find me, lay my bones in the church yard with my fore-fathers.—Farewell."

There was not a man but recollected poor John. They were all play fellows together; they looked upon his face, and then looked upon each other—but spoke not; there was a humidity in every eye, that told more than all the syllables combined in their most affecting order. They laid the body upon their oars, and a dozen of them bore it away, in silence and solemnity, to the distant parsonage.

The vicar ordered a shell, and very kindly permitted the poor fellow to be buried, without the bell, just at the entrance to the bone-hole, where a man, hanged for murder, had been interred some forty years before, and where, from prejudice, the sods had not been broken for all that time; nor were it likely they might be disturbed again, unless a similar circumstance occurred, or some other unfortunate seaman might be cast lifeless on the land.

Poor John! he loved his country well enough to sacrifice his life for it. How many, without possessing this attachment, are buried in the most sanctified places, with all the pomp the avarice of the undertaker can invent? Well, let them —honest John Cross shall sleep as long, and as well, and with more reputation, than the richest of them.

The wind shifting suddenly to the west, the heavens, and all things, became once more serene, except the rolling waters. Their swell was immense, and the sunbeams, sparkling on the waves through the broken rocks, communicated a pleasing variety to the eye, and greatly enriched the landscape. At this time, I left the shore with reluctance, and, after a most pleasant walk of several miles, arrived at

CHUDLEIGH,

The seat of Lord Clifford, a place well worthy of the traveller's attention. Beside many rare pieces of antiquity, we are shewn a state-bed, the hangings of which are curiously wrought by the fair hand of the unfortunate Rosamond. Fastidious writers, however, affect to turn this fact to ridicule, on account of the great length of time passed away since the days of that lady, and that the grand tapestry in our House of Lords, of not one fourth the antiquity, is at present barely visible. But this is not reasoning fairly on the subject; nor doth it in any way make against the trophy of Rosamond's industry. That all kinds of drapery are perishable, must be admitted; but they may be preserved infinitely longer in a fine open air, rendered more pure by the adjunction of sea-breezes, than in close cities, where every foul effluence tends to promote rottenness, mutilation, and decay.

It is a fact well known to the antiquary, that the tapestry of the death of Harold, embroidered by Matilda, Queen of William the Conqueror, though of a date earlier than Rosamond's, is still in fine preservation, and the colours, in many places, are as brilliant as at the time of their manufacture.—The altar-cloth * of the church in

* The Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, wrought with silver thread, on green satin, &c.

Salisbury,

Salisbury, near the market-place, was wrought by the fingers of Adelaide, the wife of Longsword; and this, as I have seen, is another testimony, that the Chudleigh hangings are likely to be the work of the unfortunate mistress of our second Henry. The Doomsday-books, finished twenty years after the Conquest, are yet in perfect preservation; even the stains, or marks of the instrument that made the lines, is perfectly to be perceived, and the ink, after nine hundred years, no way faded. Let us not doubt, then, that the Chudleigh hangings are the labour of the charming Clifford.

The village maids around Chudleigh, have many pretty stories about poor Rosamond; but there is so much fable mingled with their narrations, that probability is put out of countenance. Brompton's tale of Woodstock Bower, seems to be the favourite. The cruelty of the high-spirited Eleanor is piteously related by them, from the cunning used by the Queen to enter the labyrinth, to the death of her victim by the cup of poison.

We know not exactly when or how Rosamond was deprived of life; but we are told that her body was found near Godstow nunnery, cased in leather, and in a strong envelop of lead; and that, when it was first opened, a sweetness of perfume arose scarcely to be equalled.

Another ancient writer gives us nearly the following dialogue between the Lady of Godstow, and Saint Hugh, the Bishop of Lincoln—

DIALOGUE.

St. Hugh—Tell me, Sister, to whom doth this glittering shrine belong?

Sister—To Rosamond, once the daughter of Earl Clifford, and favourite lady to our sovereign prince King Henry.

St. Hugh—Let it be dismantled of its shameful gaud, and take her body from the holy place, lest her example be the torch to light up female frailties; and then convey it to the church-yard ground, to moulder with the common stuff—For what better was she than a harlot?

Proud and unmerciful prelate! Her lover was an all-commanding king—and would thy mother have resisted such a tempter?

However, this mouldering could never take place, or the proprietor of the Leverian Museum continually imposes on the public credulity; for we are there shewn, after the lapse of eight hundred years, the whole hand of this fair lady, with every assurance of its originality.

Quitting Chudleigh, I left Governor Paulk's Pillar on my right, and took the path to the summit of one of the finest hills in the west. The declining sun had called up a thousand lights in the windows of the distant cathedral; the farm-houses and the cottages were also lighted up to salute our departing friend: but this illumination was of a short duration; for he sunk below the horizon, and I sunk with him to the vale. Every light was instantly extinguished, except the stars faintly appearing, and the yellow spark of

THE GLOW-WORM,

In the mole-hill before me. The muse was awake to harmony; and the song of Amelia occurring fresh to my memory, I thus addressed the steady torch of the evening—

Gem.

Gem of this lone and silent vale!
Treasure of ev'ning's pensive hour!
I come thy modest light to hail;
I come, a votive strain to pour:

Nor chilly dews, nor paths untrod,
Can from thy shrine my footsteps fright:
Thy lamp shall guide me o'er the sod,
And cheer the gath'ring mists of night.

Again thy yellow fire impart!
Lo! planets shed a mimic day:
Lo! vivid meteors round me dart,
Swift mingling with the lightning's ray.

But vain those splendid fires to me,
Born on the season's sultry wing,
Unless thy slender form I see,
Around its fairy lustre fling.

Thine is an unobtrusive blaze;
Content art thou in shades to shine;
And much I wish, while thus I gaze,
To make thy modest merit mine:

For long by youth's wild wishes cast,
Or the false world's tempestuous sea,
I seek retirement's shore at last,
And find a monitor in thee!

Descending through the villages, about night-fall, I passed St. Thomas's, and, over the new and beautiful bridge, entered again the city of Exeter, and, not a little weary with this day's exertions, set me down in ease at my inn, the White Hart, South-street, where the kind waterman I had met in the morning had conneyed my finny purchase; to which, with my landlady, I drew my seat, and finished one of the pleasantest rambles I had experienced since I left the metropolis. Messrs. Jackson and Kendall were of the party. We had several delectable airs of the first gentleman's composing; and, after a hobnob to all friends round St. Paul's, cheerfully sought the pillows of repose. T. N.

JEMMY GENTLE TO DIANA DASHAWAY.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU will infinitely oblige me I protest, by inserting this letter of mine in your next Magazine, because I wish extremely to have it fall into the hands of a young lady to whom I intend to make my addresses, if she can be cured of a violent passion for bold riding. She is always on horseback; and I never meet her without fearing she will come to an untimely end. I have not unbosomed myself; but I made, a few days ago, a small effort to break my mind to her, which proved, however, unsuccessful. While I was quietly ambling along upon my little poney, the prettiest creature imaginable I vow, and as tame as a lamb—Miss Diana Dashaway—overtook me on her great grey hunter. As we were not far from a monster of a gate, I told her, with the utmost politeness, after having wished her a good morning, that I would ride before her and open it, at the same time pushing on my poney. What do you think was her answer? Instead of making any acknowledgments for an offer—which was, surely, a kind one—she bawled out in a masculine tone—"over, Sir! over!"

These few words—will you believe me—so much affected my spirits, as I had only crossed my poney that day to air myself after a nervous fever, that I was absolutely unable to obey her command. The gate, indeed, had so formidable an appearance, that I did not imagine she could have felt the least desire to fly over it. But she did feel the desire most certainly; and while I civilly

civilly turned my horse aside, that I might give no interruption to her equestrian proceedings, she left the gate behind her without coming to the ground, according to my expectations.

Now, Sir, if, upon the perusal of this letter—I know she takes in your magazine—she will think it worth her while to ride in a more feminine manner, I may, perhaps, venture to approach her in the character of a lover. She is, I am very sensible, quite necessary to my happiness; but I cannot bear the thoughts of having a female Nimrod for my wife. Your's,

JEMMY GENTLE.

Placid-Place, Nov. 15.

STEPHEN SORROWFUL'S LAMENTATION.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM that insulated being called an Old Bachelor; a creature wearisome to myself, and beloved by no one. I have spent the noon of my days in a single state, from the dread of incurring the expences incident to a married life with a woman that had nothing; and now sorely do I repent that I had not generosity enough to overlook this consideration in favour of a charming girl that I truly loved, and who wanted nothing but fortune to recommend her. I was formerly clerk to her father, then a merchant of great respectability, but some years after greatly reduced by the unfortunate turn of affairs in the late contest between us and America. When he failed I was settled in the world, and might have saved his amiable girl from many a year of fatigue and distress into which their poverty immersed them; but with *sang froid*, for which I now detest myself, I then stood aloof, tore my thoughts from the sweet Eliza, and, driving forward into the heart of the city, determined to lose myself in the recesses of counting-houses and the accumulation of money; thus avoiding all the plagues and expences of a family, for which I deemed the society of an elegant and affectionate woman by no means an equivalent. Alas! Mr. Editor, I now see how I miscalculated; how much such a partnership would have been for my advantage in the long run. I now put the mutual participation of pleasure and pain, the endearments of our children, that flattering interest which Eliza would have taken in me, for whom, by the way, nobody now cares a straw; I put all these on the credit side of the ledger, and find in the opposite page only such a portion of expences as I have actually brought upon myself, by being drawn in to give tavern dinners, and a thousand other extravagancies that young men know not how to avoid. You will easily see, when a just account is made out, what I have gained, or rather what I have lost. Instead of the bright hearth, and smiling faces of my family; instead of sitting down in the midst of beings who owe life to me, and portioning out their little meal with the delicious sensations of a father, I take my solitary chop at a coffee-house, and afterwards saunter to the theatre, where venal beauty spreads her net, and I am caught! Alas! here is no mind, here is no modesty to make sentiment interesting. After having seen a public entertainment with Eliza, with what delight might we have passed the remainder of the evening! her taste and sensibility would

would have made us live the hours over again with additional pleasure; her bosom would have been my harbour in the storms of life, and there I should have found resources from *ennui* in the calm season of prosperity; in the day of sickness, and in my dying hour, her voice could have whispered comfort.—What a sad reckoner have I been, Mr. Editor! I am now as gray as a badger, and have not a single relative in the world; I have long retired from business, but my fortune brings me no enjoyment, my dog leads nearly as rational a life; I eat, and drink, and sleep alternately, as he does, for I now fear to become the prey of some indigent dame, who would overlook my gray hairs and infirmities, in consideration of coming in for a third of my wealth, and therefore avoid much commerce with the sex, from which, though I might once have derived happiness, I can now only expect trick, or, at best, ridicule. But what can a man do who has let avarice run away with him in his youth, when all the social affections should have been at their out-posts to prevent it! All that remains for such a man—after the example of a culprit going to execution—is to warn the multitude how they fall into this error; to assure them that the good which is not communicated is not half enjoyed; and that those who abandon a young woman from motives like mine, as they do not deserve happiness, so they never will obtain it. Your's, &c.

S. SORROWFUL.

ANECDOTE.

The Devil a good Paymaster.

MRS. Crispin, sitting in a cold room, with four small children, without fuel, and without meat or drink, was highly exasperated at Master Crispin's long stay at the ale-house. Her patience being entirely exhausted, she resolved to follow him; and forth she sallied in a passionate temperament. But reflecting on her situation as she went, she resolved to be cool and moderate both in her words and conduct. Crispin she found comfortably seated in the corner by a good fire, with several jovial companions. They entreated her to drink; and she did it several times, and found herself much revived. This situation, and company, and such reviving liquor, said she in her mind, are powerful temptations to a man—who has no better quarters of his own than Crispin—to stay longer than is consistent with his affairs, or agreeable to his wife's wishes. The company talked over a vast variety of accidents, misfortunes, &c. which had, and were, fallen on themselves, their friends, and neighbours; and, where there was no very visible cause, they all agreed in accusing the Devil as their source, Master Crispin alone excepted, who loved his joke, and was for extenuating the heavy charges; and said—"Your accusations, neighbours, against the black gentleman, I think, are too general and severe to be all strictly true. For my part, I look upon the black boy to be as honest an old fellow as any in England." "I have never heard much of his honesty," replied Mrs. Crispin, "yet there is one circumstance that seems to corroborate your assertion; for I have frequently heard it said, that the Devil is very good pay, and that to whomsoever he owes a cake, he is sure to pay them with a whole loaf." This remark of Mrs. Crispin's was accompanied with pleasant, but significant looks. Crispin felt their force, and was pleased with his

wife—he paid his reckoning, handed her home, and never after gave her much cause for complaint.

MAJOR TOPHAM,

OF THE

WOLD COTTAGE, YORKSHIRE.

EVERY public character, who has in the least degree contributed towards the well-being of society, merits some notice to posterity; and few are there to be found who have performed a more active part than the subject of the present memoir, either in fashionable life, or in the more healthful and invigorating pursuits of the sports of the field.

Major Edward Topham is the son of Francis Topham, Esq. LL.D. who was master of the faculties and judge of the prerogative court of York, at which place he resided. He was reckoned one of the most eminent civilians of his day; and it was in a great measure owing to the number of unfortunate cases that came before him as a judge, which he so strongly represented in a pamphlet addressed to the then Lord Hardwicke, that the act which put an end to the Fleet marriages passed. It was on this gentleman that Lawrence Sterne, better known under the name of Tristram Shandy, made his first essay in a little pamphlet which he called "The Adventures of a Watchcoat." Here Major Topham, who was then a boy at Eton, was first ushered into the world of literary warfare, from having it stated that his father, who was there held forth as a watchman, "wanted to cut the parish watch-coat into a dress for his wife, and a pair of small clothes for his son."

The subject of all this originated, says the biographer of "Public Characters," in a dispute with Dr. Fountain, the late Dean of York, who having neglected to fulfil an engagement made with Dr. Topham, engaged Tristram Shandy to endeavour to turn his breach of promise into ridicule. The best result was, that it became the means of first bringing forth into public notice, and afterwards into public admiration, Lawrence Sterne as an author, who was at that period a curate in the country, and till then totally unknown.

Major Topham passed eleven years at Eton, where he was fortunate enough to be distinguished by frequently having his verses publicly read by the master in school, or, as it is there termed, by being "sent up for good." He afterwards formed one of the numerous band of upper boys, who were very severely punished for being engaged in the great rebellion that took place under Dr. Forster, then master, so highly distinguished for his classical knowledge, yet, in the ways of the world, a very Parson Adams, and of course not well qualified to govern the greatest public seminary in the kingdom, which at one time boasted five hundred and fifty students!

After leaving Eton, Major Topham went as a fellow-commoner to Trinity College, Cambridge.—About this time his father died, and in a few months afterwards he lost his mother. His father—which is somewhat singular—although presiding over the very depository of wills, died intestate, and Major Topham had thus a good opportunity of beginning life well for a young man, for he executed all that his father intended to have done; a circumstance not a little advantageous to his eldest sister Charlotte, who married Sir Griffith Boynton,

Boynton, Bart. now nearly the oldest baronetage in England, and died in child-birth at Burton Agnes, in Yorkshire.

At Cambridge, Major T. remained four years, long enough to put on what is there called "an Harry Soph's gown," which many people would think was exchanging a good for a bad gown; that of the fellow-commoner being purple and silver, and the Harry Soph black silk.

From Cambridge he went abroad for a year and a half, and afterwards travelled through Scotland. This little tour became better known, as he afterwards gave an account of it "in Letters from Edinburgh," published by Dodsley. As the work of a stripling, they were so well received, that the first edition was soon out of print. Thence he removed to the seat of all human joy, in the eyes of a young man, London, and entered into the first regiment of life-guards, which in the hey-day of the blood may be thought to make that still greater. There is a principle about some men that never allows them to be quiet or inactive. This operated upon Major Topham in full force. He was soon appointed adjutant of that corps, and shortly after exhibited as a character in the windows of all the print shops under the title of "The Tip-top Adjutant." In truth, he was a Martinette of his day, and shortly converted a very heavy ill-disciplined regiment into a very good one. In consequence of this he received several commendatory notices from the King, and the old general officers of the time.

The Major, however, was not so absolutely absorbed in military tactics, as even then totally to estrange himself from literary pursuits. In the midst of his various avocations, he wrote many prologues and epilogues to the dramatic pieces of his friends; and to these the wits of the day were pleased to attach so much more fashion than falls to the share of fugitive pieces in general, that few plays were brought out that did not produce a request of this kind. To some of Mr. Cumberland's dramatic pieces, and to all those composed by his friend Mr. Andrews, he gave the last word in the shape of an epilogue. Amongst those that produced the greatest applause on the stage, was a prologue spoken by Mr. Lee Lewis, in the character of Moliere's old woman, which had the effect of bringing for many nights together a full house before the beginning of the play—a circumstance in dramatic story somewhat singular; and an epilogue that was afterwards delivered by Miss Farren, now Countess of Derby.

The managers of Drury-lane, who had protracted their season to great length, at the close of it, to add to their profits, let their theatre for a few nights to a party, collected heaven knows how! of people who fancied they had great stage talents. Hamlet's advice to actors formed no part of their tragedy. Amongst the rest was the father of Lawrence the painter, who having been unsuccessful in the wine trade, as an inn keeper, fancied that he had at least all the spirit necessary for a tragedian. The tragedy too was new, as well as the performers. Horace has observed—

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi:

but this rule, for the first time, was known to be fallacious; for nothing could be more mournful than the performers, as they cried almost from the beginning to the end of the piece. One character, in fact, never appeared without a white handkerchief to be in readiness for his grief. The result was, that be-

fore half the play was over, the audience, which was very numerous, were in a state of convulsion: as the actors roared, the spectators roared with merriment, and every tear of the performer was accompanied with the laughter of the whole audience. Such a tragedy was certainly never performed before, and never has been performed since. It was this subject, luckily occurring at the time, that Major Topham selected for an epilogue, which was most admirably delivered by Miss Farren. The effect was such, that the elder Colman often declared that it brought five hundred pounds to the Haymarket theatre during that season. The author received from the manager in return a very handsome letter, with the perpetual freedom of the theatre.

Major Topham remained adjutant of the second life-guards about seven years, during which period he succeeded in making it the pattern regiment of the kingdom, and therefore, in some measure, actually merited the appellation of the Tip-top Adjutant. After this, in the regular course of purchase and promotion, he rose to be a captain, in consequence of which the duties of adjutant devolved upon another. What to many men would have been a recommendation, a life of less activity and trouble, was not a life of ease to him. *Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, was applied to a character of old; and an active mind is certainly never less at ease than when it has nothing to do.

At this time he first became acquainted with old Mr. Elwes, who frequently used to dine with him on guard, when he was not engaged in the house of commons. The son of Mr. Elwes was at that time in the same regiment; and it was from this circumstance that Major Topham became enabled to confer on that son those essential benefits which he afterwards performed. Having great influence with old Elwes, he had often been solicited by his friend to take an opportunity of speaking to the father on the subject of making a will, as from being a natural son he could not have inherited without it. The repugnance to talking about his property, much more to disposing of it, was in Mr. Elwes inconceivable; and therefore it was a matter of the utmost delicacy and difficulty. Major Topham, however, was fortunate enough to choose a moment, and to find a way to overcome this difficulty, and the two sons owe entirely to him the whole of the immense property they now possess; and when perhaps this property may be estimated at seven hundred thousand pounds, it must be considered as a service in point of importance, that has seldom been performed by one person to another.

From being more of a literary man than in general falls to the lot of officers, he had frequently at his dinner-parties on guard men not usually seen in a military mess. Horne Tooke, the elder Colman, M. P. Andrews, John Wilkes, and many other characters then well known, were in the habits of visiting him there. But although London is a scene which even in its very streets can never appear to want bustle and activity, yet when those streets have been paced over till every stone of them is become familiar, employment for an active mind may still be wanting, and

> "Still that something unpossess'd
> Corrodes and leavens all the rest."

The life of a captain of horse-guards, except when on duty, which was only four days in every month, was at that time a life of perfect inactivity, and therefore soon became irksome

irksome to Major Topham. The late Sir George Metham used to say, "that a man who does not feel his blood galloping as he gallops up Highgate-hill," has no further business in London, and with some kind of business he may be thus engaged. But all business may become familiar, and thus cease to have its allurements.

A circumstance happened about this time to the Major, which, as has been said, gave a sort of distinguishing colour to his future life. Mrs. Wells, of Drury-lane theatre, confessedly one of the most beautiful women of the day in which she lived, through the medium of a friend, sent to request him to write her an epilogue for her benefit. He naturally did not deny her request, and of course the reading and instructing her in the delivery produced interviews which the company of a woman so beautiful must always make dangerous. There are, as Sterne says, "certain chords, and vibrations, and notes that are correspondent in the human feelings, which frequent interviews awaken into harmony," and—if puns did not require spelling—frequently produce a *consort*.

What did occur may be easily supposed: a mutual intercourse, in consequence of mutual affection, in progress of time took place betwixt them. It may also be naturally supposed, that in return for the greatest gift a man can receive, the heart of a most beautiful woman, that he would devise every method to become serviceable to her interests and dramatic character, and think his time and talents never better employed than in advancing the reputation of her he loved. This desire, indeed, gave a new spur to his mind, and a fresh activity to his genius. It was this idea that first inspired the thought of establishing a public print. It has been said more than metaphorically, that "love first created The World." Here it was realised. Gallantry began what literature supported, and politics finished. It was thus, as we understand, from a wish to assist Mrs. Wells in her dramatic life, that the paper of The World first originated, and which, beginning from the passion for a fine woman, attracted to itself shortly afterwards as much public notice as ever fell to the share of a daily, and consequently a very fugitive publication.

Mr. John Bell, who was then one of the most popular booksellers of the time, having, by some accident, heard of this intention, proposed himself, under the condition of a third share, and the advantages resulting from printing and publishing the paper. No one was better experienced in this department of a public print. He had been an original proprietor of the Morning Post, and was as well acquainted as any man with the nature and taste of London itself. From the dispositions he made, together with his unexampled dexterity and perseverance, perhaps, more from the conversation which was generally held that such a publication was about to come forth, in one week the demand for The World exceeded that which had been made in the same time for any other newspaper. With the exception of the Anti-jacobin, no public print ever went upon the same ground; not depending so much on the immediate occurrence or scandal of the day, as upon the style of writing and the pleasantries that appeared there. In truth, some of the most ingenious men contributed towards it; and when the names of Merry, Jerningham, Andrews, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Robinson, Jekyll, and Sheridan, are mentioned as having frequently appeared in this print, the

the remark will not be doubted. The poetry of The World was afterwards collected into four volumes. Merry and Mrs. Cowley were the Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, who were so long admired, and who, during the whole writing of those very beautiful poems, were perfectly unknown to each other.

But admired as these productions, and many others were, that appeared in the paper of the World, it is a singular fact that the correspondence of two boxers, Humphries and Mendoza, raised the sale of the paper to a higher degree than all the contributions of most ingenious writers. It was the fashion of that time for the pugilists to send open challenges to each other, and thus publicly announce their days of fighting. This they chose to do through The World, as considering it the most fashionable paper; and their writing beat Sheridan all to pieces. What shall we say to this? Does it not realise the words of Johnson on the subject of the stage?

"But still reflect, our fate is not our choice,
The stage but echoes back the people's voice:
The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give,
For they who live to please, must please to live."

In a short time Mrs. Wells by her own intrinsic merit, added to a little instruction, rose to be one of the first actresses of her time. They who remember her and Edwin for four years, drawing crowded audiences to the Haymarket theatre, to the self-same performances, will judge whether this must not have been true; and they who have seen others repeat the same characters, may, perhaps, observe in the language of Shakespear—

"Alack the day! seeing what we have seen,
Seeing what we see!"

Major Topham's wishes, therefore were fully gratified. The paper of The World, of which he was editor, had extended itself beyond his utmost expectations. It was looked to as a repository for all the best writers of the day; it gave the tone to politics, and, what to him was still dearer, it contributed to the fame of the woman he loved.

But, alas! the dearest and most sanguine of our hopes are but as breath. Mrs. Wells, in her eagerness to appear in a particular part, to oblige the manager of Covent-garden, too soon after a lying-in of her last child, produced a revolution of her milk, which afterwards flew to her head, and occasionally disordered her brain. It can only be they who once knew her as she really was, that will join with us in exclaiming—

"Oh! what a noble mind was there o'erthrown!"

On this melancholy event taking place, the paper of The World, at which Major Topham had incessantly laboured for nearly five years, and which had now attained an unrivalled degree of eminence, lost in his eyes all its charms. He first determined to let it, reserving a certain profit from its sale; and in a short time he resolved to dispose of it altogether. Reynolds, the dramatist, on this occasion alluding to the name of the paper, quoted not unaptly the following phrase:—

"Who was it lost Mark Anthony the World?
A woman."

They who have known what the daily supply, the daily toil, the daily difficulty, the hourly danger, and the incessant tumult of a morning paper is, can alone know that chaos of the brain in which a man lives who has all this to undergo. Terror walks before him—fatigue bears him down—libels encompass him, and

and distraction attacks him on every side. He must be a literary man, and a commercial man: he must be a political man, and a theatrical man; and must run through all the changes from a pantomime to a prime minister. What every man is pursuing, he must be engaged in; and from the very nature and "front of his offence," he must be acquainted with all the wants, the weaknesses, and wickedness, from one end of London to the other.

To view all this might gratify curiosity for the moment: to live in it is to guide a little boat in a storm under a battery of great guns firing at him every moment; but even this has an advantage; it may endear retirement or make seclusion pleasant. In fact, and without a pun, on quitting The World, Major Topham retired to his native county, and has lived two hundred miles from the metropolis, without once visiting it during the space of six whole years.

Who could have done this? Who could have thought that remote hills, solitary plains, and, what is worse, country conversation, would have found charms sufficient to detain a town-made man from the streets of London? The physicians would answer, "cooling scenes are the lenitives of fever." After the long labours of a sultry day, where can the weary fly better than to the shade? The man thus circumstanced will naturally say—

"O rus! quando ego, te aspiciam, quandoque licibit
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!"

Major Topham, we understand, has not found, even in retirement, time hang heavy upon his hands. The duties of a country magistrate, in a large county, are very great, and very incessant. He has a considerable farm of some hundred acres under his own management, and his occasional hours he is dedicating to the compilation of a history of his own life. He has along with him, those who in his retirement have proved his best solace, three daughters, who are said to be nearly as beautiful as their mother, and whose manners and understandings are reported by those who have seen them, to be equal to all that might be expected.

Major Topham, living in the Wolds of Yorkshire, has not been insensible to the pleasure derived from rural sports. Among other country amusements, he has founded many coursing establishments. He is the possessor of the celebrated greyhound Snowball—brother to Major, the property of Colonel Thornton—whose breed is so well known, and so highly esteemed in the sporting world. The daughters of Major Topham are greatly distinguished for their superior skill in horsemanship.

One of the last of his literary works * was the Life of Mr. Elwes. If wide-spread circulation be any

* Amongst his dramatic productions are to be reckoned a farce, produced under the management of Mr. Sheridan at Drury lane, called "Deaf Indeed," respecting which the audience fully justified the title, by not hearing above half of it. To that succeeded, at the same theatre, a farce called "The Fool," first produced for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, and afterwards repeated for many nights. The fame which Mrs. Wells had acquired in her performance of Becky Cadwallader, suggested the idea of the latter production, and she realised all the expectations that had been formed upon this occasion

His next was entitled "Bonds without Judgment," performed for many successive nights at Covent-garden. His last farce received the appellation

test of merit, it certainly had this to boast. It was originally published in numbers in The World, which it raised in sale about one thousand papers. It was thence copied into all the different provincial ones, and afterwards, with some revisions, collected and published in a volume. It is now passing through an eleventh edition. The late Horace Walpole used to say of it, "that it was the best collection of genuine anecdote he knew."

Nor has this author been less distinguished for his knowledge and experience as a sportsman, having very handsomely contributed his assistance in writing an interesting account of "ancient and modern coursing," for an elegant and popular work, entitled, "*The Sportsman's Cabinet.*"

In the last place, we find his pen employed in the production of many interesting notes to a new and beautiful edition of Somervile's Chase, illustrated with engravings by that ingenious artist Mr. John Scott.

No man has more of the manners of a gentleman, or more of the ease and elegance of fashionable life, than Major Topham; though fond of retirement, he communicates himself through a large circle of acquaintance, and is of a temper so easy and companionable, that those who see him once, know him; and those who know him have a pleasing acquaintance: and, if services are required, a warm and zealous friend. His knowledge of life and manners, enlivens his conversation with a perpetual novelty, while his love of humour and ridicule, always restrained within the bounds of benevolence and good-nature, add to the pleasures of the social table, and animate the jocundity of the festive board.

LORD CHEDWORTH'S WILL.

THE will of the late Lord Chedworth, as a singular character, has engaged so much of the public interest, that we have obtained a faithful copy of it from Doctors' Commons. It is perfectly known that the late Lord was in his habit and manners extremely retired. Of a constitution naturally infirm and nervous, he avoided crowds, and his taste for the Drama led him to the theatre as his only amusement. He chiefly associated with persons belonging to the theatres; and this accounts for the numerous legacies he has left to them. On the occasion of the very unfortunate affair at Epsom, which was the source of his dejection through life, he complained of being deserted by those relatives, whose duty he thought it was to have come forward in support of his character; and this perhaps accounts for the alienation of his great property. His estates are very large, and free from incum-

appellation of "The Westminster Boy;" and being brought out for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, proved so in reality—not a Westminster boy being absent who could procure money to purchase admittance. For them, the very name was sufficient; and concluding there must be something hostile in it, they began, by signal, their operations against it, as Mr. Holman commenced the prologue. The fact we understand to be, that the name was merely taken to introduce Mrs. Wells, who was a beautiful figure in boy's clothes, in the dress of a Westminster boy. But this, among a thousand others in Stage History, will remain to prove how the fate of many pieces have been determined on ideas totally mistaken.

brances.

branches. Mr. Wilson, his steward and solicitor, lately obtained for him an account from his former steward and receiver, which had been unsettled for twenty years, and by which a very large sum was brought forth. The residuary legatee, Mr. Penrice, who is a very able professional man at Yarmouth, and who stood forth in defence of his Lordship on the trying occasion to which we have alluded, will, in all probability, come to the enjoyment of from 100 to L.200,000.

In the name of God, Amen. I, John, Lord Chedworth, Baron of Chedworth, in the county of Gloucester, being of sound and disposing mind, make this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills and testaments by me made:—

First, I resign my soul into the hands of Almighty God, in humble hope of the forgiveness of my sins, through Jesus Christ, on whose merits alone I rely for salvation.

He wills that his body be decently interred, without expensive parade.

He gives and devises all his lands, tenements, messuages, and hereditaments, and all his estates and interest, of what kind or nature soever, situate, lying, and being, in the several counties of Gloucester and Wilts, and also his dwelling-house in Brook-street, Ipswich, in the county of Suffolk, with the garden, and all appurtenances thereunto belonging, to Richard Wilson, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. and Thomas Penrice, of Great Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, Gentleman, or the survivors of them, and to their heirs, or the heirs of the survivors of them for ever, in trust, to sell and dispose of the same for as much money as can be gotten for them.

He also gives all his personal estate, not therein otherwise disposed of, to the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, in trust, to apply the same, together with the monies arising from the sale of his said real estates, to the several purposes thereinfter mentioned.

First, he wills that all his just debts be paid and discharged, and gives and bequeaths the following legacies:—

To his revered uncle, Thomas White, of Tottingstone, in the county of Suffolk, Esq. L.1000. He does not give him more, because he well knows that at his advanced age, and with his regulated desires, he does not want any acquisition of property, and trusts that he will accept this merely as a token of the very great gratitude and veneration which he feels towards him.

To the said Richard Wilson the sum of L.15,000, on condition that he shall undertake and execute the office of executor, and also the several trusts therein mentioned.

To the said Richard Wilson the further sum of L.5000 on the like conditions.

To the said Thomas Penrice, L.20,000 on the like conditions.

To his cousin, Alex. Wright, Esq. L.10,000.

To his cousin, Mary Daniel, widow, L.10,000.

To the said Richard Wilson and Alexander Wright, L.4000 in trust, to invest the same in the funds, and apply the interest thereof to the maintenance of his cousin, William Wright, clerk.

To the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, the sum of L.13,000 in trust, to invest the same in the funds, and pay the interest thereof to Richard Edgar, Esq. of Gough-square, in the city of London, to be by him applied—without account—to the maintenance of his daughter, Sarah Ann Edgar, by his late wife, formerly Sarah Ann Selby, of Ipswich; and

on the arrival of the said Sarah Ann Edgar at the age of twenty-one years, his will is, that the principal money be transferred immediately to the said Sarah Ann Edgar.

To the said Rich. Edgar L.500.

To Charlotte Selby, of Ipswich, spinster, L.500.

To Lucy Mary, the wife of Frederick Edgar, Esq. late Lucy Mary Selby, L.500.

To Mary Taylor, widow, formerly of the theatre royal, Norwich, L.13,000, and until his estates can be sold, and the legacy paid, his will is that the executors do pay the said Mary L.300 a year.

To Harriet Taylor, daughter of the said Mary Taylor, L.4000.

To Fanny Valentine, spinster, sister of the said Mary Taylor, L.3000.

To the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, L.13,000 in trust, to invest the same in the funds, and pay the interest thereof to Mary, the wife of William Howard, of Bouverie-street, near Fleet-street, in or near the city of London, to be applied to the use of the said Mary Howard, separate from her husband, or without being liable to his debts, or subject to his control: and after the decease of the said Mary Howard, then to pay the principal money to such person as she the said Mary Howard shall direct and appoint; and in case she shall leave no such testamentary direction, then he wills that the said principal money be paid to the said William Howard: and in case the said Mary Howard shall survive her said husband, and should not leave any such testamentary direction, then he wills that the said principal money be paid to the children of the said Mary Howard, or in case they should be infants, to such person or persons as should be appointed guardian or guardians to the said children.

To the said William Howard, L.3000.

To Elizabeth Forsett, of Ipswich, spinster, L.6000.

To John Barney, of Ipswich, merchant, L.4000.

To Margaret Lyddow, of Tyson-row, Kingsland-road, in the county of Middlesex, widow, formerly Margaret Rix, of Ipswich, spinster, L.3000.

To Dorothy Gooch, formerly of Great Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, but now of Orford, in the county of Suffolk, spinster, L.6000.

To George Penrice, natural son to the said Thomas Penrice, L.6000.

To the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, L.2500 in trust, to invest the same in the funds, and apply the interest to the use and behoof of Harriet, the wife of Walter Bedéll, formerly of Fleet-street, London, linen-draper—formerly Harriet Bannister, spinster—separate and apart from her husband, or being liable to his debts, or in any way subject to his control; and for payment of which interest, as it becomes due, the receipt of the said Harriet alone to be sufficient. And after the decease of the said Harriet, he wills that the said principal money shall be paid to the children of the said Harriet; or in case of their being infants, then, for their use and behoof to such person or persons as should be appointed their guardians, in case the said W. Bedell should not then be living.

To his good friend, the Rev. Wm. Layton, L.1300.

To his sister, Mary Ann Layton, L.1300.

To the Rev. Thomas Crompton, in token that I am in perfect amity with him, L.1000.

To that illustrious statesman and true patriot, the Hon. Chas. James Fox, L.3000.

To

To Lydia Hallum, spinster, L.200.

To Mary, the wife of James Royal Willett, Esq. L.200.

To Wm. Smith, of Bury St. Edmund's, Esq. L.200.

To the Rev. Wm. Clerke, of Norton Clerke, L.200.

To Susannah Clerke and Charlotte Clerke, his sisters, L.200 each.

To the Rev. Mr. Glover, of the city of Norwich, L.200, in testimony of my sense of his judicious and generous exertions in behalf of injured innocence.

To Elizabeth Edmead, formerly of the theatre royal, Norwich, L.1300.

To John Powell, formerly of the same, and of the theatre royal, Drury-lane, L.1300.

To Edward Seymour, otherwise called Edward Hickery, otherwise called Edward Hickery Seymour, late of the theatre royal, Norwich, L.1300.

To Dr. Thomson L.200, over and above whatever may be due to him as a remuneration for his frequent attendances on him.

To Mrs. Frances Wood, L.200.

To his servant, Wm. Lunnis, L.600, in consideration of the great care and affectionate attention which he had experienced from him during his illness, for which he could not but be grateful while he lived.

To Elizabeth Ashpool, spinster, L.600.

To James Jaques, of Great Yarmouth, Gent. L.600, in testimony of his great respect for him.

To his servant, Avery Truman, L.500.

To his servant, Mrs. Rose Cockerall, L.600, and

To his late servant, Wm. Clarke, to whose care and attention he had likewise been much indebted, L.500.

To his servant, Susan Day, L.100.

To all his servants, who shall be in his service at the time of his death, two years wages and mourning.

To Mary Ann Kent, formerly of the theatre royal, Norwich, but now of Barnes, in Surry, spinster, L.600.

To Matilda Deer, spinster, L.300.

To her sister, Mrs. Walford, widow, L.300.

To his respected friend, Thomas Green, Esq. his head of Vandyck, by himself, with such other of his paintings and prints as he might choose to accept.

To James Pulham, of Woodbridge, Gent. L.600.

His books he wills should be divided between the said Thomas Penrice, Thomas Green, and Wm. Layton, to choose alternately, and to draw lots for the order of choice, provided that if there be any books, not exceeding 50 vols. which the said Edward Seymour should wish for, they should allow him to take them.—If he wishes for a copy of his Lordship's notes on Shakespear, a copy to be made for him—the original he gives to the said Thomas Penrice.

His will is, if the produce arising from the sale of his estates, together with his personal estates, be not sufficient, after the payment of his debts, for the full payment of the said legacies, that then each of the said legacies, above the value of L.1000, should abate in proportion; and if there should be more than sufficient, then his will is, that all the real residue and remainder should go to the said Thomas Penrice.

To Lucy Pratt, of Ipswich, L.200.

And I do nominate, constitute, and appoint the said Richard Wilson and Thomas Penrice, executors of this my last will and testament. This is my last will and testament,

written with my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this eighteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four. CHEDWORTH.

Signed, sealed, published, and delivered, by the above named testator, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, in the presence of the said testator, and at his request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names, the day and year above-written.

SAMUEL FITCH.
POETTE JACKSON.
CHARLES BATTELEY.

All of whom live in Ipswich.

This is a codicil to the last will and testament of me, John Lord Chedworth, which will is dated the 18th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1804. This codicil is written with my own hand.

I give to my faithful servant, William Lunnis, the further sum of L.350.

To my executor, Richard Wilson, the further sum of L.20,000.

To my friend, William Dean, of Arwarton, in the county of Suffolk, Gent. L.6000.

To Lydia Hallum, spinster, in consequence of my understanding that her income is much smaller than I supposed, the sum of L.3000.

And my will and pleasure is, that my executor, Thomas Penrice, his heirs, assigns, executors, and administrators, shall pay to my barber, William Graves of Ipswich, one clear annuity of L.60 per annum, for and during the life of the said William Graves.

This is a codicil to my last will and testament, which codicil is written with my own hand, and sealed with my seal, this 10th day of September, 1804.

CHEDWORTH.

THE BEAVER.

An Etching, by Mr. Bell.

IT may not be uninteresting to our numerous readers to give, this month, a correct etching of that singular animal the beaver. They are found in most parts of the north of Europe, and in America; are a gregarious animal, generally three feet from the nose to the tail. The hind feet only have membranes between the toes, to assist its motion in the water. Being amphibious, the tail is broad and flat, covered with scales, and is used in the water as a rudder to steer its course. It appears to be the only animal whose society cannot be dissolved, nor its nature altered by the endeavours of man. When detached from its companions, it seems destitute of providing for its safety either by stratagem or defence; a dull, solitary creature, incapable of either attachments or antipathies, which is to be wondered at, considering the great art and ingenuity it displays in its native situation. Nothing can exceed the skilfulness of these animals in the construction of their habitations: their plans are laid, their materials collected, and their buildings erected with that methodical order, strength, and uniformity, as to equal, in many instances, the wisdom of the human mind.—For more ample confirmation of this, see our Magazine, No. 10, for July, 1793, vol. ii, page 244—5.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.

THIS was for a wager of 100 guineas, between Lieut. Fairman and Col. Lockhart, on Friday, Nov. 9, 1804: the former to go sixty miles on foot, within 14 hours, upon the race-ground at Ipswich. The Colonel arrived there on Thursday

The Beaver.

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Thursday morning, and Lieutenant Fairman some days before.—A single mile of the race-course had been previously measured off, in presence of friends on both sides, by Mr. Bramsby, the surveyor. Soon after the Colonel's arrival, he went (accompanied by Mr. Fairman) to inspect the ground, which was agreed to, and every necessary preliminary presently adjusted. The gentlemen then returned to Ipswich together in the Colonel's chaise, separated, and did not meet again till just prior to the appointed time of starting.

Lieutenant Fairman having given notice of setting out at twelve o'clock at night, and having engaged a room at the grand stand for his accommodation, rode up to the race-course, attended only by his servant, about six in the evening, and, after taking some refreshment, retired to bed, giving positive directions to be called at eleven. He slept soundly till one, when, on being awoke and told the hour, he betrayed some agitation, supposing, naturally enough, that he had been permitted to oversleep himself, and that he had consequently lost so much of his time. His fears, however, proved groundless. A new arrangement had been made between his friends and Colonel Lockhart, unknown to him, to extend the hour of starting till two. On this explanation he immediately recovered his confidence and tranquillity, assuring every one who had access to him, that he had no doubt of winning.

Lieut. Fairman having dressed, and taken some animal food, which, contrary to the advice of his friends, he washed down with a bason of strong tea, went up to the starting post, directly opposite, precisely at two; an equal half mile being measured each way, so as to leave the house he refreshed at exactly in the centre. Having touched the post, he went off in a gallant style, the retrogade way of the course, turning round a stake at the end of the half mile, and reaching the place from whence he started, making up the mile, in little more than nine minutes. He then proceeded to a stake at the other end, and turning about it in a similar way, arrived a second time at the goal in something less than ten minutes, which he continued to do until he had completed the first six miles within the hour. At nearly this rate he pursued his journey until he had gone over fifteen miles, when he was recommended to refresh. To this he boldly replied, that he was in wind and strength, and would go on, at least, two miles further; when, at the renewed entreaty of his friends, he made the first halt, having performed these seventeen miles without the smallest visible inconvenience. On going into the house appropriated for his reception, he conversed cheerfully with those about him, and desired to have some toast sopped in Madeira, which, by his own direction, had been previously prepared.

Having ate of this very sparingly, he walked firmly up to the starting-post, and after taking a few deliberate paces, until he had recovered from the glare of the light, he went off in the same intrepid style until he had performed his second stage, consisting of fifteen miles, making in all thirty-two, which he accomplished in the dark, to the astonishment and admiration of every body, with apparent ease, including the first stoppage, in less than six hours; nor would he now have rested, but at the earnest solicitation of his friends. This was his grand and only halt of any consequence. Being stripped, and rubbed down with hot towels, he soaked his feet for a few moments in warm water, and was then bathed all over with spirits. He now

put

put on a complete second dress, in readiness for the occasion; after which he took his usual breakfast of tea and toast, contrary again to the opinion of his friends, who strongly pressed him to try something more solid and nourishing.

After devoting upwards of half an hour to the changing of his dress, and to the enjoyment of this repast, he started about twenty minutes before nine, as vigorously as ever, to perform the remaining twenty-eight miles. Nearly seven hours and a half being good, and a very thick fog having come on with the dawn of day, which had no appearance of dispersing, and indeed continued until noon, he began to slacken his pace; but still, upon an average, performing a mile in thirteen minutes. This he continued, until he had gone a dozen miles farther; when, at the request of his friends, he was again prevailed upon to halt for a few seconds, and to take a small piece of toast sopped in Madeira as before, having finished the third stage, including the halt, in about three hours, which left him four hours and a half for the last sixteen miles.

Feeling now that the match was reduced to a probable certainty, he walked for the most part the remainder of the distance, trotting only occasionally by way of varying his pace, for the sake of ease. At the end of ten miles more, by the advice of his surgeon, he halted again for three or four minutes, and took another small piece of toast sopped in Madeira. He now started for the last time, having only six miles to go, and upwards of two hours and a quarter to perform it in, which, it is hardly necessary to add, he accomplished 27 minutes within the time, to the infinite satisfaction of a numerous assemblage of spectators, who cheered and caressed him throughout the performance.

UNFAIR PLAY.

GOSS *v.* HARRISON.

MR. GIBBS stated this to be an action against the defendant for the recovery of L.42, which the defendant had won of the plaintiff by unfair play, by shaking a guinea under the hat, which was cut on one side with notches, and was flat upon the other, so that the defendant knew it to be heads when the sound was shrill, and tails when the sound was flat, by which means he knew what to call every time, and by these means won of the plaintiff forty guineas, by which it might be said it was "Heads, I win—Tails, you lose."

Lord Ellenborough at first doubted whether Mr Gibbs could be allowed to call evidence to support this case, since it appeared to border very closely upon felony.

Mr. Gibbs said, it certainly was a cheat, but he thought it could not be denominated a theft; and he submitted that this action might be maintained.—Mr. Garrow observed, that in all his experience in criminal courts of justice, he had always observed that the cases of felony upon gambling had been where one person swept away at once all the money upon the table, without any play; but here there was the sham of giving the plaintiff a chance for his money.

Lord Ellenborough having allowed the proof to be entered into,

The case was proved precisely as opened by Mr. Gibbs. The defendant had won of the plaintiff forty guineas, by calling "heads and tails" on a guinea spun under a hat. It was notched, so that the defendant knew the shrill from the flat sound, so as to be able to tell four times out of five at a certainty, and in that cheating way he had gained the money. Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages L.42.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

IN our account of the new play, "The Blind Bargain," the witticisms of Sir Andrew Analyse, from his new Dictionary, are very imperfectly given. Since printing that article, we have been favoured with the following accurate quotations from the MS. of the Comedy itself—

AUTHOR—One who never lives till he dies—who gets less in a year than an underwriter does in an hour—who gives the wall to newspaper editors, reviewers, and managers—who lies at the mercy of devils, and may be d—d for a shilling; and, instead of a crown of laurels—— exit, in a little cock'd hat, darn'd stockings, and a coat out at the elbows.

ENGLISH SAILOR—One who fights for his country, honours his king, hates the purser—*will* ride in a post chaise and four—wont cut off his tail—sticks to his friend—and doats on grog, tobacco, pretty women, and a Spanish war.

BANKER—One who is so careful of his customers' money, that he seldom pays at sight; never opens shop till after breakfast, shuts up long before tea-time, and generally takes three days to say grace before any body can get a dinner.

DUN—One who labours to support credit, assist commerce, and prevent law—who seldom pays visits in the city, mostly in the squares, where he is so well received, that he is constantly asked to call again—who is laugh'd at by people in lock-up houses, married ladies, and M. P.'s—and who can clear public places of box-lobby loungers, and opera-scene hunters, sooner than all the constables and Bow-street officers put together.

FASHION—is that which follows patriots, preachers, caps, *crim. con.* and opera dancers—which scouts the city, but often visits that part of it called Duke's-place, from the numerous nobility who frequent it—which quizzes trade, but is liable to the bankrupt laws—which paints faces, chalks ball-rooms, jigs Sir David Hunter Blair, drives coaches—and if not in separate beds, sleeps in one of such magnitude, that whilst my lady dozes in one parish, my lord snores in another.

BARRISTER—One who lives by agitation, consultation, cross-examination, and botheration—who cuts attorneys in public, but nods to them in private—who on the day of trial proposes arbitration, returns brief, but keeps fee.

OLD MAID—An animal who delights in cards, scandal, curiosity, and cats—mostly to be found in cold climates, often in no climate—and may be taken alive, on May-day, Valentine's-day, and all other days.

ENGLAND—An island inhabited by those who grumble at the times themselves, but wont let any body else grumble—who make money all the morning, and spend it all the evening—who are always highly

highly spoken of in new plays and farces; and with reason, for they encourage managers, spare authors, and applaud actors.—*Vide* Pit—Box—Gallery—Bumper—Rapture—Thunder—and, Hearts of Oak.

Doctor.—*Vide* Undertaker—Wig—Ready Money—Small Talk—Calf's Head—Barber's Pole—and, Old Woman.

Legal Wit.—In a recent trial in the King's Bench, Chapman *v.* Sir Gregory Page Turner, an action to enforce the payment of L.574, for an ornamental *iron bridge*, it became material to know whether the worthy Knight had adopted his Lady's order for the bridge, and for that purpose a Mr. Cartwright was called into the box, who deposed to his having heard Sir Gregory say, after much violence and altercation with his Lady—"Well, my dear, I shall keep an *iron rod* over you in future, and must insist that you order no more *iron bridges*." Her Ladyship replied, that she would not, provided Sir Gregory gave her a handsome *railing* to the one she *had* ordered. This was construed an adoption; but Mr. Erskine, who conducted the defence, insisted that Sir Gregory was only speaking *ironically*, and that if the witness was correct, the worthy Knight had most unqestionably given his wife a handsome *railing*. This *pun*, however, failed of carrying Sir Gregory safe *over the bridge*, as the Jury, equally *arch* with the Learned Counsel, adjudged Sir Gregory liable to pay for his wife's ornamental *iron* taste. The bridge is therefore likely to prove a very *costly* one, particularly as the barristers and the lawyers must receive a very handsome *toll*, before the worthy knight can be permitted to enjoy a *free* passage over his fish-pond in *Battle-stone park*.

The following anecdote was related by an American gentleman, the other day, at the New York coffee-house—An old gentleman, at the point of death, called a faithful Negro to him, telling him he would do him an honour before he died. The fellow thanked him, and hoped Massa would live long. "I intend, Cato," said the Master, "to allow you to be buried in the family vault." "Ah, Massa," returns Cato, "me no like dat; ten pounds would be better to Cato; he no care where he be buried; besides, Massa, suppose we buried together, and the devil come looking for Massa in the dark, he might take away poor Negar-man in mistake."

A Gentleman from Bath, who frequents Anderton's Hotel, in Fleet-street, always remarkably loquacious, was observing, a few evenings since, to a gentleman in the coffee-room, that he had lost some of his front teeth, but added, it had not hurt his speech; to which the gentleman replied, that it was pretty evident, though he had lost his teeth, he had not lost his *jaw!*

Curious coincidence of names.—The following whimsical list occurs in the last Irish papers—Married lately, Mr. *Fisher* to Miss *Bait*; Mr. A. *Pinkerton*, to Miss *Redhead*; Mr. Toby *Tooth*, to Miss Ann *Nail*; Mr. Patrick *Hogg*, to Miss Sally *Swiney*; and Mr. *Fry*, clerk to a *Salmon* Company, to Miss *Pickle*, of *Oyster*-Haven.

A Gamekeeper in the north of England, is stated to have killed sixteen *woodcocks* at one shot; on which a wag exclaimed—"*fowl-murder!*"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE hunters' stakes, run for at Lincoln races in September last, fourteen subscribers, at ten guineas each, was won, at two heats, by Mr. Terrewest's bay mare, Miss Nelson; and the stewards were of opinion this mare was duly qualified, and entitled to the subscription. This was objected to by one of the subscribers, who alleged, that Miss Nelson had won a cup at Mansfield in July last, contrary to the articles of this race, and was thereby disqualified. In consequence of this objection, the case was referred to the members of the Jockey Club, who have decided—That the mare was qualified, and that Mr. Terrewest is entitled to the stakes.

RACES at Epsom.—Two matches have for some time been pending, which were agreed upon by the parties to be decided on Epsom Downs the beginning of this month.

The first was a match between two ponies, for fifty guineas each. The one a beautiful gray, belonging to Mr. Pearce, and a long time considered as the fastest goer in England. The owner has long challenged to run him against any horse of his size. The other a handsome bay, the property of Mr. Shoubridge, of Brighton, and had run only once before.

Just before starting, the odds were six to four on the grey, but, when ready to start, the bets were even. A better race has seldom been witnessed. The two animals continued together, almost neck and neck, till they came near to the distance post, when the bay took the lead and kept it to the end of the race. The two-mile heat was run nearly all the way at full speed.

The second match was run between Mr. Woodman's and Mr. Dyson's gray mares, of Watford. They are both well known in the sporting world, having run together on a former occasion for a considerable sum. Mr. Dyson's mare was the favourite at starting; and odds as high as three to one were betted. After running two miles they were abreast of each other, when Mr. Dyson's mare bolted, and ran a considerable way out of the course. Before the rider could bring her into the course again, Mr. Woodman's mare had got a quarter of a mile the lead, and twenty to one was offered on the race; notwithstanding which, Mr. Dyson's mare made a push, and recovered her lost ground, when they had about a mile to go; and after much whipping and spurring, ultimately succeeded in winning the race by several lengths. The ground was very crowded.

TUESDAY morning, Nov. 6, a person in the neighbourhood of the Foundling Hospital, trotted his mare for one hundred guineas in a chaise; he started from Islington at ten

o'clock, and was to go twenty miles in two hours, which he performed with apparent ease in six minutes within the time limited.

FRIDAY afternoon, Nov. 9, a match was run on the Woodford road by two ponies; one a black poney, belonging to a fishmonger on Fish-street Hill; the other a bay one, belonging to a son of Solomon in Whitechapel. The match was for fifty guineas each, and was from the four mile to the nine mile stone at Woodford. The black poney, from his superior bottom, and having a most excellent jockey, won the race by a considerable distance, the ground they ran over being a rising hill all the way, and the bay poney being, though a very fast one, much slighter than the other. After the first match was determined, they made a second, to run each of them against time, which was won also by the black poney, having five minutes to spare.

THE following matches have already been made for the Newmarket Meetings of next year—

Mr. R. Boyce's Brainworm, against Mr. Mellish's Diddler, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Mellish's Eagle, against Mr. Wyndham's Marianne, 200gs, h. ft.

Lord F. G. Osborne's b. c. by Overton, against Gen. Grosvenor's Grassini, 100gs, h. ft.

Lord F. G. Osborne's ch. c. by Buzzard, against Gen. Grosvenor's Have-at-'em, 100gs, h. ft.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. by John Bull, against Mr. R. Boyce's ch. f. 100gs, h. ft.

Sir J. Shelley's Strap, against Mr. Wilson's ch. c. by Buzzard, 100gs.

SATURDAY, Nov. 3, Mr. Richard Wright, gamekeeper to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart. of Brayton-house, killed sixteen Woodcocks. We presume, such a shot is rarely met with. One of these woodcocks is of an extraordinary colour; a light yellow, with yellow legs, and a bill somewhat larger than has generally been seen.

THE sportsmen in the neighbourhood of Havering-Hall, in Suffolk, have been very successful this season. The Hon. Mr. Vanneck, in the course of three days, shot seventy-six brace of pheasants.

A CERTAIN dashing young man of large fortune lost, the other evening, at a subscription-house, at the west end of the town, eighty thousand pounds, a sum greater than his whole property would pay. The winner is a person of high rank. The unfortunate gamester gave another proof of his enterprising genius by doubling the stakes; and by this hazardous manœuvre he recovered his losses, and won a considerable sum of his antagonist.

ONE of the most dashing bloods upon town some time ago, who kept his racers, his fillies, his hunters, and chariots, has at length completed his career in the King's Bench prison, beyond the reach of any act of grace.

A FOOT race has been talked of between the Hon. Mr. Edward Harbord—Lord Suffield's son—and Mr. Barclay, for a considerable sum. These gentlemen are supposed to be the two swiftest runners in England, and neither of them has ever yet been beaten. Mr. Harbord beat a runner of great repute, for a wager of one hundred guineas, on the Paddington road, a few months ago. This feat of activity drew forth a challenge from a celebrated runner of the name of Wade, of Aylesham, whilst Mr. Harbord was on a visit at Gunton-house. The challenge was accepted, and the match was performed on Saturday morning, Nov. 10, in Gunton-

Gunton-Park, and was decided in favour of Mr. Harbord, who beat his opponent by upwards of four yards out of one hundred, which was the distance agreed upon to be run. Several country gentlemen were present, and a number of bets were made.

BANDY Jack, who lately walked to York and back in six days, six hours, and forty minutes, from Fulham-bridge, is again matched to perform the same journey on the 15th day of December, for eight hundred guineas, in six days, should the weather prove favourable for the journey; and, if not, he has undertaken to perform it on the 15th day of the ensuing month.

A FOOT race for one hundred guineas, ten miles, was walked on the Rochdale road to Manchester, on Monday the 12th inst. between James Coates and Thomas Davies, when the former beat his adversary nearly 300 yards.

ON Monday, Nov. 12, took place a long pending rowing match between J. Lowther and R. Stewart, Esqrs. which was acknowledged by the amateurs present to have been the best contested ever witnessed. They started from the Swan, London Bridge, and rowed to the Swan, at Chelsea. The odds were at first three to two on Mr. Lowther, but before the match was decided, five to two were bet on Mr. Stewart, he having taken the lead all the way to Ranelagh Gardens, where they both came in contact; Stewart's boat was then in very shallow water, and unfortunately he lost one of his sculls, which gave his opponent the opportunity of passing him, and decided the match. Mr. Lowther is greatly superior in strength, but is thought not to possess so much skill as his adversary. Another match is expected to take place; Mr. Stewart appears to be the favourite.

BOXING.—On Friday morning, the 2d instant, a battle, as well contested as any in the annals of pugilism, was fought in the Tare-field at Kilburn, between Handy, a gentleman's coachman, and Anstey, a higler at Paddington. The combatants staked ten guineas each, in June last, to fight for within six months. They are tried men, and a hard fight was looked for; but the odds were in favour of the coachman, who is known in the old pugilistic school by the appellation of Young Ben. At the commencement of the fight, each seemed confident of success. Some hard blows were struck by Anstey, most of which were prevented from having effect, by the clean stopping of his antagonist. Towards the middle of the conflict, the coachman seemed distressed, and bets became even. After this, Handy's courage and strength seemed to have regained vigour, and he fought well, until, in the fifty-fourth round, he received a blow on the stomach, which rendered him incapable of rising, and decided the contest. The fight lasted one hour and twenty minutes.

Hurley Bottom, the spot where the champion Belcher first grounded his pugilistic fame, in the battle with Bourke, and which has since been distinguished for fights of lesser note, was, on Monday the 5th instant, the seat of action between a Berkshire hero, of the name of Flowers, and a black, a country pugilist, known by the name of Black Jemmy. Flowers is coachman to Major H—r—h, of Dunsdon Green, in the county, and was matched for 25 guineas, a fortnight since, to fight his opponent, who lives by his profession, and never refuses a challenge. At the com-

mencement of the fight, the fame of Jemmy had a powerful influence over the coachman, who shifted much in the first ten rounds. During this interval, Jemmy had touched him fine by a favourite hit at the pit of the stomach. Coachee vomited much, which cleared him out fit for action, and so dexterously did he throw in his blows, that after the fight had lasted half an hour, the claret flowed so copiously from the head and body of Mungo, that his hits were unavailing. Bets were at this time five and six to one on the coachman, who won the battle, after a hard fight of 56 minutes. The black was removed off the ground in a post chaise, apparently lifeless, from the loss of blood. Most of the country gentlemen, amateurs, were present, and considerable sums were sported.

—— Brinken, Esq. from Bath, well known for his pugilistic science, is arrived in London, and has brought with him a person from Wells, whom he has matched with the Young Chicken, for 900 guineas. The battle will take place the latter end of next month. Mr. Brinken intends running against time, in Sloan-street, for 2000 guineas. He practises every morning, and is now able to run six miles in three quarters of an hour.

On Sunday morning, the 18th instant, two battles were fought in Hyde Park. The first was between Geo. Rowley, a calenderer, and Adkins, a butcher. This fight afforded but little amusement to the spectators. The combatants were badly matched, and the fight was declared in favour of Rowley, who severely beat his opponent.

The second fight was earnestly looked for by some gentlemen of the fist who were present. The combatants were, Kinnaird, a butcher—a pupil of Holmes's—and Hanker, a smith. In this fight science to perfection was introduced. Hanker has seen his youthful days, and is termed a tough bit, since he beat M'Cready at Paddington, two years since. He merited the appellation in this: but the youthful strength of his antogonist had a powerful ascendancy over superior skill, and Kinnaird was declared the victor in the 36th round. They were both exhausted and much beaten.

Last month, a battle was fought near Huntingdon. The parties were a waterman of Standground, named Fuller, and shepherd of Godmanchester, named Fisher. After a few rounds, Fuller received an unlucky blow, which killed him on the spot. The successful champion, in the confusion, escaped.

On Monday the 29th ult. died, in the 40th year of his age, the celebrated George Morland, whose uncommon genius as an artist did honour to his country, and will for ever place him in the first class of painters. As a faithful copier of nature, it is universally allowed none could exceed him. The eccentricity of his character led him into constant difficulties. He was immoderately given to drinking, which ruined his constitution, and accelerated his death.

Thus died a man whose works will live, while taste for correct, yet spirited delineations of nature, in the humble walks of life, bear any value, and when his imperfections and eccentricities as a man are forgotten.

He was the eldest son of Henry Morland, an artist of merit, who lived to a great age; and his mother is now living, upwards of 80. He is said to have been the next heir of Sir Henry Morland, Bart. but never claimed the title.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ALL THE WORLD IN CHASE.

A BALLAD.

LIFE'S a general chase, and the world is the field,
Where friends friends hunt, and brothers hunt brothers,
Where, to-day, fairly hunted, to us others yield,
And to-morrow we 're hunted by others.

Through calling, profession, and trade, to get rich,
All wrangle, and squabble, and scramble,
Through wood, dale, and bottom, o'er hedge, stile, and ditch,
Through bush, and through briar, and through bramble.

The poor poet, of virtue who 'd fain be the friend,
Cries the age is corrupt, and he 'll shew it;
But while hunting his brains, the world 's manners to mend,
Pale poverty hunts the poor poet.

While hunting in battle for glory and fame,
Grim death hunts the soldier and sailor;
And the heir, out of cash, who can start no more game,
Is at last hunted down by his tailor.

Country squires dash away, nor their noddles concern
'Bout the world, or its jostlings and crosses,
Till at length, to die bottom, Actæon's they turn,
Eaten up by their dogs and their horses.

Indiscriminate pleasures who chases in view,
Will to pleasure in time fall a martyr,
And the bold fortune-hunter who ran down a shrew,
Will find he was caught by a tartar!

The hunks who hunts riches is hunted by care,
Those who joy hunt, are hunted by trouble:
The chymist hunts gold through fire, water, and air,
And is run down at last by a bubble.

Virtuosos hunt butterflies, courtiers levees,
Patriots hunt for the good of the nation,
Hungry glutons hunt turtle, physicians hunt fees,
And are chased in return by vexation.

Folly hunts the sour misanthrope close at the heels
In the moment at folly he 's scoffing.
And ev'n the death hunter, in coffins who deals,
Is at last hunted into a coffin.

A reciprocal

A reciprocal chase are mankind and their joys,
And this maxim obtains the world over,
Then with reason in view, let's hunt pleasure, my boys,
Till by time we are hunted to cover.

Then, come round me all hunters—in life's hark away,
We have portions of pleasure and sorrow,
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day,
May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

A PARODY.

YON gallant Volunteers! bold, resolute,
Illustriously become their grand review;
The scarlet jacket trimly sets them off,
And the free air suits passing soldierly:
Big Mars seems rampant in their numerous hosts,
And fiercely through their high-plum'd helmets dares:
The quick ey'd Cavalry advance, retreat,
With brandish'd sword in hand: their mettled steeds
Toss up the head, and champ the gorgeous bit,
The foam down issuing from their pamper'd mouths:
Whilst rank and file, the well-train'd Infantry
Go through their motions firm and spirited;
And all defy their foes, the slavish French.
Firm with revenge, impatient for attack,
Description will not suit itself in words
To demonstrate the fury of a battle,
Fought by such heroes as these shew themselves.

J. J. B.

VARIOUS EVENTS OF THE DAY.

BUT a few weeks ago
—As some thousands well know—
From Worcester, where old and young swarm'd;
Piping hot all the news
Was about Betty Hughes,
And what miracles she had perform'd.

How the lame and the blind,
Deaf and dumb, and all kind
Of sick patients their ills left behind 'em;
But some infidels say,
'Twas the farce of the day,
And shrewdly ask, where shall we find 'em?

Short-liv'd was the fame
Of this crafty old dame,
Done away is all curious inspection;
After then, what brought on
Fifteen days special fun,
Was the Middlesex ranting Election

Warm disputes and much hate
Did this contest create,
And the mob was so rude and o'erbearing,
That a *Giant refresh'd*
Would have soundly been thrash'd,
If he loudly had shouted—Mainwaring!

Such a hard and long race
Very seldom takes place,
Bets run high, and whate'er may betide it,
I will not pretend,
To say how it will end,
But Saint Stephen's Club leave to decide it.

To enrapture the throng
As the years glide along,
Wonders spring up in every age;
But the rage of the day
Which bears uncommon sway,
Is Young Roscius to see on the stage.

Birmingham. I. F.

RURAL

THE COCKNEY.

A Parody of the Maroon Song, which appeared in our last.

HASTE, haste, Cockney Sportsmen,
night's shades have past o'er,
From the dust-cover'd bushes the sparrows have flown;
The pigs have stray'd far from the old farm-house door,
And the echoes of Highgate are waiting their groan.

Ope your day-lights, and peep on the sun's slanting beam;
Arise, brother sportsmen, and dress yourselves warm,
Leave the dull sons of sloth on their pillows to dream,
Let us stride on the whirlwind, and trample the storm.

Hark! the six-o'clock bell calls the sportsman away,
Its shrill sounding note by my window 's just past;
The screams of the milkwomen tell us 'tis day,
And the voice of the dustman is borne on the blast.

Then haste, Cockney Sportsmen, night's shades have past o'er,
From the black-berry bushes the sparrows have flown;
The pigs have stray'd far from the old farm-house door,
And the echoes of Highgate are waiting their groan.

J. M.

Kingsland, Nov. 12, 1804.

RURAL PASTIME.

FREQUENT, at early blush of morn,
At infant peep of day,
When glitt'ring dew-drops deck the corn,
I wind my pathless way;
To whose yon distant spire, scarce seen,
Embosom'd in the vale,
That peeps the nodding elms between,
Soft sighing 'midst the gale.

There oft, at dewy dawn of day,
I seek the silent stream,
Where willows mark the wat'ry way,
Where sleeping Naiades dream.

'Tis there, with angling ease reclin'd,
With health and pleasing friend,
Calm contemplation lulls the mind,
And all our cares unbend.

While, on the whisp'ring western breeze,
Morn's balmy breath is borne,
That scarce disturbs the fresh clad trees,
Or waves the rising corn.

J. M.

Kingsland, Nov. 1804

THE ACTOR.

To the Memory of Michael Heatton, Esq.

"He was a Man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

HOW versatile his talents! and his range
How various! yet how perfect was each change!
From grave to gay!—whilst dignity and ease,
And chaste propriety, had power to please.
"The modesty of nature" ne'er "o'erstept,"
Insensibly the sweet illusion crept
Through ev'ry scene, till, fiction left behind,
The whole seem'd real to th' approving mind.
He held the mirror up:—all felt, all knew,
And own'd the just resemblance of the view;
Whether, through him, the passing act display'd—
With equal skill, with equal truth pourtray'd—

The

The awkward manners of th' unletter'd Clown,
Or Glo'ster's wily struggles for the crown.
Whether the sly Sir Archy—proud as mean—
Tancred or Wolsey, occupied the scene;
Or, Freeport, Jaffier, or the fat Old Knight,
O'Flagherty—still blund'ring on the right—
Or calm Sir Lucius, Clodpole, or Macbeth;
Or Antony, bewailing Cæsar's death;
Or mad Orestes, or the faithful friend
Who cheer'd Young Denmark's life, and grac'd his end;
Or Cato, musing on the dread profound;
Or Shylock, eager for his forfeit-pound;
One injur'd Moor, by jealous rage inflam'd,
Or One who vengeance as a virtue claim'd.
Or Romeo, mourning o'er his Juliet's bier;
Or, wrung by filial scorn, the frantic Lear;
Or gen'rous Bevil, or false-luring Kite;
A Townly yesterday, a Brute to-night.
Oft as the buskin'd muse the stage possess'd
—What war of passions waging in each breast!—
He was—all nature's richest stores afford—
"The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's—eye, tongue, sword."
"His own discretion,"—"above rule or art,"
"Tutor'd," the action suited to each part:
Whilst, from the speaking eye, each glance that stole
Avouch'd the feeling "comment of the soul."
Or, did the laughter-loving dame intrude her wiles,
With quips, and "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"
With her he frolick'd—wanton as the wind—
As if for scenes of mirth alone design'd;
"Whate'er men act," in him was clearly shewn;
His words the poet's—but the part his own.
Such Heatton was—and taste will still deplore
That excellence which it beholds no more!
Peace to his exit—and "fair time" attend
His ent'rance on the scene that knows no end!

Whitehaven.

HUNTING SONG.

THE sun now peeps o'er yonder hill,
In streaks of golden red,
For shame get up, nor slumber still,
Quit, quit your downy bed.

CHORUS.

For hark! horn and hound are saluting the day,
The fox from his covert is bursting away;
O'er mountains he scampers, we'll double our pace,
Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens our chase.

Lose, lose no time, to horse, my boys,
Fling off dull drowsy spleen;
The neighing sounds, and deep-tongu'd noise,
Now call us to the green.
For hark! horn, &c.

With rosy health our cheeks shall glow,
Our nerves with toil be strong;
With tides of joy our blood shall flow,
Who join the hunting throng.
For hark! horn, &c.

And when we leave the shouting field,
And night has brought us home,
Libations rich the hall shall yield,
Loud mirth shall shake the dome.
For hark! horn, &c.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1804.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Greek epitaph, written upon Dr. Goldsmith, shall appear in our next.

A prose communication from Cambridge, against the passion of gaming, is received; but the postage should have been paid; the letter not sent to the printer, but to Mr. J. Wheble, Warwick-square, Newgate-street.

Several of J. M.'s communications are in reserve for the next number. A note also is left at the publisher's for J. M.

Christmas Sports want much polishing, before they can do the author of them any credit.

W. W. is respectfully informed, that all communications for this Magazine should be addressed to Mr. J. Wheble, No. 18, Warwick-square. His song is in the present number.

We are sorry to inform Piscator, that the Roach's Petition never came to hand.

The Proctor's Legacy, &c. &c. by J. M. is received.

A. B. in his late letter upon the *descent* of the Muses, has in reality *ascended* so high in the regions of metaphysics, that we fear they would be unintelligible to most of our readers.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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Partridge Shooting.

Pub. June 1.1800, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR DECEMBER, 1804.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

The third Plate of Shooting, engraved by Mr. Scott, from a Design of the younger Sartorious.

THIS set of plates, and the progress in which they will be given, being mentioned in our last magazine, we shall offer no repetition, except to hope they will meet the approbation of our numerous readers and customers.

BERKELEY HOUNDS.

THIS celebrated pack having, although supported by private subscription, nearly attained the zenith of perfection, and numerously followed of course, threw off on Monday, the 26th ult. at Lord Grimston's coverts in Hertfordshire. After half an hour's drawing, in which they came upon a drag of the most exhilirating description, and soon carrying it up to his kennel, the vociferous clamour of the vigorous and determined expectants so terribly alarmed him, that almost instantly abandoning the deceptive and promised protection of covert, he bid it adieu; and though the field was exceedingly full, yet it was entirely unknown to the whole he had broken away, till a labouring rustic had seen him crossing the common field, and immediately gave a view halloo! as a signal to the hounds. Upon their being rather too eagerly and hastily drawn up to the spot, and rather off their wind in consequence, they came to a short check, which let most of the distant horsemen in; but they were no sooner up, than the staunch pack happily hit him, and went away in such style, that the tear of extatic sympathy was seen to start from the eye of juvenile sensibility, a term which none but a fox-hunter can feelingly understand. The scent laying admirably, they went away with him through Moor Park, and on towards Batcher Heath Coverts; skirting these, he made for Mr. Barnard's pleasure grounds, where a long and considerable check and delay ensued; when, after repeated and unsuccessful casts, and every effort that could possibly be made, it was the general determination to give him up.

This done, they drew up for Batcher Heath Coverts, where they

almost immediately found; but the happy information being musically conveyed, of the former fox being in view upon Harefield Common, every voice in the field was that moment, as if by an electric shock, employed in hallooing off the hounds, and never failing Tom, the huntsman, did not slacken a stroke till he reached the very spot where he had been seen. Here they no sooner appeared, than without the necessity of a single cast, they hit him off with one general exclamation, too great and gratifying for the powers of literary description. Now running breast high, for near an hour without a check, crossing the inclosures, and covering the fences from thence to Ryslip Coppice, which he passed through without a stop, head, or double, continued the chase over Ryslip Common, through the inclosures to Lord Grimstone's wood, where he was found. By this manœuvre he foiled the ground, and constituted a check, but of no great duration: they soon hit him off from the precise spot from which he was first unkennelled, and he led them through exactly the country he had gone before, till reaching Mr. Barnard's he turned to the right, and ran in a direct line for the Grand Junction Canal; ran along the banks of it through Mr. Ross's pleasure ground, where there was some cold hunting, which damped the ardour of the most zealous in the field, till they came up to the covert at Stockers: here the scent considerably increased, and constituted a sharp and enlivening burst through the inclosures to Batcher Heath Covert, (the fox being frequently viewed in this part of the run), where, being very closely pressed, and the leading hounds incessantly at him, he made two or three deceptive doubles, and again broke covert. Directing his course for Ryslip Copse, he merely skirted it, and crossed the common for Mad Bess Wood, where he was viewed by the whole body of hounds, who gained very fast upon him, and his inevitable dissolution seemed fast approaching; but summoning a renewal of speed and perseverance, in proportion to the increasing magnitude of his danger, he most gallantly reached the covert, in which, to his great good fortune, he owed his life; for, in a few minutes, a fresh fox was unkennelled, which the hounds unluckily took to; but it was considered imprudent to pursue, and they drew off the hounds, after a most admirable chase of four hours and a half, that may have been equalled, but seldom, if ever, exceeded.

On Saturday, the 1st instant, the same hounds, surrounded by an incredible field of horsemen, threw off at Pollard's Wood, and unkennelled without any unfavourable delay; but the morning being unkind—with a fluctuating scent—after an hour's variegated, dull, and unentertaining chase, they relinquished longer pursuit. In drawing the small coverts, a fox was chopped by the hounds, without a gallop or view! Blood, without a chase, proving a stimulus to farther exertion, the furze fields were drawn without success, as was the coverts at Charleywood Common, and back to Sir Henry Gotts, without a single challenge to promise a prospect of success. In this dilemma of despondency to so full a field, it was agreed *nem. con.* to go for Hodge Moor, at two miles distance. Into this the hounds were thrown at half past one, and dashing most boldly with the very appetite of a morning, in less than five minutes unkennelled their fox in a style of gallantry and speed equal to the

the most brilliant conception. Disdaining the idea of safety from the sheltering confines of a covert, he broke away in full view of the company, and in a seeming and confident contempt of the hounds, heading them considerably through a great variety of small coverts and inclosures, till reaching Holtspur Heath, where he was unintentionally headed, and passing over intervening parts of the country, too minute to detail, he then made for Hall Barn, crossed the park coverts, and on for Hedgley and Farnham Common, which running over, he passed through the inclosures for Sydenham Court, when it became so dark that no sportsman could see to ride with safety, and the hounds were necessarily halloo'd off, after a most severe run of three hours and a half, during which one horse lost his life in the field, and numbers who were heroes at the head in the morning, were truly *non est inventus* at night.

CORBET's FOX HOUNDS.

ON Friday, the 7th inst. these excellent, steady, and well seasoned hounds, afforded a most delectable gratification to the elated expectations of the eager amateurs of fox hunting in a certain district of Warwickshire. Throwing off at Wellesbourne pastures, they almost immediately found, and Reynard almost as expeditiously broke covert in view: after passing through Wellesbourne Wood, the fox made for Walton, and from thence nearly reaching Compton, pointed for Edge-Hill; when, to the right of Kineton, he turned by Ox Hill to Pillerton, and after passing thro' Blackmartin and Eatington Park, crossed the Stower at Newbolt in Worcestershire; then running by Ampscott and Wimestone Lays, entered Gloucestershire, and leaving Preston Bushes and Quinton just to the right, passed over Mein Hill, and stretched across part of the vale of Evesham, through the fine old pastures of Mickleton, Norton, and Aston; where being severely pressed, he was at length tally-hoed, and most delightfully ran into, at the village of Weston, about a mile from Broadway. This severe and astonishing run was of three hours duration, with only one check, of not more than five minutes continuance. The place where the fox was killed is about sixteen miles from where he was found, and more than twenty from the farthest point he had ran in the course of the chase. Of nearly an hundred horsemen who were present at the throwing off, fifteen were up, or in view at the death. These hounds have had the greatest succession of excellent runs, within three weeks, ever remembered by the oldest and most experienced fox hunter in any part of Warwickshire.

PANTOMIMIC SPORTING;

OR,

"All's Fish that comes to Net."

ON Thursday, the 20th inst, the hounds of James Cooke, Esq. of Cuckfield, in Sussex, threw off and unkenneled a fox near Bolnore, who had long committed frequent depredations in that neighbourhood; when after a very fair and handsome run of fifteen miles across the country, they ran into him, and killed in a style that would have redounded to the credit of packs in a higher degree of celebrity. They afterwards, a little degrading to the true and unsullied dignity of fox hunting, descended, at the request of some newly-coined sportsmen present, to vary

vary their sport and draw for hares, of which two were found, both of which afforded excellent runs; and, with the termination of their lives, terminated the sports of the day.—Although there was a respectable field in the morning, no more than Henry Martin, the huntsman, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Grainger, were in at the death of the fox. *Quere.*—Does it *improve* hounds of any description to *hunt* and *kill* hare and fox on the same day?

NORTH COUNTRY SPORTING.

ON Monday the 26th ult. Sir M. Sykes's hounds threw off in Major Topham's plantations surrounding the Wold cottage; but not finding as expected, they proceeded to the coverts of Mr. Legard, where a fox was almost immediately viewed, who going away in good style, was unluckily headed by some rustic sportsmen who were coming to join the chase; by which unintentional hit he was turned into a plantation above Wold Newton, where the hounds coming suddenly upon him, he was as soon and as unexpectedly killed. It was upon the spot considered singular, that although there were upwards of fifty horsemen in the field, not more than one farmer—though they were all in Martinmas spirits—was thrown from his horse, or rode over by another. After leaving the foiled ground, the hounds were led on to Sir George Strickland's coverts at Boynton, where a brace of foxes were found in succession; but in consequence of the scents laying so ill, no sport was obtained with either, to the disappointment of Lord Middleton, Sir M. Sykes, and a very great assemblage of the neighbouring gentlemen who were of the party.

FALCONER'S HALL.

ON Wednesday the 28th ult. it had blown most terribly during the night, and in the morning the heights to the south and east were covered with snow, and the morning exceedingly cold: the beagles, however, having succeeded in all weathers, they were thrown off at eleven o'clock, and, after trying for a short time, a sporting hare went away in view from some ling in Weaverthorpe; her colour was exceedingly singular, being fallow-coloured, or dunnish white. The hounds scarcely broke view till she had crossed the Butterwick, and ran very hard through Boythorpe; when going up the south whin bed, two hares were observed in view. The dun one came over the vale with the Colonel, and two brace of hounds at her scut. In this situation, he ordered the huntsman and whipper-in to head the body of hounds, and bring the pack to his halloo. This they could not effect till they had first killed their hare, which they did in about a mile of hard running; when they came back, and the pack were laid upon the line of the two couple, who were at that moment hunting their hare in a large turnip field in Weaverthorpe. After a little cold hunting, they picked it up to the game, who jumping up before the hounds, produced a very fine *entapis*, in which she had a very narrow escape. The hounds being irresistibly eager, there was not a single moment to stop; but, pressed as she was, she took to a small covert of Mr. Ness's, and edged the great whin bed. Here Colonel Thornton and his servants ascended the hill, and the company keeping the vale below, the chase continued with great speed to Mr. Pricket's plantations, skirted them, and passed on to Major Topham's at the same rate; took

took the full extent of the Grange sheep-walk, down to Foxholes Wold; turned by the Grange inclosures up to Acton plantations, edged them, and came once more across Major Topham's sheep-walk—near his memorable pillar—by his old plantations; then crossed diagonally the whole of Foxholes field, along the Wold for Ganton fox covert. Here the horses were obliged to be pressed, and with some difficulty could be kept near the hounds.

Crossing the Scarborough road above the village of Foxholes, they had gained above 400 yards of the horsemen, when they skirted Ganton fox covert, and made over the Wold for Ganton Dale, where the Colonel caught the first view; and the whole company catching sight, never lost it till she was run up to, and killed handsomely in the open country. The signal of death being loudly proclaimed by the horn, in a short time came up Mr. Parkhurst and the Honourable J. Proby, with their horses pretty much blown; the farmers and others being left in the back ground of the picture, and never appeared.

This was as sporting a chase as can be conceived: it was computed at fourteen miles without a check; all turf, no leap, and run in about forty-three minutes.

The hare being of so singular a colour, affords a sufficient proof that there had been no change. Those who were present are ready to admit, that none but thorough-bred horses can go by the side of these astonishing beagles.

*** From the lateness of our Correspondent, we are sorry to state that a great part of this Article, with the Royal Chase, Mr. Drake's Harriers, Coursing Meetings, and a variety of valuable and interesting Communications, are unavoidably postponed till our next Number.

THOUGHTS

ON

THE PRACTICE OF BETTING IN SUPPORT OF OPINION.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are few follies so subversive of social happiness, as that of deciding differences of opinion by a bet, yet fewer are more openly or generally practised. Many who would shudder at the idea of being professed gamesters, are too ready to silence all argument and reasoning by an appeal to the purse, and to settle every difference of opinion, by—"What will you bet that you are right?" Whilst this spirit of petty gambling prevails, which frequently disturbs, and sometimes destroys, the harmony of pleasant social circles, I wish to offer what appear to me proper restrictions to the practice amongst gentlemen.

It will most undoubtedly be allowed, that in every fair bet there should be, on each side, at least a possibility of winning; this regulation is necessary to prevent the ignorant or unwary being defrauded, and if attended to, no person offering a bet can have an unfair motive imputed to him, so far, at least, as this rule extends; for if his opponent has no chance to win, he will then have none to lose. This will exclude, from the decision of a bet, all matters of fact and certainty, and all events which have taken place, whether known or unknown to the parties.

Another regulation may be drawn from the hazard tables of public gamesters, where no person can lose a bet contrary to the fair odds.

Surely

Surely no gentleman can fairly propose or accept a bet, if he knows, by certain mathematical demonstration, either from his own skill or the skill of others, that it is not according to the fair odds; whoever does it, is dishonest, however he may attempt to gloss the fraud by calling it judgment, shrewdness, or being too deep for his opponent. It is too common for gentlemen to neglect this consideration; but let it be made a rule, and then every loser will make the proper inquiry to prevent, what every man must allow to be unfair, knowledge taking advantage of ignorance. No gentleman can deny, that in betting, each party should have a fair chance of winning; yet apply this test to many, very many of the bets that are paid, and they will be found unfair. It is not sufficient that the parties did not intend to take any advantage of each other; if it is proved that advantage has been taken, the bet ought to be void. Indeed, what gentleman can receive that property to which he is not fairly entitled, from not having risked or given a proper consideration. A man fond of making bets, and let loose upon society, free from the above restraints, is a pest which ought to be banished; his turn of mind leads him to study the disgraceful science of gaming, and his knowledge of the odds will naturally be more correct than many with whom he may associate.

Whether the parties are or are not ignorant of the odds, at the public hazard tables, it is of no consequence; if a bet is made contrary to the odds, it is there always deemed void. Let this rule be made general, and then the custom of betting on every trivial occasion, will be kept within limits that exclude all possibility of fraud or deception; and no gentleman can then look coolly on his friend, from a suspicion that advantage has been unfairly taken.

To make those restrictions binding on all those who wish to be thought gentlemen, can any man of influence, in his circle of society, object publicly to declare his approbation of them, and his intention always to be governed by them? In some cases, possibly a hardship may arise from the observance of such rules; two persons may bet upon some contingency or event which they expect is undetermined, but which may not be so, yet really unknown to them at the time: the winner may think it hard, that by these rules he cannot receive the bet; but is it not far more honourable to submit to the hardship, than to open a way to fraud and deception, or to any suspicion of unfair advantage? No secret information by this regulation can avail, therefore no interruption to the harmony of society can spring from this source.

By these regulations also the subjects and practice of betting will be lessened, and the folly much diminished. Publish it, then, ye friends to peace and good-will, that you will not consider any bet to be binding—

On events which have happened, and where consequently one party has no chance to win;

On all matters of fact and certainty, for the same reason;—and

On all other subjects, where the fair odds have not been proposed and taken, or fair considerations given and accepted.

Thus you will reduce the objects of a bet to those chances where there is a possibility of either side winning, and remove all suspicion of unfairness, by making it impossible. And thus you will prevent what already has been, and may too probably again be, the causes of much disquiet and ill-will in pleasant societies and friendly circles.

W. I. M.

LAW.

Clerkenwell Sessions.

AN ELECTION ASSAULT.

Monday, Oct. 22.

THIS day the Sessions at Hicks's Hall commenced before Mr. Justice Mainwaring and a full Bench of Justices, when the following trial took place:—

John Warwick and James Holding, two post-boys, were indicted for an assault upon Stephen Lushington, Esq. on the 23d of July last, near Brentford.

Mr. Const opened the case on the part of the prosecution. He stated, that on the first day of the Middlesex election, Mr. Lushington had gone out to Brentford. The jury well knew the noise and tumult that existed during the first day of that election, which was the day on which the assault was committed. After the poll had closed for the evening, Mr. Lushington was returning to town on horseback. In his hat he wore the pale-blue, or Mainwaring colour. Not far from Brentford he came up with the defendants, who were riding to town with some horses, having, in the exercise of their calling, driven out a party on the Brentford road. No sooner did these gentlemen of the whip observe the light blue, than their patriotic choler was excited to such a degree, that without ceremony, or previous declaration of hostile intention, one of them lifted his whip, and struck Mr. Lushington on the face, who might have sustained considerable injury, had he not in some measure warded off the blow with his hands. The other defendant then took part in the fray, and the usual terms of abuse were lavishly bestowed upon the obnoxious Mainwaringer; who, not supposing that much glory was to be acquired in an affair of this sort, galloped off as hard as his horse could carry him. The patriotic post-boys followed, but the Mainwaringer escaped. Having on the way contrived to procure some constables to assist him, he rode through the Park, and stopped at Hyde-Park Corner. He soon perceived his triumphant foes, and called out to them, whether they had not attacked a Mainwaringer on the way. They immediately confessed that they had, not being aware, as it was then duskish, that the Mainwaringer was the questioner. They soon, however, observed their mistake, and set off, but were pursued by the police officers. Getting the start, they shut themselves up in their master's yard, and so escaped for that time. They were, however, seized a few days afterwards. The learned counsel admitted, that great liberties of speech were perhaps allowable in the heat of an election, but when this degenerated into licentiousness, riot, and violence, like the case now before the court, it became necessary to put the laws in force against the offenders, otherwise the most deplorable consequences would follow from the destruction of the freedom of election.

Mr. Lushington, the prosecutor, was then called, and stated the circumstances of the case, pretty nearly as they had been detailed by his counsel.

On his cross-examination by Mr. Alley, he persisted that he was positive as to the persons of the prisoners; and that his questions to them, at Hyde Park Corner, did not proceed from any doubt he had as to their identity.

Mr. Alley, in his defence of the prisoners, chiefly insisted upon the circumstance that Mr. Lushington, from the nature of the question put to them at Hyde-Park Corner, could not have been certain that these were the men who had assaulted him. Nothing could be concluded from the answer which they gave, as they might very well have alluded to a different transaction altogether. In this doubtful state of the case, the balance ought to turn in favour of mercy.

The chairman observed, that the only question for the jury was, whether these were the men who committed the assault.

The jury, after a short consultation, returned a verdict, finding—Both Guilty.

They were sentenced to be imprisoned two months.

Mr. Mainwaring, with a delicacy highly to be commended, gave up the chair to another magistrate during this trial.

SPORTING WITH HUMANITY;

OR,

SYSTEMATIC SWINDLER.

Exhibited in the Trial of Henry Perfect, for defrauding Lord Clarendon.

HENRY PERFECT was indicted on the statute of Geo. II. for obtaining, by false pretences, a L.2 note from the Earl of Clarendon. The details of this cause exhibited a system of fraud which has been unequalled since the time of the famous Miss Robertson. The prisoner had carried on his depredations on the public for a long time without detection; and, from a memorandum book of his own, it appeared he had duped the credulous public, within the last two years, to the amount of L.488. The plan which he put in practice against the noble prosecutor, was one of the most artful that ingenious wickedness could conceive. The Earl of Clarendon being at his seat near Wade's Mill, Hertfordshire, in the month of July last, received a letter, which was read in evidence. It was signed by a Miss Grant, and stated in substance as follows:—

"That the writer having heard from a lady, whose name she was not at liberty to reveal, the most charming character of his Lordship for kindness and benevolence, she was induced to lay before him a statement of her distressed circumstances. The supposed lady then detailed her case, which was, that she was a native of Jamaica, of affluent and respectable family, that a young man, a Scotchman, and surgeon's mate to a man of war, was introduced at her father's house, who so far ingratiated himself with her father, that he seriously recommended him to her for her husband. She did not like him, because he was proud, and for ever vaunting of his high family; but as her father's will has always been a law, she consented, on condition that he would live at Jamaica. They were accordingly married, and her father gave him L.100. He, however, soon became discontented with remaining at Jamaica, and continually importuned her to go with him to Scotland; and as her friends joined in the solicitation, she consented. They had now been six months in England, but her husband always evaded going to Scotland, and left her whenever she spoke upon the subject. In short, he gamed, drank, and

and committed every excess, and within the last six weeks he died in a rapid decline, leaving her a widow with two children, and hourly expecting to be delivered of a third. A lady had given her such a character of his Lordship, that she was induced to implore his assistance. She was not twenty-three years of age, and never knew want till now; but she was left without a shilling to support herself and miserable children; she owed for her husband's funeral, and the apothecary's bill, for which she was afraid of being arrested. To avoid this, she was going to seek shelter with a poor widow in Essex; and if his Lordship would write to her at the post-office at Harlow, if she was put to bed in the meanwhile, she would get some safe person to go for his Lordship's letter."

His Lorship's answer to this letter evinced the most benevolent heart. He expressed his readiness to alleviate her distress, but justly observed, it ought to be authenticated by something more than the recital of a perfect stranger. He desired to know who the lady was who had recommended the application to him, and assured the writer she need not conceal her, for he considered it was doing him a great kindness to afford him the means of rendering service to the distressed. On the 14th of July his Lordship received a note nearly as follows:—

"Mrs. Smith, widow of Captain Smith, begged leave to inform Lord Clarendon that Mrs. Grant was brought to bed. It was she who recommended Mrs. Grant to Lord Clarendon; while her husband was living, she had frequently been with him on the recruiting service in Hertfordshire, where she had heard of the benevolent character of his Lordship, and recommended Mrs. Grant to state her case to his Lordship. She added, that Capt. Smith, when in Jamaica, had frequently visited Mrs. Grant's father, who was a person of great wealth; that she had herself done more than she could afford, for an amiable and unfortunate young woman. She had no doubt, but that as soon as she could receive an answer from Jamaica, Mrs. Grant's father would send her abundant relief; but till then, she might, without the friendship of some one, be totally lost."

In consequence of this last note his Lordship returned an answer, and inclosed a draft for five guineas, offering at the same time to write to any person at Harlow who might be of assistance to her, particularly to any medical person. On July 23d, the supposed Mrs. Grant writes again to his Lordship, acknowledges the receipt of L.5:5, and states that she had the offer of a passage home; she wishes to see his Lordship, to return her grateful thanks, &c. at the same time she is extremely delicate lest their meeting should be misconstrued by a malignant world, and entreats it may take place at a little distance from town. The answer to this letter she begs may be addressed to A. B. C. at George's coffee-house, to which place she will send for it. His Lordship, at her request, wrote an answer, and appointed the Bell-Inn, at Kilburn. Before, however, the arrival of the the day of meeting, his Lordship received another letter from Mrs. Grant, stating, that ever since she came to town she had met nothing but trouble. Her last child had died, and she was seized with a milk fever; that she had twelve shillings left of his Lordship's and Mrs. Smith's bounty, when she came to town; that she was afraid of coming farther than Whitechapel, lest her creditors might arrest her, where she was at present miserably

serably lodged in only one room. She concluded with a request of the loan of L.5, to be inclosed in a note addressed to Mr. Paul, to be left at the Saracen's Head Inn, Aldgate. His Lordship in reply to this note, sent the money requested, and, with great humanity, condoles on her supposed situation. He then proposes to take her into the country, where she may live quiet and free of expence until he hears from her friends. The next letter introduces another actor on the stage. It comes from the Rev. H. Paul. Mr. Paul, at the desire of Mrs. Grant, who is then delirious, acknowledges the receipt of L.5. He will write again, and say any thing Mrs. Grant may dictate in a lucid interval. He begs his answer may be left at the Chapter coffee-house. His Lordship accordingly writes to the Rev. H. Paul, with particular inquiries after the state of Mrs. Grant, and proposes to send her proper medical assistance. The Rev. Mr. Paul again replies to his letter, and states the nature of Mrs. Grant's complaint, which was of a delicate nature. He then states the high notions of Mrs. Grant, who will condescend to see any person from his Lordship, in her present wretched state. She says her situation is such that it is not delicate to admit any one to see her but those absolutely necessary. Mr. Paul has therefore promised not to divulge her residence; but, in her lucid intervals, she expresses the utmost anxiety to be enabled to thank her benefactor.

This correspondence produced a meeting between the supposed Rev. H. Paul and his Lordship, which took place at the Bell Inn, at Kilburn, on the 8th of August. The prisoner then introduced himself to his Lordship as the Rev. Henry Paul. They entered into conversation on the subject of Mrs. Grant, when his Lordship asked every question as to her situation, with a view to alleviate it. Mr. Paul said he had not seen her distinctly, for the curtains were closed round her, but the opium had had an effect which he had known it frequently to produce. It had given her eyes a more than usual brilliancy. With respect to her lodging, it was a very small room. The woman who attended her seemed a good sort of a woman enough, and she was also attended by a surgeon or apothecary. With respect to himself, he said, he had been educated at Westminster and Oxford, and had the living of St. Kitt's, in Jamaica; that he had property in Ireland, and was going to America on private business. To his Lordship's question how he was so fortunate as to meet the young woman, he replied it was by accident, that quite looked like a romance. He was coming to town in the Ongar stage, in which was a young woman, two children, and a lady, all in mourning. He entered into conversation with her, and was surprised to find her the daughter of a person at whose house, in Jamaica, he had himself been frequently received with kindness. Although his business pressed, he determined to stay and afford her some assistance. He then stated, that he had that day given her a L.2 note, which his Lordship, at this interview, returned—being the note on which the indictment was founded.—He added, that Mrs. Grant's father was extremely affluent, and he should not wonder if he was to remit L.500 at the first intelligence of his daughter's situation. His Lordship added, that he expressed himself in the language of the purest truth and benevolence; and, as he appeared a well-educated gentleman, who had seen the world, his Lordship had no suspicion

picion of the fraud. After this interview, a correspondence ensued between Mr. Paul and his Lordship, the former informing his Lordship daily of the state of Mrs. Grant's health, accompanied with requests for linen, poultry, fruit, and wine, all of which were supplied by the bounty of his Lordship. At length Mrs. Grant is sufficiently recovered to write to his Lordship; she tells him, but that for the kind assistance of the Rev. Mr. Paul, she should have been lost: and although she is ordered by her medical attendant, to keep herself perfectly quiet, yet she sits up in bed to write to his Lordship, and anticipates the pleasure of meeting her benefactor. The last letter from Mr. Paul was dated Aug. 13. He acknowledges the receipt of L.6: 2, which had been expended for Mrs. Grant, and tells his Lordship, that the sheets which had been sent, had, by some accident, been near brimstone, which affected Mrs. Grant very much; that her situation required fine old linen, if his Lordship had any such. He apologizes, if there be any inaccuracy in his letter, because he had a head-ache and some degree of fever.

The farce now began to draw to its conclusion. His Lordship received another letter from Mrs. Grant, dated Saturday, August 11, in which he says—"Last Saturday her father's sister came to town, and found her out. She was a sour old lady, a man-hater, and snarled at the whole sex. She had taken Mrs. Grant into the country with her, although she was removed at the peril of her life. The lady she was with was nearly as bad as her aunt; but as the latter was going out for a few days, her Argus would let her come to town, which would enable her to meet his Lordship. As her ill-tempered aunt had given her neither money nor clothes, she begged L.4 of his Lordship. If this opportunity was lost, she should never be able to see him, as her aunt was a vigilant guarded woman, and hated the men so much, that at the first entrance into her room, finding the Rev. Mr. Paul there, she most grossly affronted him. She could not have any letter addressed in her own name, lest it should fall into the hands of her aunt, and therefore begged his Lordship to direct to Mrs. Harriet, post-office, Waltham."

His Lordship, in his answer to this letter, expressed some suspicions that he had been duped; in answer to which Mrs. Grant thanks Lord Clarendon for his favours, is sorry to think he should conceive himself to have been duped, but he will find his mistake when she gets home to the West Indies. In a postscript she adds—"That best of men, Mr. Paul, died suddenly on Saturday last."

This closed the intercourse between his Lordship and his correspondents, Mrs. Grant and Mr. Paul. Soon afterwards he received another letter from a Rev. Mr. Bennett, setting forth a deplorable tale of misery; but his suspicions being awakened, he employed his steward to trace the supposed Rev. Mr. Bennett, when it turned out to be the prisoner at the bar, who had imposed himself on his Lordship as the Rev. Mr. Paul, that "best of men, whom Mrs. Grant stated to have died suddenly." His lodgings being searched, two books were found in his hand-writing, one of them an account of money received, by which it appeared, that by these swindling practices he had plundered the public to the amount of L.488 within the last two years. The other was an outline, or transcript, of all the letters he wrote, with memorandums in what hands he

he wrote them. Thus, Mrs. Grant's first letter had the following note—small running hand—Mrs. Smith's, left hand—Mr. Paul's, large right-hand flourished—so that, by referring to these notes, he always preserved consistency in his feigned hands.

The jury found him guilty—and the court immediately sentenced him to seven years transportation.

CRIM. CON.

Court of King's Bench.

CHAMBERS v. CAULFIELD.

THIS was an action for damages, which were laid at L.10,000, for criminal correspondence between the defendant and the plaintiff's wife.

Mr. Erskine said, that the plaintiff in this case was the son of Sir William Chambers, the celebrated architect, and his wife was the daughter of the gallant Lord Rodney, whom he had married at the age of eighteen. The plaintiff, at the time of his marriage, was nearly of the same age, and having contracted a mutual attachment for each other, the parties made an excursion to the north, where they were united. On their return, their parents having given their consent, they were regularly married according to the form of the Church of England. For many years they had lived together, happy in the affections of each other, and had issue no fewer than nine children—eight boys and one girl. Mrs. Chambers was a lady of the greatest beauty and accomplishments, and of the most fascinating and endearing manners; and although she had had a family of nine children, her beauty was not much less at the present moment than it had been in those happier days, when, before she had seen the present defendant, she was equally adorned by beauty and virtue. The defendant was a gay fashionable man of the world, who, possessing talents calculated to make him shine in public, had appeared on the stage, not as a professional, but as an amateur performer—a character which, the gentlemen of the jury must be aware, if at all addicted to gallantry, is doubly formidable, when joined to what the defendant unquestionably possessed, a winning and fascinating address. The parties saw each other at a ball at Huntingdon. At what time their gallantries had actually commenced, the plaintiff was not in a condition to prove. Soon after their acquaintance, however, he observed a change in the conduct of of his wife. Disputes arose—she wished to quit the plaintiff's house, and actually did quit it. Being fond of her, he attempted to induce her to return, but her connection with the defendant rendered his efforts abortive. He was called to the Helder in the service of his country, and his health requiring him to return sooner than was expected, he found his wife much agitated, and plainly perceived that her affections were alienated from him. She next day left his house, with a child five or six months old, never to return; and had since lived in a state of open adultery with the defendant. The plaintiff had no reason to suspect his wife of any departure from duty, or of having violated the marriage bed, till she was seduced by the defendant. In thus stating to the jury the circumstances of the case, the learned counsel thought he had sufficiently done his duty. It was not necessary for him to point out the nature of

of this offence to men who were husbands themselves, or who stood in the other relations of social life, to enable them to feel and judge of the depth of the defendant's atrocity. If he should be able to shew that the plaintiff had married his wife, the daughter of so great a man, when they were both young; that they had since lived happily; and, but for the defendant, might have been comfortable in the enjoyment of each other, and of their tender family, at this moment, it would be impossible not to say that it was a case which called for the serious consideration of the Jury. From this case it would be impossible to move him, unless the defendant could shew something on the part of the husband which could warrant the adulterer in approaching and undermining the citadel of the wife's virtue. If such should be attempted, he would have an opportunity of answering it. He understood a defence of some kind was to be set up. He should hear it, and should give it the answer it seemed to deserve.

Mrs. Cotten, the sister of the plaintiff, proved she was present at the marriage of her brother with Miss Jane Rodney, daughter of Lord Rodney, in the parish church of Croft, in the county of Durham, in July, 1784.

The Rev. John Walker swore, that he lived near the house of the plaintiff, which was at Harford, near Huntingdon. He discharged the office of tutor to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers upwards of eight years, during which time he saw Mr. and Mrs. Chambers frequently; he dined with them about once a week, or sometimes once a fortnight. At one time he had only two of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers under his care, but as they grew up he had seven or eight. They lived happily together the greatest part of the time, but he quitted the family two years ago.

Mary Little swore, that she lived servant in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers from the year 1797 to the year 1802, having the care of the children and the household accounts. They appeared to live very happily together. Mrs. Chambers was at that time attentive and affectionate to her children, who were nine in number, eight boys and a girl. It was in 1798 that she observed a change in the behaviour of Mrs. Chambers towards her husband and her children. She then began to be a great deal absent from her family, and flirted with other gentlemen, but she did not hear her husband express any uneasiness on that ground, but she believed he did. In 1801, while they were at Harford, Captain Caulfield used to visit them, but she did not see any thing to excite suspicion between Captain Caulfield and her mistress before her master went abroad, except once, that she saw her mistress and Captain Caulfield sitting on a sofa together while her master was out, but she did not know her master ever knew of it, or that he ever knew of any thing to alarm his suspicion before he went to the Helder. They appeared to live happily together, and he was a very fond indulgent husband. It was about half a year before Mr. Chambers went to the Helder that she saw her mistress and Captain Caulfield sitting together on the sofa; but she observed Captain Caulfield visit her mistress very frequently while her master was abroad, and went with him to London. He came to her at Harford, and used to stay to a late hour at night, until ten or eleven o'clock, and after all the servants were gone to bed, and used to appear in the house early the following morning, so that they all concluded he must have

have staid all night. After this, her mistress became much less attentive to her children, and once she refused to let the witness into her bedchamber, to fetch some medicine for one of the children, who was unwell, but she brought it to her in the drawing-room; and shortly afterwards Captain Caulfield appeared. She never was witness to any criminal familiarities between her mistress and Captain Caulfield, but she strongly suspected it at this time. Her mistress's two sisters, Mrs. Munday, and a single lady, lived with her while Mr. Chambers was abroad.

Mary Smith, the chambermaid of Mr. Chambers, gave a long account of Mrs. Chambers and Capt. Caulfield having, after this, lived in the same house together, in various places, at Bury St. Edmund's, at Merlin's, Hanover-square, at Fulham, at Chertsey, at Mint Farm, at Reigate, at neither of which would she say they bedded together; but at last she admitted it; but this part of the case was not interesting to the issue, since the parties are now living in open adultery.

Mr. Dallas, in a very able speech, proceeded upon the defence of Captain Caulfield, and said the question, with respect to the defendant, was undoubtedly of the greatest importance. He then commented upon the evidence of Mary Little, contending, that it did not afford any proof of seduction by the defendant, and was a little surprised that a lady, so nearly related as the plaintiff's own sister, should not have been asked one question as to the manner in which the plaintiff and his wife had lived together. After several comments upon what fell from Mr. Erskine, &c. he produced several letters in the hand-writing of the plaintiff, which he read; some of them previous to the time when there was any pretence that the defendant even knew the lady.—The first letter was in May 1798, from the plaintiff to his wife, and ran thus:

"I am really so shocked and ashamed that I cannot come home. Act as you like in every respect, and be assured it will meet with my approbation—you must fix your own income, I will endeavour to comply with it—you will be pleased to order my servant to do anything you like. I hope you will not take, if you go, one of the chaises, as it will subject me to L.40 tax, but I think you had better stay—if you do, be assured that I will not molest you."

The second letter was also from the plaintiff to his wife, and it was written on the 2d of June, in the same year; not that any of the letters were dated; but they were franked, as Mr. Chambers was then in parliament, and by the franks the dates appeared. That letter was as follows:—

"My dear Jane—What sensations your lovely letter has caused in me, who have this instant received it!—Be assured, if you will only trust me again, you never shall receive any personal violence."

Another letter, on the 6th of June:—

"Madam—I am sorry you still persist in not returning to your family—I could make you an affectionate husband, if you choose to return—I am much hurt at your perseverance, &c."

and assuring her, if she returned, he would never offer her personal violence again, and wishing her to make one experiment more, by returning to her family.

Then came a deed of separation, dated the 18th of August, 1798, between George Chambers, the plaintiff,

plaintiff, of the first part; Jane Chambers, his wife, of the second part; the Right Honourable George Lord Rodney, and John Rodney of the third part; and John Milbank, of the fourth part: reciting, that whereas, differences have lately arisen between the said George, and Jane his wife, and to induce her to continue to live with him, he engages to treat her with due kindness and regard, and covenanting that she should be at liberty, if she found it necessary, to live separate from him; providing for her an annuity, &c. in such case; but in this deed there is a proviso, "That in case a separation shall take place between the said George Chambers and Jane his wife, such separation shall not be to the prejudice or hinderance of the said George Chambers, or Jane his wife, from instituting or prosecuting any action, suit, or remedy, either in law or equity, which he or she should have been entitled unto, in case no such separation had taken place."

By the execution of this deed, Mr. Dallas contended, Mr. Chambers had signed and sealed his own disgrace, for he thereby admitted that his conduct towards his wife, who had repeatedly forgiven him, was so violent and brutal, that nothing but a covenant by deed under his hand and seal, could give her security against the return of it.

There was another letter from this gentleman to his much injured wife:—

"My dear Jane—I only ask forgiveness and your affection this once," &c.

And then owning his faults again, and admitting that he had treated her most cruelly; by all of which documents, Mr. Dallas submitted, that the plaintiff had himself alienated the affections of his wife, and could not therefore maintain this action for the loss of the comfort of her society, by the arts of another person, when he himself was the cause of that loss; for which reason the defendant he submitted, under the direction of the noble and learned Judge, was entitled to a verdict.

Mr. Erskine then rose in reply, with strong marks of indignation, and in one of the most able and eloquent speeches ever made in a court of Justice, insisted that nothing which had been given in evidence, or had been urged by his learned friend, had removed him from his claims for serious damages; and observed, that the most infamous reports had been circulated by this defendant, in order to deter the plaintiff from seekin gthe redress to which he was entitled at the bar of his country. By the instructions with which his learned friend was supplied, he was now made acquainted with the corrupt fountain from which they issued.—This profligate adulterer, reposing in the arms of this beautiful and unfortunate woman, had prostituted the confidence to which he was admitted; had ransacked the papers in her possession, in order to convert the proofs of the ardent affections of her husband into instruments of destruction to the man over whom he triumphed. This on a thousand occasions, he had called the adulterer's course: if it were sometimes the race of success, it was always the path of infamy. If Mr. Chambers had been guilty of any misconduct; if he had frequented gaming-houses and brothels; if he had practised the arts and the vices of the spendthrift and the debauchee, abundant testimony would have been afforded, of which his learned friend might have availed himself, in order to shew that the profligacy of the

plaintiff rendered him unworthy of the affection of his accomplished wife. But not a tittle of evidence had been adduced, notwithstanding all the advantages with which the Counsel were supplied; they had contented themselves with allusions made by the plaintiff, in the noble and generous spirit of repentance, which itself argued he was incapable of the offences with which he was charged. He maintained that nothing serious in the way of quarrel had taken place between this gentleman and his wife, whom he loved to distraction, until the arts of seduction of the defendant had alienated her mind. And although the injured husband did not know it, these arts had operated on her before he could be aware of the cause of it, and to this it was owing that the defendant had written those letters. Suppose in the moment of inebriety, either from the effects of wine, or from the more deadly poison of jealousy, he had done what had been represented; and was the fine picture, drawn by the masterly hand of the sublime artist of our country, to be forgotten? and were the human passions never to be respected? Listen to the voice of the noble Moor; in the excess of his passion he exclaims—

"Oh monstrous! I will tear her limb from limb."

Then driven alternately by hope and fear—

"By the world.———
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied." OTHELLO.

Such were the feelings of a great and generous mind under the dominion of this tormenting passion! This demon had been driven from hell to transfer its fires into the breast of this victim. A lady of noble alliance is conducted from town to town, and exposed in a state of prostitution to the ridicule of fools, to the compassion of the wise, and to the contempt of all. A soldier returning from the field of battle to the embraces of the object of his early affection, is rejected with disdain; he is deprived of that society which had converted the days of trouble into a season of uninterrupted felicity; and for the loss he has sustained, he claims reparation from the honour and the justice of his country,

Lord Ellenborough—to the Jury. "After this brilliant display of talent and eloquence, it becomes us to withdraw ourselves from the influence of the passions, and to inquire into the facts as sober and reasonable men. It seems to me, the gentlemen on each side have assumed propositions, stronger than the evidence will support, in favour of their respective clients. On the part of the defendant, it is argued, that this deed of reconciliation is to be considered as a complete renunciation of the right of the defendant to the society of his wife, so as to preclude him from a right of action under the present circumstances. Perhaps articles might be so framed as to reach to this extent, but these are not of that description, and they were formed with a view to the increase, at least, of the mutual happiness of both the wife and the husband; but the latter, however, puts himself so far in the power of his wife, as to admit her to withdraw, whenever her

her discretion should dictate her doing so. On the other side, too much is charged against the defendant, when they say he was the sole cause of the alienation of the affections of the wife; for, attending to the dates of the documents produced, we cannot avoid seeing, that as early as May, 1798, before Capt. Caulfield had access to the house, very serious differences prevailed in the family. Even in the most correct domestic circle, from the occasional ebullitions of ill-temper, disputes will arise, and it by no means is a necessary consequence, that because family quarrels sometimes take place, the door is to be thrown open to every adulterer, and our courts are to be closed upon the claimants seeking redress for the injury he has sustained. The question then is, in what degree the defendant was instrumental in erecting or heightening these tests."—His Lordship here entered into the particulars of the evidence, both on the part of the plaintiff and defendant, and concluded with these observations:—

"We certainly have the confession of the plaintiff, that in the early state of these disagreements, he was the sole cause. You will therefore, consider, if by his own misconduct, he has destroyed the affections of his wife. If he has deprived her of that love and attachment, which are the best guardians of female honour, this will materially affect the proportion of damages to be assigned. But this will not excuse the man, who by his misconduct, has rendered reconciliation impossible. To the extent to which the plaintiff has suffered real injury, he will expect at your hands reparation."

The Jury having withdrawn, in less than half an hour returned with a verdict for the plaintiff—L.2000.

ANOTHER CRIM. CON.

King's Bench, Dec. 8.

DENNISS v. DENNISS.

THE pleadings were opened by Mr. Curwood. He said, it was charged, that, in January, 1796, and at divers times since that period, the defendant had criminal knowledge of the wife of the plaintiff. The damages were laid at L.20,000. The defendant pleaded not guilty; and thereupon issue was joined.

Mr. Erskine, for the plaintiff, said that his client left England, for the West Indies, where he was engaged in perilous and meritorious services, for the protection of the rights of this country. The plaintiff and the defendant were of the same name, and it shocked him to add that they were brothers. When the jury had considered the foundation on which this action was supported, they would seriously regret that the misconduct of the defendant could not be made the ground of a criminal proceeding; that, instead of involving a mere pecuniary compensation, it might be placed under the cognizance of the penal code, as a heavy misdemeanour. He feared, he represented at this moment the most unfortunate individual in the long catalogue of the human race. When the plaintiff married, on the 3d of October, 1787, he was a Lieutenant in the 43d Regiment of Foot, which, at a future period, he was appointed to command. Happening to be quartered at Windsor, he became acquainted with the accomplished Miss Mary Gladwin. His passions were soon inflamed, and he solicited her guardians to consent to his marriage with this Lady. Their concurrence was not obtained, and

an expedition to the north removed all obstructions to his happiness. A reconciliation subsequently took place, and perfect harmony was restored. Posterior to this time, the regiment was ordered to Ireland. The plaintiff went over with his wife, and continued there for a considerable period, in a state of uninterrupted felicity. While they were on the Western Isle, the plaintiff received a letter, informing him of the arrival of his brother in England. In consequence of this event, the plaintiff introduced his brother into his regiment, first in the rank of ensign, and afterwards in the situation of lieutenant; and he also received him, with all the feelings of fraternal affection, into the bosom of his family. Both the brothers were natives of the island of Jamaica. In 1797, the regiment was ordered on foreign service. The domestic affections were now to be resigned for an interval, at the loud call of public duty. The plaintiff quitted this country, leaving his wife to the care of his brother—and to whom could she be more properly confided? for the plaintiff had not only the claim resulting from natural relation, but from gratitude, by the services rendered the defendant, to facilitate his introduction into life. After his departure, the plaintiff was informed, his wife had visited, with his brother, Bath, Bristol, and various other places of public amusement and dissipation. She complained, in her letters, of indisposition; and her husband had since too much reason to believe that she was then pregnant of a child, of which he could not be the father. Some insubordination prevailing in the regiment in the West Indies, from a cause it was unnecessary to explain, General Cameron became his bitterest enemy. This officer exercised continued malice, and challenged him to fight; an offer which the plaintiff had the fortitude to reject. He was brought before a court martial for his refusal, and was honourably acquitted. At last the General could be restrained within no limits of decency; he insulted the plaintiff at the head of his regiment; they met, they fought, and Cameron fell a victim to his own impetuous passions. Military law in these cases is extremely rigid; in consequence, therefore, of this affair, the plaintiff was removed from his command. Thus circumstanced, he returned to England, and by the Duke of York has been appointed assistant barack-master, in which capacity he is now stationed, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. On re-visiting England, he flew to the arms of his wife, having no cause of suspicion—for who could suspect a brother? She then resided in Wales with his brother; he went there, and they all came to town together, and engaged a suite of apartments at Fladong's Hotel. He observed, that she did not accompany him to bed at the usual hour; and if the brother were out at unseasonable times, she waited for him, and thought it sufficient to say, he had been accustomed to this attention, and now expected it; but yet the plaintiff's mind was disturbed by no jealousy. One night, however, he had fallen asleep, and waking, did not find his wife by his side, he struck his repeater, it was three in the morning; he then came down, discovered his wife with a candle in her hand, opening a door, and his brother making his escape out of another door of the same room. He then charged her with improper behaviour, to which she made this reply—"What, Sir, are you so base as to suspect me with your brother?" The answer seemed

seemed perfectly natural, for all the moral feelings of man, at the very idea, become in a state of revolt: In consequence of this accident, he deemed it necessary to make inquiries. These, as the jury would hear by the depositions of two witnesses, domestics in the family, terminated in the fatal disclosure, that after he obeyed the mandate of public duty, his brother constantly maintained with his wife the adulterous intercourse charged in the declaration. "I confess," said the learned pleader, "it is with great mortification I submit this case to your attention, because it exposes a degree of enormity, which disgusts us with humanity itself, and disposes us to resign life as a possession not worth our care." The witnesses were then called.

Major Highmore said, he was present at the plaintiff's marriage with his wife's niece, Miss Mary Gladwin; they were married at St. James's church, Piccadilly, on the 3d of October, 1787; they were once or twice staying at his house; they appeared an affectionate couple, and happy in each other's society.

Mrs. Cameron—the widow of the General—was greatly agitated while giving her evidence; she was acquainted with the plaintiff and his wife, from the time of the marriage to 1793, and they always appeared affectionate and happy.

Mr. Waugh, surgeon in the Invalids, said, he had been acquainted with the plaintiff twenty years. The plaintiff was eighteen, and Mrs. Denniss seventeen, when they married: he was successively advanced to the rank of Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel of his own regiment; he had much opportunity of observation, and he thought them mutually attached to each other.

Major Cameron had been acquainted with the plaintiff since the year 1786, and was intimate in his family. He appeared an indulgent and fond husband. He went to Ireland with the plaintiff, and afterwards, in 1797, to the West Indies with him. In 1800, on his voyage to England, the plaintiff was taken prisoner, and detained in France.

Being cross-examined by Mr. Gibbs, the witness said, that he had no reason to think colonel Denniss was embarrassed in his circumstances. He said the plaintiff had a Mulatto woman frequently at his house, but he did not know there was any improper intercourse. She had no child by him; at least the circumstance never came to the knowledge of the witness. On his re-examination, Major Cameron said, "I think I never saw any thing in his conduct with regard to women, which, if properly represented, could have alarmed the affections of his wife."

Mr. Chamberlain said, he was clerk to Messrs. Ross and Ogilvie, army agents, in 1797; that the plaintiff left ample provision for his wife, according to his circumstances; that in one year they paid her about L.300; and such were the plaintiff's instructions, that either with or without funds, they would have honoured her draft to any amount.

Eleanor Brookie underwent a long examination. Her name was Nelly Murphy, when she lived in the family of the plaintiff in 1793, in the capacity of nursery maid. She was then unmarried. She was with them at Yaugh, in the county of Cork. She was afterwards lady's maid. The plaintiff was fond of being at home in his family, had three children, and was an affectionate and tender father; was an excellent housekeeper, and lived in

in a creditable manner. On his brother coming from Jamaica, the plaintiff went to England to meet him, and brought him into his family in Ireland Her master left Ireland to go to the West Indies in 1797, and the witness continued in the family for three or four months afterwards. She had seen Mrs. Dennis and the defendant kiss each other; she never saw any thing indecent between them, when the husband was present. She had no reason to think the plaintiff suspected any thing improper, as the brothers lived in the greatest harmony together. When the defendant was in Dublin, he received intelligence of the death of his wife. He then kept his room for two or three days. The witness there saw her mistress with her arms about his neck. It was reported that his wife had died of a broken heart; and the plaintiff's wife said, alluding to this, she should break her heart too, if any thing happened to the defendant. After this the plaintiff came with his wife and brother to England, and had a house ready furnished, in Prince's-street, Cavendish-square; and after staying a month, the family went into Monmouthshire, where the 43d regiment was in quarters. Afterwards they all went to Devonshire; and for her accommodation during his absence, a place was taken near Exeter, called County-square-House. After the plaintiff left England, the familiarities increased. The witness was in the habit of going to market, and usually had the list of provisions wanted, and the money for the purchase, given to her in the morning: not having received it at the usual time, she went into Mrs. Denniss's bed-room, where she did not find her mistress, nor in the dressing-room; but as the witness was returning, she saw her coming out of the defendant's bed-room. On her cross-examination by Mr. Gibbs, she made little variation in her evidence; and no new fact transpired, excepting that she was suddenly sent away at a *non-plus*.

Mary Taylor was wife of a serjeant in the 43d; she came up yesterday from Hythe, in a post-chaise and four. She was cook in the plaintiff's family in 1794; was with them in lodgings at Waterford, and during all the time she lived with them, the plaintiff conducted himself with tenderness to his lady, and no better husband could exist in England or in Ireland. After the defendant came into the family, she observed improper intercourse between him and her mistress. Mrs. Denniss was fond, and was always giggling with him, excepting when the plaintiff was present. She had seen them sitting together, with her head on his bosom, and his on her's. She had seen the lady go into the bedchamber of the defendant, in the morning before he rose, many times.

Mr. Gibbs, for the defendant, addressed the jury; he said he perfectly coincided with the sentiment of his learned friend, that no damages for the crime could be too great, if the offence charged were supported by incontestable evidence; but in proportion to the enormity of the act, must be their reluctance to credit the testimony of its perpetration. It would occur to them, that the facts alluded to were as long ago as the year 1797, and even 1793. To the latter period, the depositions of Nelly Murphy extended; it was seen that she was sent away at a *non-plus*; and both from the manner of giving her evidence, and the circumstance of her dismission, it would be easily collected, that she was under the influence of resentment. Another particular which affected

affected the credibility of this witness, was, that although she knew of this criminal intercourse, she made no communication of the fact to her master. The depositions of Mary Taylor were also exceptionable. On the whole, he contended that the crime itself must surpass all human belief, unless the mind was vanquished by the most prominent and distinguished evidence; and no testimony approaching to this bold and determined character had been adduced. In addition to this, he had the most positive and solemn assurance from his client, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge.

Lord Ellenborough explained the nature of the action, and then said, "There are two questions for your consideration: first, if there has been such a criminal intercourse? and if it has existed, what should be the quantum of damages? The extreme improbability of such a connection, is admitted on all hands; but if you are satisfied that the offence has been committed, that very improbability supplies the motive for the aggravation of damages. It is singular, that from among the numerous attendants on the family, since the absence of the plaintiff, no evidence has been adduced to the general demeanour of the defendant. I do not feel much force in the remark of the learned counsel, on the evidence of Eleanor Brookie; but even this objection does not apply to Mary Taylor, as she could not have an opportunity, residing in the family when the husband was absent, of making the communication supposed." After commenting at considerable length on the various parts and circumstances of the proofs, his Lordship concluded with observing, "If you think the testimony of Eleanor Brookie confirmed by Mary Taylor, you can hardly suppose the intercourse has not taken place; and if the crime has been committed, I am quite at a loss to conjecture what damages should be assigned."

The jury having retired for about fifteen minutes, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages L.5000.

THE BONDSTREET LOUNGERS' WONDERFUL CURE.

DOCTOR D—, a country physician, lately paid a visit at an ancient family seat in Wales.—It was the abode of an old couple, whom he had attended for upwards of twenty years. They ranked more among his friends than his patients; for with air, exercise, temperance, and good constitutions, they had sunk into the vale of life almost unannoyed by its usual infirmities. It was therefore, with some surprise the Doctor found his old friends, at twelve o'clock of a burning day, seated opposite each other at the fire side, in their arm chairs and night caps, with dejected looks and in mournful silence By a sort of instinct peculiar to the sons of Galen, the Doctor immediately applied to the pulse for a solution. No pulses could be more regular, "Dear me! no bad news, I hope?" "Ah! Doctor" exclaimed Mrs. B. "None can escape the infirmities of old age."—"Well Madam, but pray what is the matter?" subjoined the Doctor. "Oh Doctor, we are both deaf!"—"Deaf! impossible! you seem to hear me perfectly."—"Yes" said Mrs. B. "we have a few intervals, and this is one of them; but in general we are so deaf, that we could not hear you speaking across the table."—"Indeed," interrupted Mr. B. "it was not for ourselves we sent for you Doctor,

Doctor, but for our dear grand children, who are come down from London to see us. They are so fallen away, that they are ready to slip through their clothes; and though their lungs, I fear have been hurt, by striving to make us hear them, yet their loudest speaking is to us only a faint sickly whine.—Poor Boys! you knew their mother Doctor; she died of a consumption this time seven years, at Tenby.—Poor Boys! they will soon follow her!"—"Ah," added the old lady—weeping, "misfortunes never come alone. It was the very first day of their arrival our deafness came upon us." At this instant, the parlour door opened, and in stalked two tall, raw-boned, meagre, but athletic fellows, in huge Austrian boots and trunk breeches. They took no notice of the company, but threw themselves upon an old settee, with an air of sickness and lassitude. "Ah Doctor," exclaimed the old man, "there was once a limb for you"—all this time the elder of the two, in a reclining posture, was tapping his leg and thigh with a little crooked cane, which he had taken out of his pocket;—"but come, I must introduce you to your patients." So saying, he rose, and taking the Doctor by the hand, he brought him over to the settee; and adressing the young gentlemen, said, "My dear boys, this is our old friend, Doctor Dubb, whom you have so often heard us speak of." The young gentlemen rose, with an air of indifference, and half averted eyes, and in a whispering, consumptive tone of voice, both said, or seemed to say: "*Sa I va ga see ya, Plilin ha, Sa*"—Sir I am very glad to see you at Plinlimmon Hall, Sir! The Doctor, who knew something of modern fashions, and smoked two Bond-street loungers, of the first figure, at the first glance, was a humorist, and answered the banter in their own way: "*Gea, I va ma biga to ya, va ma, inde*"—Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you! very much indeed! The old man, who had been straining with out-stretched neck and open mouth, to catch a word, but in vain, this instant found his deafness return, and the old woman feeling a like visitation, they both hobbled away, leaving the Doctor to prescribe for poor little Bob and Charles. In the conversation that ensued, the Doctor learned that Master Bob was nineteen, and Master Charles eighteen years of age; and that they had come down from London to solicit the performance of their grand father's promise to buy them commissions in the guards, to which the old gentleman had demurred, assigning the dangers and fatigues of a modern military life; but the fact was, in their apparently wretched state of health he thought his money would be only thrown away. This discovery suggested to the Doctor an immediate and infallible cure for the deafness of the old couple, and the consumptive habit of the two grandsons; he flew to the garden, where he found his old friends lamenting, and assured them he would work a complete restoration of family health before he went away. The Doctor immediately wrote a prescription, leaving it to the old gentleman to be his own apothecary, and make it up; it was to take two purses and put a sum of fifty guineas into each, to administer them in that state to the sick youths, with special directions to set off next morning for London, and purchase their commissions.—The old man lost no time. The Doctor and the old lady followed him into the parlour, where the patients were still sitting, and where the old man administered the medicine strictly according to his directions. The first

first touch of the purse operated like an electric shock upon the nerves of the impatient youths—the lightness of the purse soon awoke suspicion, and examination only confirmed their fears. "*Da Sa, tha must be some mista in this.*"—Dear Sir, there must be some mistake in this, observed the elder of the two. The younger whistled Malbrook—the old man stared—the old lady and the Doctor were impatient for the operation of the cure. "'Sdeath, Sir! exclaimed the elder of the two, after a short interval; "surely you do not mean to quiz us?" These words pronounced in an elevated tone, most distinctly and clearly, and with appropriate look and gesture, had the desired effect. The old man, who neither heard or understood a part of the previous conversation, now heard the youth distinctly, and began to caper and sing throughout the room; the old lady also found all her auricular faculties restored in full vigour, and both returned thanks to the Doctor for their speedy and effectual cure. The grandsons looked astonishment; but how great must have been their shame and confusion, when the old gentleman, with a stern countenance, thus addressed them. "I have been the victim not of disease, but of my own credulity, and your folly. The money I have given you will suffice to bind you apprentices to a milliner. When you have learned to act, speak, and dress like *men*, come to me, and I shall purchase you commissions in whatever regiment you please."

MALLISON's SEAMAN's FRIEND.

THE Editor of the Sporting Magazine would consider himself deficient in his duty to his numerous readers, were he to neglect informing them of a discovery, that, for the future, bids fair to save many valuable lives, when in a situation which has hitherto baffled all resource. We mean that of shipwreck, which, though not totally confined to a sporting subject, we consider worthy of insertion, confident that most of our readers have friends or relations in the service of their country, or employed in commerce, to whom it will, no doubt, prove the most valuable information. We mention, with pleasure, that a trial may be made of the utility of the *Seaman's Friend*, by application to Mr. Mallison, No. 6, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, to whom we refer such of our readers who are interested in its success.

It now remains for us to point out the service of this invention to the sportsman; it enables him to enjoy the most healthy and vigorous of all exercises as well as sports, which the brave ancients considered of such consequence, that *nec legere, nec natare* (he can neither read nor swim), was the usual expression to describe a man of no education or manners.

The sportsman can likewise, by means of a bag made water-proof, in which he may put his clothes, visit the most retired and favourite spot, the fish haunt. The following extract is taken from Mr. Mallison's pamphlet:

"Man, who by his ingenuity and active mind, has brought every element under subjection, and who, within these few years past, has dived into the most secret recesses of nature, has hitherto been baffled by water: his ships partially command it; but in case of wreck, he pays, nevertheless, a fatal tribute, in the yearly sacrifice of many thousands of men, in the very prime of their lives, and when most capable of being useful to their country.

" The preservation of life during shipwreck, has for ages been the desideratum of individuals in every maritime nation. Various have been the rewards held out, and numerous the inventions that have from time to time been brought forward: to recount them is needless; it is sufficient to observe, that till now, the evil remained as great as it ever was; an unfortunate proof of the insufficiency of those different attempts, hitherto used to produce the desired effect.

" Air and cork are the only things capable of being used for this purpose, on account of their specifical lightness over water. Cork, independent of its lightness, and contrary to most other substances, possesses a natural power of repelling, or refusing to connect itself with water; and air is 840 times lighter than water. To confine air, tin pipes, or an apparatus with apartments, have been generally used, and in their recent state answer the purpose in an open sea or river; but two material objections forbid their general use: the first is, the considerable expence which must be incurred, to compensate the artist for his labour and materials in their conformation; and the second, and by far the most important, is that in the hour of distress and danger, they are no longer your safeguard. Shipwrecks ever happen near shore, for those which founder at sea are in a less proportion than one to a thousand; the violence with which people are thrown against rocks, &c. causes the frail tin to give way, and occasions the water to rush in, when instead of assisting to preserve life, it acts the contrary part, by admitting the water into the cavities; thus producing an increase of weight, which quickly carries down the almost vanquished sufferer to a speedier death: this is the occasion of tin having been laid aside.

" Many years have now passed, since any experiment has been attempted with a probability of success (except the life-boat); and mankind have been obliged to submit to the evil, as well as to every concomitant calamity, which human genius has yet failed to conquer. These calamities of man become more or less poignant, according as his actions in this sublunary existence inspire him with the soothing expectation to enjoy the bliss of a future life, and his death is perhaps rendered additionally painful, by the agonizing thought of his wife and family being left a prey to helples misfortune here."

The author, in a little book, explains the nature of his contrivance, and which he names the *Seaman's Friend*. It consists of two simple pieces of cork, placed in such a manner on the human body, as to assist it in swimming either on the back or belly at will, and when tired, admitting of repose; the body remaining perpendicular in the water, and possessing, when so, the free use of the hands, arms, and feet, enabling the wearer to take every advantage of circumstances. Indeed, should faintness be induced through fatigue, or the individual fall asleep from weariness, his life may be preserved by the depending gravity of the legs and thighs, keeping the body in an upright posture, while the head and neck are constantly out of the water. The apparatus will enable him to use his feet when he feels the bottom, his hands, when any thing presents itself to assist him, or he himself wishes to assist others; and the shield thus given his person, will, in a great measure, prevent the dreadful consequences of being thrown against the rock or shore.

The

The application appears to be at once simple and easy, and consists of two pieces of cork; one acts as a breast-plate, and the other, as a backboard, connected over the shoulders, on each side of the neck, by two strong pieces of tape, fastened on the body, by tying on each side, with two other pieces, and by another piece of tape between the legs. There is no occasion of being divested of any part of the clothing, except boots and coat; the additional weight of the other parts of the dress being inconsiderable, when immersed in water. Pantaloons are preferred to loose trowsers, on account of the water not getting between the dress and the body.

We now come to the most pleasing part, which is, informing those anxious parents and relatives, who are solicitous for the safety of their children, husbands, or friends, who from various circumstances, may not hear of this invention, that it can be sent to them; all that is necessary, being to give Mr. Mallison, a description of their person, either personally, or by writing. The prices are divided into three classes; for youths under seventeen, ten shillings; middling-sized men, fifteen, and large men, eighteen and twenty shillings; and so confident is Mr. Mallison of its success, that he engages, in his advertisements, to forfeit 100 guineas, if the person having one of the *Seaman's Friends* on, can ever sink.

GILPIN's DESCRIPTION OF THE CORMORANT.

THIS justly admired writer, in one of his picturesque essays, has the following description of a cormorant; of which one would hardly suppose it possible to say any thing striking or elegant. But if we attend to this author, we shall see how highly the pencil of genius can colour even the meanest objects.

"The cormorant is not without beauty. His eager, steady, determined flight; his plunging into the waters, his wild look, as if conscious of guilt, his bustle on being alarmed, shaking the moisture from his feathers, and dashing about till he gets fairly disengaged, are all amusing circumstances in his history. But he is a merciless villain; supposed by naturalists to be furnished with a greater variety of predatory arts than any bird that inhabits the water. When the tide retires, he wings his ardent flight, with strong pinions and outstretched neck, along the shores of the deserted river, with all the channels and currents of which, he is better acquainted than the mariner with his chart. Here he commits infinite spoil. Or, if he finds his prey less plentiful in the shallows, he is at no loss in deeper water. He dives to the bottom, and visits the eel in her retirement, of all others his favourite morsel. In vain the fowler eyes him from the bank, and takes his stand behind a bush. The cormorant, quicker sighted, knows his danger, and parries it with a glance of his eye. If he choose not to trust his pinions, in a moment he is under water, rises again in some distant part, instantly sinks a second time, and eludes the possibility of taking aim. If a random shot should reach him, unless it carry a weight of metal, his sides are so well cased, and his muscular frame so robust, that he escapes mischief. If the weather suit, he fishes dexterously at sea. When he has filled his maw, he retires to the ledge of some projecting rock, where he listens to the surges below,

low, in dosing contemplation, till hunger again awaken his powers of rapine."

THE SHOOTING DIRECTORY.

By R. B. Thornhill, Esq.

OF this new and entertaining work, we gave some account in page 39 of our magazine for October last—We now resume the consideration of it.

In favour of this work, as far as it is strictly confined to the pursuits of sporting, we think the modest language of the Author, in his dedication, page 13, may be adopted without hesitation.

"Some individuals may perhaps lay to my charge a portion of vanity, in attempting a task of so much difficulty; yet I can assure the readers, I have not entered on a subject to which I have not only served four apprenticeships, but of which I am, in most sportsmen's opinions, fully master. Let me endeavour to remark, notwithstanding, and impress on the minds of my readers, that compiling a work of this nature requires more than merely to transcribe, or, like a parrot, by rote commit to paper every circumstance related by preceding authors; on this subject, great experience is not only necessary, and a degree of practical knowledge possessed, but by an adept in the school, and a complete practitional sportsman, to which character I candidly confess I have more claim than to any rank in the field of literature. This candid avowal, and appeal to the consideration and good nature of the learned, will, in this instance I hope, procure me their indulgence. Unadorned as it is with the beauties of composition, or elegance of stile, I trust they will not be surprised to find that what is offered to them is cloathed in a plain garb, always keeping in mind that the language of every sportsman should be as plain as possible in or out of the field.

"The compiler feels a peculiar pleasure in stating all the modern inventions and improvements lately made in the sporting world, by collecting and arranging all these recent discoveries, which must essentially conduce to facilitate their attainment: not content with one insertion of what has already been collected, he has augmented the work with a large accession from other quarters.

"The rules laid down are extracted from the best publications, and from the information of the most experienced sportsmen, with the addition of a variety of subjects and topics necessary for every sportsman, and as yet never laid before the public."

A strict observance of the advice and cautions recommended, will contribute essentially to the prevention of many of those misfortunes by which the lives of a number of individuals are lost and embittered.

Mr. Thornhill adds, "As an apology for all inaccuracies, I beg leave to state, I have not submitted my work to the correction of either professed scholars or learned men."—We think the truth of this latter assertion by Mr. T. will not be controverted by any one who observes the fallacies of Mr. T's moral conclusions, when he ceases to write as a sportsman, and affects to be thought a moralist, a metaphysician, or a divine. As an historian, also, we presume, some assertions in the Shooting Directory will stand corrected in the future editions of the work. Thus Mr. T. when thanking

ing Sir William Addington, for the assistance he had derived from his abridgement of the penal statutes, see page 425, goes on to ssser, that "when that unfortunate maniac, Hatfield, made an attempt on the life of our most gracious and beloved Sovereign at the play house, Sir William was called on, and on seeing the poor wretch, immediately pronounced him to be insane." This declaration of Sir William, gave offence to some persons; upon which he was so hurt as to intimate his wish to retire, which was granted him, with a pension of L. 400 per annum.

Here Mr. Thornhill adds, "However, to prove Sir William was perfectly correct, Hatfield remains in Bedlam to this day." This however, we add, is an assertion directly the reverse of truth—the real fact, with which Mr. T. was probably unacquainted, is, that Hatfield, the reputed maniac, is not in Bedlam, but has been removed from Bedlam to Newgate nearly two years; and this or some other safe prison would certainly have been the fate of this pretended maniac, in the very first instance of his apprehension, if the advice given to another knighted magistrate, by them that knew the habits and connections of the culprit, had been attended to, as such information required; and as the event afterwards proved it ought to have been. As a moralist or divine, Mr. T. totally losing sight of the old precept, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, concludes his treatise in page 429, with observing "that after paying every attention to the subject of shooting, he is well assured, that religion and this innocent amusement may go hand in hand, and that recreation is most certainly as necessary for the body, as contemplation is for the soul; and unless we keep our clay cottage in order, its glorious inhabitant will never exert its faculties as it ought.

Mr. Thornhill adds, "On charging the fowling piece, we may look on the shot, as a lively representation of mankind, who are sluggish, and unable of themselves to do any thing, till enlivened and actuated by spiritual fire, they are enabled to press forward to the mark of the high calling, God; they have then power to pursue the way of his commandments, when he has set their hearts at liberty.

"When the piece is discharged, some of the shot fly wide of the object aimed at, occasioned by cavities and flaws in them; so many a human being has in him a deceitful heart of unbelief, which makes him depart from the living God.

"Some shot, on account of their lightness, drop short of the mark; thus, likewise, Christians, though they have all a promise of eternal rest, yet many of them come short of it, being weighed in the balance, and found lighter that vanity itself.

"Part of the shot is sometimes rendered ineffectual, being intercepted by twigs or thorns, and turned out of the right and straight way; thus, worldly cares, or riches, often intersperse, and cut us off from that which ought to be the chief end of all our wishes—the chief object of all our desires.

"By much the greater number of the shot fall short of the end for which they are designed; and after compleating their airy flight, are for ever lost, beyond the power of man to collect and make use of them again."

In this allegory upon shooting, Mr. Thornhill's doctrine is certainly unphilosophical, and consequently false. For, in the first place, as he makes mankind mere passive instruments, resembling fowling pieces; that can of themselves do nothing,

thing, that is, are unable to charge themselves with spiritual fire, it is then impossible, as he afterwards would make it appear, that he, the Almighty, who puts in the shot, should be the cause that, on account of its lightness, it should drop short of the mark of eternal life: for this is accusing the charger, and not the thing charged.—This reasoning impeaches Divine Providence with a want of wisdom and discernment in choosing the shot.

But, on the other hand, were we even to admit, in favour of the author's apparent notions of predestination, "that much the greater number fall short of the end for which they are designed"—then we should encounter another inconsistency, because we insist, that divine wisdom never designed they should arrive at that end; otherwise he would have made the means adequate; and he would have chosen, or rendered the shot effectual and proper, for that purpose.

Mr. Thornhill adds, "the few shot that strike the mark, are the only ones reckoned to answer the end and design of God, the fowler; though they have all an equal chance of success"

Here the author seems to have forgotten that he had said before, that some shot, on account of its lightness, could not do otherwise than fall short of the mark! and that others, having cavities and flaws in them, fly wide of the object: and yet in his conclusion, he tells us they, the shot, have all an equal chance of success! Mr. Thornhill, and every speculator in divinity, ought to know, that no chance can be admitted in the execution of the divine decrees; and that chance is a relative term, applicable only to such short-sighted beings as ourselves

Logically speaking, Mr. Thornhill's fowling piece, man, is indeed a very poor instrument, or patient, and his charger, the agent, being defective in judgment, and wanting consistency, has not one attribute of a wise being. Still, in those parts of Mr. Thornhill's book which relate to sporting, we can cheerfully obey the injunctions of his motto, *Vide, Lege*; but as for his *Crede*, in other affairs, we thus enter our appeal.

Credat Judæus Apella.

CURIOUS CLUB BILL.

PROBABLY with an eye to business, and if possible to take in all descriptions, the following has been recently brought into circulation:

"The company of all Mumpers, Cadgers, Match-Makers, Water-Cress Fishers, Dandelion Diggers, Dragon-Fogrum Gatherers, &c. is earnestly requested to-morrow evening at the Old Blind Beak's-Head, in Dyot Street, St. Giles's, at nine o'clock precisely.

"As the house has been altered, the company will be accommodated with a large room up-stairs; but those who are not really lame are desired to leave their sticks and crutches at the bar, to prevent mischief. And as it is the design of the meeting to mix business with entertainment, after the admission of new members, the President will give directions from the chair for avoiding of Beadles, and all other unlucky persons; point out the best parts of the country for strolling, the method of making artificial sores, &c."

P. S. Mr. Nick-froth informs his friends and customers, that the hour of meeting is unavoidably made later, on account of the many evening lectures, and night sermons at Methodist meetings at this time

of

of the year.—He allows sprats to be broiled on the tap-room fire all the season, and will let his boys fetch hog's-maws, sheep's-heads, &c. He likewise sends strong beer, in white jugs, or black tin pots (out of a blind) to any of the stands at a reasonable distance from his house, at any time of the day.

THEATRICALS.

MATRIMONY.

A PETIT OPERA—IN TWO ACTS,

As now performing at Drury-Lane Theatre.

THIS truly petit piece is an alteration from the French, by Mr. Kenney, the author of Raising the Wind; and if it does not altogether please the critics, the continuance of its successful representation evinces that it pleases the public. The music is extremely pleasing, and we can add that the morality of this piece is genuine and excellent.

The plot is taken from the French opera of *Adelphe et Clare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron de Limburg	Mr. Dowton.
Delaval	Mr. Elliston.
O'Cloghorty	Mr. Johnstone.
Clara	Mrs. Jordan.
Lisetta	Mrs. Bland.

A young couple at Berlin, who had been excessively fond during the honeymoon, become so completely tired of each other, and are so perpetually quarrelling, that they resolve upon a separation. For this purpose, the lady's uncle is applied to—a man of great sagacity and a cabinet minister. He was of opinion that they still loved each other in their hearts, and that their differences arose from levity, volatility, and a mistaken regard for the fashion. His plan, therefore, was to bring them into circumstances that should call forth the genuine feelings of their hearts. Accordingly, in the first scene we find the Baron de Limburg, the minister's friend, fitting up his castle as a state prison to receive these offenders against the laws of Hymen. The dashing belle and the gay spark arrive separately, dejected with their mysterious captivity, but rejoiced that they are at last freed from the company of each other. Hearing of a handsome officer and a beautiful girl being their fellow prisoners, they are impatient to be introduced, the one hoping for an admirer, and the other for a mistress. But what is their astonishment when they turn out to be man and wife? By degrees, however, their mutual asperity is softened, and after having successively consented to silence, forbearance, forgiveness, friendship, and complaisance, they are quickly relapsing into all the symptoms of their original passion, when an order is given that they shall be closely confined in the upper apartments of separate towers. Now we have nothing but sighs, tears, and lamentations. By and bye they resort to the expedient of corrupting the guards, and having thus procured a stolen interview, resolve upon an attempt to escape together from the castle. The alarm is given by the sentinel, and the cannon are fired on the ramparts, at the moment when they were descending into the court-yard. Their constancy is put to a fresh trial, by an offer of freedom to that one who should first sign a deed of separation.—They tear this paper to atoms, and resolve to remain together in a dungeon for life. At this moment, the good-natured Baron

ton explains the deception that had been practised upon them, and they return him thanks for his good offices; convinced that they are necessary to each other's happiness, and determined from thenceforth to set an example of connubial attachment.

We cannot say that very great ability has been displayed in adapting the piece to the English stage. The unities are still strictly preserved; as the scene never once changes, not much above two hours are supposed to elapse during the action, and the plot is simple and entire. With a French audience these might be great beauties, but here they are little relished. In an after-piece, we look for broad humour, eccentric characters, and whimsical incidents. The governor's deputy, to be sure, has received an Irish name; but he is not much distinguished by originality of whim or risibility of blunder; and he is the only vehicle for home jests and temporary allusions. Several excellent situations occur for stage effect, which might have been heightened considerably, by giving a little more spirit and variety to the dialogue: the following specimen of which, is from the second act.

The BARON *enters, with guards and attendants with flambeaux.*

Bar. Let the gaoler be seized, and put in irons immediately.

O'Clog. Here's a pretty commence!

Cla. (*holding O'Cloghorty*) 'Twas our fault! indeed it was—stop him, or we'll go too.

O'Clog (*aside*) Blessings on her tender heart.

Bar. Hear me.—A courier, who has just arrived, acquaints me that you two are really married.

Cla. There, Sir.—To be sure we are.

Bar. And informs me also of the motive for which you are here brought together.—Your uncle, convinced that you had both your errors—

Cla. I have had many.

Del. But what have been mine!

Bar (continuing) Wished at first to make you both repent them; but his kindness getting the better of his anger, he has abated the rigour of his original order, and determines to punish only one of you.

Del (with joy) Me, no doubt.

Cla. (earnestly) Let the governor go on—

Bar. Further, being well convinced that at all events you never can be happy together again—

Cla. How malicious!

Del. Let the governor go on.

Bar. He sends me a deed of separation, and orders that the first who shall be consistent enough to sign it, shall be immediately free.

Del. (*very earnestly*) A separation! Never! Nothing shall induce me to consent to it.

Cla. (*with equal decision*) Nor me—never!

Del. Yet, if this is the only means of restoring the best of women to society—to her family—to happiness; if so, she may be snatched from a painful state of existence, from an abode of horror, that perhaps may cost her her life, I consent to every thing.—I desire she may sign—nay, I command it. Only let her immediately be set at liberty.

Cla. (much moved) No, Sir, no.—I will not sign—I will not sign. "And you must be sensible, my dear Frederick, that if I refuse, it is not to disobey you. But be reasonable, Frederick.—At your age—in the career of military honours, with the qualities to distinguish you, to merit the esteem of all who surround

surround you—Could I consent that you should here sacrifice your youth and reputation!" No; sign, and begone.—Only think sometimes of your Clara, who in her retreat will hear, and rejoice in your success, and console herself with reflecting that you are happy, and love her still. Go, then; I do not command it——but on my knees I request it.

Del. (who has repeatedly wished to interrupt her) No, no, it is impossible, I will not sign.

Cla. (in tears) If——if it must be so—

Del. (embracing her). Go, go, my dear Clara.

Cla. I cannot, I cannot, my dear Frederick!

Del. Will you not?—Will you not indeed? Shall we then—yes—your eyes instruct me—the wish is mutual—you understand me.

Cla. Oh! yes.

Del. (with decision) No separation! No separation! Here—both together—and for life.

[Tears the deed.

Cla. (tearing also) Yes—for life, for life together!

Del. (throwing the fragments) There, Sir—Now send the minister an answer.

Bar. (aside) Here's a crisis?—*(aloud)* What! Do you prefer remaining together in a prison—

Del. To us it will be henceforward the temple of love and happiness—We shall now live for each other.

Cla. And bid adieu to the world, and its vain pleasures.

"*Del.* Love—friendship—*(to O'Cloghorty)* For you, I'm sure, will be our friend—gratitude—*(to the Baron)* You must grant us this good fellow's pardon—These shall adorn our asylum.—Congratulate us—it is from this moment only that we are happy."

Bar. Oh! you cruel, you amiable young rogues! So, in this dismal place, you have at length found out how necessary you are to each other's happiness.—Whilst in the capital, where you were at liberty to love one another as much as you pleased, you must make yourselves miserable with incessant quarrels.

Cla. We shall have no more, depend upon it.—*(caresses Delaval)*

Bar. I believe it, I believe it; and therefore I see no material objection to your returning to Berlin.

O'Clog. Nor I neither.

Del. Sir!

Cla. Explain yourself.

Bar. You are both free, and have never been otherwise. You have only had a friendly lesson, and have profited by it. This fortress is no other than the castle of your uncle's old friend, Baron de Limburg; the sentinels, his servants; and this terrible fellow the gaoler, his brave Irish huntsman.

O'Clog. Who, instead of Grimgruffinhoff, has as smooth a name and as comely a countenance of his own as ever came into your ladyship's delicate imagination——— Mr. Teddy Fitzgrallaghan Macmullinoch O'Cloghorty, at your service.

Del. My dear Clara! how much are we indebted to this brave officer.

Cla. How much indeed! oh! my dear uncle! let us fly and thank him.

Del. And above all, never let us forget the castle of Limburg.

Bar. If any gratitude is due to me, return here on every anniversary of this day, and celebrate with me the deliverance of our two amiable prisoners.

FINALE.

May love and reason ever reign
In each fond heart with gentle sway;
And may you never need again,
The friendly lesson of to-day.

THIRTY THOUSAND; OR, WHO'S THE RICHEST?

A NEW COMIC OPERA.

Covent Garden, Monday, December 10.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Capt. Foresail	Mr. Braham.
Windmill	Mr. Fawcett.
Arable	Mr. Incledon.
Plainly	Mr. Murray.
Dubious	Mr. Blanchard.
Gangway	Mr. Munden.
Teddy	Mr. Rock.
Clump	Mr. Emery.
Mrs. Arable	Mrs. Dibdin.
Rosanna	Signora Storace.
Henrica	Miss Davies.
Mrs. Notable	Mrs. Mattocks.
Margery	Mrs. Whitmore.

THE outline of the plot is founded on the story of "The Will," in Edgworth's popular tales.—A country gentleman of fortune, having had very strong reason to suspect his lady of infidelity, leaves his house suddenly, mortgages his estate to purchase property in India, where he resides with a favourite female, to whom, at his death, he bequeaths his Indian possessions, and remits to England the sum of thirty thousand pounds, to accumulate for seven years, and to be laid out in the redemption of his English estate, which is to be given to whoever of his three nephews shall prove at that period to be the richest man—the uncle having previously given a thousand pounds to each to begin the world with. To make this disposition of his property, he overlooks the claim of a daughter, who (in consequence of his wife's supposed infidelity) he does not consider to be his own offspring.

The piece opens on the day appointed to decide the claims of the rival cousins, who are characteristically announced by their respective servants—Clump, a country bumpkin, precedes Farmer Arable; Gangway, a blunt sailor, is the *avant courier* of Captain Foresail; and Teddy, a blundering Irish valet, announces the arrival of Mr. Windmill, a man of scheme and bustle, but so full of thought and contrivance, that in the profundity of thought he is always absent and inattentive to whatever is present on the scene—the proscribed daughter of the deceased Wilmahen, also appears to make a claim, not for herself, but in behalf of a friend, who had sheltered her and her mother in their adversity. Farmer Arable, by fair industry and rectitude of conduct, seems to have acquired the most probable title to inherit the bequest of his uncle; Captain Foresail, from liberality to his friends and his ship's crew, who draw up a whimsical round-robin, to subscribe a sum of money to forward his claim, possesses merely his pay and prospect of naval promotion; while Windmill, from a constant system of scheming, and from his inattention to, and forgetfulness of, the present, has neglected to provide a shilling for the future. In the course of the piece, however, Foresail succeeds in his addresses to Rosanna, the rich ward of Old Dubious, who has induced her lover into a belief of her being the neglected and poor daughter of the testator. Foresail thus unexpectedly finds himself rewarded for his disinterested affections, and by the possession of Rosanna's fortune, becomes equally entitled with Farmer Arable to demand the legacy of the L.30,000. Windmill, by a lucky stroke of fortune, after the total failure of all his own schemes, becomes nearly on a par with his rivals; when the unexpected production of a subsequent will, which is brought forward by the disinherited

ded daughter, together with proof of her father's having been deceived as to her mother's imagined guilt, divides the estate equally between the candidates, while the daughter is made heiress to her father's Indian possessions, and is united in marriage to her cousin Windmill.

Mr. T. Dibdin, who has deservedly acquired great reputation as a dramatic writer, is avowedly the author of this comic opera. The fable, though simple, admits of much variety; and the characters of the three nephews, with their reciprocal valets, afforded this ingenious author a most favourable opportunity for displaying his powers of contrast and dramatic opposition. The characters of Foresail, Arable, and Windmill, are judiciously discriminated; and the sailor, the clown, and the Irishman, are marked with those distinguising features that are generally applied to them.

The plot is much superior in point of contrivance, wit, and dialogue, to the generality of modern operas. There is, however, some danger of its not having so great a run as the other operas, in which the same talents have been combined. The music has, however critics' judgments may differ, a very ample share in the support of the piece; and the most unexceptionable excellence in this opera, is the recitative and air by Braham, in the third act, in which the names of Abercrombie, Nelson, and Sidney Smith are mentioned; and yet it was against this admirable exhibition of vocal excellence that the opposition of the house was principally directed.

In the cabal which prevailed, and particularly towards the conclusion, there was little opportunity of either hearing or doing justice to the other performers. Munden, Rock, Emery, and Fawcett, exerted themselves to the utmost; and Madame Storace, Miss Davies, Mrs. Dibdin and Mrs. Mattocks, performed with their customary applause and ability. There was scarcely a song or a duet in the piece which was not loudly encored; and, notwithstanding, towards the conclusion, the clamour was so great, that the actors were unintelligible; and when Mr. Munden came forward to announce the piece for a second representation, the violence of the disapprobation prevented him from being distinctly heard.—It was, however, announced for the next night, and we apprehend that the excellence of the music and the variety of the songs, (of which see a specimen in our poetry) should long insure the piece as a favorite with the public.

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

Covent Garden Theatre.

ON Saturday evening, Dec. 1, this prodigy of early excellence, whose merits have been as much extolled in the provinces as they have been sceptically regarded in the metropolis, met the fiery ordeal of a London audience. There has not been, within our recollection, any manifestation of public anxiety which can be quoted, as equalling that displayed on this occasion. At one o'clock the doors of the pit and galleries were besieged with expectants. At five the outer doors of the box passages were forced open, and the boxes were occupied by an immense crowd, who forcibly ejected the persons stationed to keep places. The numbers still poured in with such rapidity, and pressure, that some hundreds

leaped from the boxes into the pit, which was so crowded by this accession, that numbers must have perished, but for the humane attention of some ladies in the boxes, who assisted in raising and passing them to the lobbies. The number outside the house, and in the passages, still continued to increase, though every effort was made to assure them that their exertions must be unavailing. But the faintings, bruises, and minor contingencies are beyond all enumeration,—the play of Barbarossa was got up for the *debut* of this, in every respect, new performer, and was cast in the following manner:

Barbarossa	Mr. Hargrave.
Selim	Master Betty.
Othman	Mr. Murray.
Sadi	Mr. Creswell.
Aladin	Mr. Cory.
Zaphira	Mrs. Litchfield
Irene	Mrs. H. Siddons.

This play, though it is not decorated with much imagery, or elevated by eloquence of diction, was not injudiciously chosen for this purpose. Selim is represented as a stripling of twenty years, and as such may be represented, without much violence to probability by a boy of thirteen. The piece was preceded by a neat address from the pen of Mr. Taylor, but of this so little was heard, that many persons fearfully supposed Mr. C. Kemble to be delivering an apology.—The first act was finished amidst the same clamour and confusion. In the second the young Roscius appeared, and all was mute wonder and attention. He appeared, for a very short time, to be somewhat agitated, but this soon subsided, and he forgot every thing but the character which he had to sustain.—We had then before us this phenomenon, in the person of a boy such as we have described, with a handsome, but apparently not expressive face, and a voice which seemed incapable of much variety. He proceeded—those objections vanished—and scepticism bowed its humbled head. In the first scene with Barbarossa there is little to be done. In that which follows, and where he sounds the feelings of Othman, he shewed exquisite judgment and sensibility. In the close of the scene when he says

" Oh! thou hast rous'd a thought on which revenge
" Mounts with redoubled fire!"——

his fine blue eyes lighted up a countenance full of expression—his attitudes were graceful and appropriate, and the strong emotion seemed to pervade every fibre of his frame.—The applauses which greeted his *entrée* were redoubled, and loud huzza's and bravo's resounded through the theatre.—In the third act, with his mother, his pathos and his judgment were both transcendent.

In the progress of his performance not a thought, if we can judge from ourselves, was bestowed on the juvenility of the actor.—All was lost in sympathy with the princely avenger of his father's murder. To dwell on particular passages would be endless. It will be sufficient to say, that his disclosure of himself to Barbarossa was very finely managed—his feelings for his mother were full of truth and nature, and what was still more surprising, his interview with Irene was most affecting. The boy, who never could have felt the passion of love, appeared to possess all its ardency and all its tenderness. Thus he proceeded to the end. If there was any where a failure, it was in the delivery of the prosaic line which concludes the piece.—In passing from particulars to generals, we feel ourselves at a loss how to proceed. We cannot try him as a boy, who comes forward with such

such superior pretensions. We cannot rate him as a man, when so many means of future excellence are as yet unripened and undisclosed.

When we mention that his step is firm and manly—his gesticulation free and unembarrassed—and his delivery and emphasis in general most correct, we speak of things which might possibly through tuition be acquired. But the intelligence of manner—the eloquence of the eye, when speech was denied—the rapid yet judicious transitions from prostrate affliction to dignified resentment—are qualities which a Garrick might display, but which he could never transfuse.—We do not mean to hold forth this youth as a model of perfection, but that, at his age, and with so few opportunities, he should approach so nearly to perfection, is the wonder which it is our province to record. That he should, as if by intuition, seize upon the discriminative marks of character, and the expression of passions which he never knew, is a prodigy which can only be set down to the potent inspiration of native genius. There were some specks, however, in this rising sun. There was a monotony which sometimes, when he was not aroused to passion, assailed the critical ear, and a few more deviations, which time will most infallibly correct.

To the character of Achmet, in Barbarossa, Master Betty has successively added those of Frederick in Lovers' Vows, and Norval in Douglas; in the whole of which, to say the least, he astonishes. Even old Drury, spacious as it is, is not sufficiently capacious to bear the crowd he brings, ladies and even gentlemen fainting, bannisters breaking, and clothes torn to rags, continue to be the order of the day, or rather of the night, whenever Young Roscius makes his appearance.

With all these flattering indications, some persons might suppose he had no enemies, but this is a fallacious, though, apparently a fair conclusion; hence a diurnal writer makes the following observation:

"The envy which we understand pervades the performers against the Young Roscius, reminds us of what was said by the veteran Quin, on his first witnessing the performance of Garrick; turning round to some of his theatrical brethren he exclaimed—"By G—d if this *boy* is right, we are all wrong, *lads*."

The old performers, however, should consider that a Young Roscius is not a phenomenon that will trouble them often;—what Old Macklin would have said, had he lived to see this infantine competitor has been asked—and is partly answered by an anecdote we have heard of this old veteran, who about six years since in finishing a conversation with old Mr. Lewis, the bookseller, made the following observation:—"In your time and mine, Lewis, we had men for actors, but now by G—d they are all monkies." The address spoken by Mr. C. Kemble, on the first appearance of Roscius is among the poetry of this month.

But as it was rightly conjectured the health of this young performer has not been adequate to his undertakings.—On Monday evening, the seventeenth, the managers of Drury-lane were compelled to disappoint a numerous audience assembled to see him in Achmet, by informing them of Dr. Pearson's report of his health not permitting him to appear. The play was then changed for that of the Wonder, to the manifest regret of many who went away, notwithstanding they had paid their money.

MORE

MORE ROSCIUSES.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

OF all the manias and whimsicalities "and these are not a few" with which men have been seized within a few years, there is none, I think, more prevalent than a desire to excel on the stage. People of all ranks, occupations, and degrees, are equally infected with this captivating and fashionable distemper. We now hear, instead of the old fashioned notice "that such a regiment of militia is to be reviewed on Thursday next," that the officers of the———militia are to perform Hamlet, Cato, or any other celebrated tragedy; the principal part by the colonel. We shall now hear, instead of a military hero having seen service, that he has performed two or three campaigns in some country theatre. I have no doubt but that in case of invasion, those heroes who have fought so valiantly in the service of the buskin, will be equally courageous in a field of battle; and that there will be Richards, and Richmonds, and Cato's, and Cæsars, in every regiment. But this mania, as before observed, is not by any means confined to the army alone, nor are colonels the only heroes who boast the dominion of Thespis. Lawyers' clerks, tallow chandlers, soap boilers, shopkeepers, and the whole tribe of tradesmen, are equally infected with this powerful and overcoming insanity. A few days ago having some business with a grocer, I went into his counting house; he was not at home himself, but I perceived one of the clerks amazingly intent upon something or other which was not his business; being curious to know what this was, I went up to him, and perceived he was studying the tragedy of Cato. As soon as he perceived me, he started up, and throwing himself into a fine theatric gesture, began in pompous tone—

"Good morrow, Portius! let us once embrace—
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free!
To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave unto his arms!
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty!"

He would most likely have proceeded to have received me into his arms, had I not turned my back and walked out of the shop, deploring the fatal effects of this destructive disease. I am, &c.

Z. O. R.

TASTE IN TAILS—RAT-TAILED AND GOOSE-RUMP'D HORSES.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE women have long been complained of for running into extremes in dress—from a Dutch lady's full bottom—I don't mean, wig—to a single muslin coat over her chemise; nay, even to the discarding the modest swan-down dicky. At present, the men—I think—have equally exposed themselves to the same animadversion for their versatility.—They have not adopted the thin queue for themselves only, but have depilated the tails of their horses, that both may be in uniform, if I may use a military phrase; and which it is now the height of *bon ton* to bring in on all occasions. It might hence be supposed, not only that the horse and his rider had brought their back

back parts into contact, but also laid their heads together to look smart, or, as the word is, natty; in short, to look all of a piece. This fashion, however, is not to be too severely censured, because it has been attended with one good—It has brought what was called a rat-tailed horse into vogue; a creature which never ought to have been disesteemed, as rat-tailed horses were always remarked for the goodness of their disposition and movements. We have speculators of every kind; and, therefore, a few of our dashing fellows, who regulate the *ton*, may probably have bought up all the rat-tailed horses, at a reduced price; and then, pretending to have had them trimmed for chargers, sold them to our city commandants, at enormous prices. A Blackwell-hall factor, at the head of one of our battalions, I have been informed, gave no less than two hundred guineas for his Bucephalus, which is more than a pound for every hair on his tail *. But the chief reason of my troubling you at this time is, to put those on their guard who may chance to have a goose-rump'd horse; for I understand two or three city field-officers of cavalry, who are one day in the stock-exchange, and the next on the parade, or at exercise, have resolved to snap up all the goose-rump'd horses; and then, having them all in their own hands as *omnium*, deal them out at any price, like *scrip*, under the pretence that their rumps were raised up *secundem artem*, by Doctor Gambados, on purpose to give an elegant appearance to the hussar-cloak, when it is spread over the horse's hind quarters.

I hope I am in time for insertion in your excellent Miscellany, in order to prevent so avaricious a combination for duping our raw and rich recruits. I am, &c.

A Cavalry Subaltern.

SPORTING NOBILITY & GENTRY PROVED MERCHANTS & TRADERS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I ALWAYS used to reflect with pleasure, that strong as the fondness of our ancestors was for imitating the French, still they could not completely succeed in introducing among us the contempt of the French gentry for trade. On the contrary, I now find, that great part of our nobility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even *boutiquieres*, shop keepers. Allowing myself to be a little paradoxical, I now ask, in the first place, whether we may not consider many of our nobility in the same light with Tattersall, Aldridge or Langhorn, or any other keepers of repositories? The breeding of running horses is become a favorite traffic among them; and we know how very largely persons of the first fashion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then selling the horse for a prodigious sum—what advantages must accrue to them, if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treasure have they if they are possessed of the stallion in fashion! I can therefore see no difference between this occupation of my Lord and that of any Yorkshire dealer whatsoever:

* What will not the French say of our horses' tails having no hair? In Oliver's time, they observed, "The English had a barbarous custom of cutting off the heads of their kings, and the tails of their horses.

and

and if his Lordship is not always so successful in his trade as the jockey of the north, it is not because he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horse-flesh. If a duke rides his own horses on the course, he does not, in my judgment, differ from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the same thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a stallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the parish.

We know of many persons of quality whose passion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks; and one declared to me lately, that there was no trusting to servants in that business; that he could make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himself; and that for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himself; and for that purpose, strange as it may seem, he lies in a little room close by them every night. I cannot but admire this industry, which can make my noble friend quit his Lady's bed, while tradesmen of a lower rank neglect their business for the charms of a kept mistress. But it must be allowed, that these noble dealers in live fowl are to be considered as poulterers, as well as those who sell the deer of their park are to be ranked among the butchers, in a market, though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by selling their venison to the pastry-cooks.

What shall we say of these who send venison, hares, pheasants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fishmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fish in winter, when they are in town. Though these sportsmen do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing less than higlers, hucksters, dealers, and chapmen, in the proper sense of the words; for an exchange was never denied to be a sale, although it is affirmed to be no robbery.

I come now to the consideration of those who deal in a much larger and more extensive way, and may be properly stiled merchants, while those already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing business. What Jew deals larger than many of our Nobility in the stocks and in lottery tickets? And perhaps one should not find more bulls and bears at the stock exchange than at the subscription houses in St. James's. If you cannot at this last place insure your house from fire, or a ship from the dangers of the seas, or the French, you may get largely underwritten on lives, and insure your own against that of your mother or grandmother, for any sum whatever. There are those who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life against another as any underwriter in the city of London: and indeed the end of insuring is less answered by the latter than the former; for the prudent citizen will not set his name to any policy where the person to be insured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who insure by means of bets instead of policies, will pay you any sum whatsoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, shot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are persons who will lay on either side, he who wants to insure need only choose that which answers his purpose. And as to the dealings of these merchants of fashion, in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one sells his whole estate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance used between the buyer and seller, than by shuffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice: but I cannot look upon this sort of traffic in any other light than that when

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ASTOR LENOX
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Morland's Pheasant.

when a felon sells his body to a surgeon to be anatomized.

After all, there is no branch of trade that is usually extended so far, and has such a variety in it, as gaming; whether we consider it as carried on by cards, dice, horse-racing, pitting, betting, &c. &c. &c. These merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not seem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are striking a bargain: for, though some expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel, many, very many, part with their ready money to those who deal upon trust, nay oftentimes to those who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have seen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has ear-rings, bracelets, and other diamonds to answer her stake: but I have much oftener seen a lady play against a roll of guineas, with nothing but her virtue to part with to preserve her honour if she lost.

The markets in which the multiplicity of business of this kind is transacted, are very many, and are chiefly appropriated to that end and no other, such as routs, assemblies, Arthur's, Newmarket, and the courses in every county; where these merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank-notes, I consider them as bankers of quality; where, in ready money, against trust, and notes of hand of persons that are but little able to pay, I choose to call them, broken merchants; and whoever plays with money against a lady's jewels, should, in my mind, hang out the three golden balls in a private alley; and the lady who stakes her virtue for gold, should take a house in the purlieus of Covent Garden, to carry on her trade in. Yours, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

MORLAND'S PHEASANT.

A beautiful Etching.

FOR the following description, inclosed in a letter to Mr. J. Wheble, and the annexed etching, we are indebted to the ingenious correspondent, T. N. who, as a truly sentimental tourist, has furnished our readers with much and diversified entertainment. Speaking of a late excursion to Wilton House, and the grounds belonging to it, he observes, that Pheasants are in these grounds in great abundance; his Lordship Earl Pembroke, is particularly attached to breeding them; in so much, that when a hen lays away, a shilling is given for every egg brought to Wilton House; but to destroy them, by any unfair means, is always punished, upon detection, with lawful severity. Notwithstanding this care and attention, in the course of the season many fine cock-birds are in an unsportsmanlike way conveyed from the spit to the dining table.—I was informed by a farmer of the neighbourhood, whose business is also to breed chickens for the Bath and Salisbury markets, that in the spring of the year, when his fowls were first let out from the roost-house, the cock pheasants would descend with great boldness and tread his domestic hens, in spite of the yard cocks, whom they would engage with wonderful courage and success; and that to keep these impudent visitors in check, he was forced now and then to put steel heels on such of his own cocks as he could depend on; and the consequence was sometimes a plump pheasant for the expence. He added, that however he might be troubled in one way, he was amply made amends, in another; for he possessed, from this intercourse with his Lordship's wild birds and his own

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hens, a continual succession of the finest game chickens in the whole country. To speak to you of the beauty of the Pheasant cock in his richest plumage, would be to tell you of what every one knows; but the birds in these parts are certainly found to be the largest and the boldest of any in the island. At the Pembroke Arms, is a small picture called

MORLAND'S PHEASANT,

It is held in the highest estimation by the owner. The landscape is beautifully descriptive of the face of the country; and the bird itself was painted by that unfortunate artist, from a living subject, when he was at Wilton in the year 1794. The majesty of the form, and the brilliancy of the eye, induced me to make a correct copy which I send you; aud have no doubt of seeing an etching from it by your ingenious engraver. The landlord told me several applications had been made for the picture; and that thirty guineas had been offered him for it, by a celebrated sporting gentleman of these parts; but he had such an affection for the memory of the painter, who lodged with him many weeks for the recovery of his health, and such respect for the natural execution of the subject, that nothing under extreme poverty should force him to part with this little jewel, inscribed G. Morland, 1794.

THE FEMALE CARD PLAYER.

HERE it may be sufficient to premise that a lady died some time ago, whose heaven upon earth was a succession of games of whist for nearly the laft forty years of her life. Her history, therefore, may not, perhaps, be unamusing, or uninstructive. Mrs. Basto's husband was originally a trader of the lower order, who acquired a large fortune by uninterrupted industry, joined with a species of sense, which, although not of much value any where else, is very useful in a shop. During his days of labour, when "comings-in were but small," and "a penny saved was a penny got," Mrs. Basto assisted his endeavours by domestic economy. While her husband was getting in the shop, she was saving in the parlour; and for many years, during which, to use her own phrase, "they went mucking on," a better model of industry could not be found. There was not indeed, much to interrupt them; the few acquaintances they had were like themselves, and they had neither the reasonings, nor the fancies of intellect to disturb them.—Reading was no part of their employment; yet they could read what they wrote, and they could write with some difficulty. Money, however, flowed in so fast, that in the course of about twenty years, they removed from the back parlour to the first floor, and from the town house, to the snug box. With this a wonderful change took place in Mrs. Basto's opinions as to money matters.

While she and her husband were amassing the smaller denominations of coin, she abhorred every species of pleasure and extravagance; but no sooner had they acquired a fortune, which they thought a very great one, than they discovered, or more probably were told that the only way to be respected was to spend it as other people did. Luckily, ignorance is no obstacle in a design of this kind. There are always models enough to form one's expences upon, and it is but chusing the absurdest in order to be sure of giving satisfaction. Our couple accordingly began with seeing company in style, such compa-

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ny as will always visit where there is an appearance of plenty, and will flatter wherever there is a prospect of gain. But as there must be some connecting medium to keep company together, and as Mr. and Mrs. Basto could not have supported a conversation for ten minutes, had their lives depended on it, cards were very wisely suggested as a remedy for dulness and silence, and Mrs. Basto conceived a most extraordinary liking for them. But this we cannot wonder at; she was only charmed with what had charmed thousands before her; that surprising law of social life, which ordains that the vulgar and the illiterate shall, with a little knowledge of gambling be deemed fit company for the refined and the learned; and that no other introduction is necessary to bring inferiors and superiors on a level, than a few of the edifying precepts handed down to posterity by the great Mr. Hoyle. All this was to Mrs. Basto a matter of such joy and surprise, that she wondered where her talents had been buried, and was thankful that at length she had attained not only the ways but the means, whereby she might hold up her head with the proudest.

But as she had betaken herself to unpack the cards somewhat late in life, she found it necessary to pay for each lesson in proportion to the higher proficiency of her playmates, and had often to repent that she had wasted so many precious days, without knowing a club from a spade, or having the most remote idea of the pleasures of the odd trick. Genius, however, cannot be concealed; and much zeal and much practice soon diminished the painful recollection of lost time. It was now evident, that all her former acquisitions, her knowledge of good meat, her taste in dressing it, her skill in piecing and patching, in hemming and darning, her talents at the wash tub, the agility with which she communicated a rotatory motion to the mop, and her sagacity in discovering sluts' holes, and cobwebs, were vulgar attainments, common to the lowest of her sex, while her genius evidently pointed to the whist table, as the place where alone it could be displayed to advantage. What she lost therefore, in the former part of her life, she determined to make up by constant practice; and it is much to the honour of her industry in this new calling, that the business of no day in the week was suffered to interrupt her proficiency at the card table. She often used to boast, but perhaps here she was rather conceited, that she had discovered a use for rainy Sundays which was never discovered before.

So much pains were at length amply rewarded: Mrs. Basto recovered her losses, was admitted to many fashionable circles, became a convenient partner and formidable opponent; and although her winnings and losings were pretty equal, her attachment to cards became more ardent, and the more she played the more she wished to play. Her whole life was devoted to it, and she had not the most distant conception of a state of being, in which there were neither *trumps* nor *honours*. Out of the common routine of domestic life she never had an idea; and now that play became her business, she never asked a question, nor made a remark that did not arise from the deal of the preceding hand, or the pool of the preceding night. In such matters she delighted to exercise her memory, until it became a complete storehouse of trumps, honours, odd tricks, finesses, revokes, and other casualties of the game, without a single article of any other kind. I have already mentioned her ingenious mode of diverting the horrors

of a rainy Sunday; but she was, perhaps, yet more ingenious in managing her talents in such a manner that they never were idle, either in health or sickness. If her indisposition was such as not to keep her from the drawing room, yet severe enough to disturb her head, she proposed a round game, as requiring a less exertion of memory than her favourite whist; and if confined to her room, she always provided a select party of sympathizing friends, who would not suffer her to be moped. But if she was not able to sit up, she contrived to raise herself in bed so as to manage a game at cribbage with some friend; and thus contrived to make sickness itself a continuation of all for which health was valuable.

Many years passed in this employment, so worthy of a rational and accountable being, when Mr. Basto was gathered to his fathers. He had never fully entered into the pleasures of the card table, but he suffered quietly what no fury could have opposed, and left his widow an ample fortune. Her attachments had long been confined to one object, and she therefore soon recovered the loss of the "dear man;" betted with her usual eagerness, and deposited her card with the usual thump of victory. She prolonged this life of play until an advanced age, when the newspapers announced her death in due form. Having sometimes been permitted the honour of contemplating her life, I was anxious to know whether it had been consistent to the last; and a letter received in answer to my inquiries, informed me that "she was given over on Monday morning, but finding herself a little better in the afternoon, she sat up in bed, played nine games of cribbage with the nurse, and died an hour after." The last words she was heard to utter were, that "she wanted but one hole to be up!"

HER EPITAPTH.

"Here lies the body of, &c. &c. —Such was the vigour of her understanding, that she always led from her strong suit; and such the acuteness of her penetration, that she preferred sequences when sequences could be got. She was never known to lead a thirteenth card unless trumps were out, nor trumped a thirteenth card except she was last player. So gentle was her disposition, that she would not force her adversary, even with her best card, unless she had the next best to support her courage. Throughout a long and active life, she never was known to finesse; and when in doubt (for who from doubts are free?) she won the trick. Though desirous of honours, she was honest in dealing her cards, and, such is the danger of inspection, upright in sorting them. After forty years nobly spent in the study of Hoyle, she condescended to divert her dying hours with a duetto of cribbage; and, after gently removing her pegs, departed this life, with his nob in her hand."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE IRISH.

From Bell's Description of the Peasantry of Ireland, between 1780 and 1790.

THE amusements of the native Irish chiefly took place on Sundays and holidays. On Sunday morning they regularly went to their popish chapel, which was sometimes not sufficient to contain one half of the people: those, therefore who could not gain admittance, prayed in the open air, near the doors of the chapel. As

soon

soon as service was over, the greater part of the congregation went home and dined: after which, during the summer season, they assembled in large bodies in some adjacent field; where the old sat in circles and entertained each other with stories, and the young danced to whatever music they could procure, and some of the young men exercised themselves in feats of bodily strength. Good humour, and contentment always prevailed at those meetings as long as they drank no whiskey; but whenever that fiery spirit was introduced, intoxication and quarrels were the inevitable consequences.

In the winter season, they assembled on Sunday evenings at some house where whiskey was sold: but more commonly where some one belonging to the family played on an instrument of music. The people belonging to the latter description of houses, never demanded or expected any recompence for the accommodation thus afforded their neighbours, except the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of having contributed to the happiness of others. The love of society was, in short, so prominent a part of the character of those people, that hardly any part of a peasant's family remained at home on a Sunday evening: and in winter, they would often go a distance of three or four miles, through swamps and bogs, to any place where a considerable number of people were assembled. Even in their ordinary occupations, both in the field and in the house, they shewed an uncommon fondness for social intercourse. Every evening of the week throughout the winter season, a party of young females went successively to the houses of their respective parents, with their spinning wheels, and dedicated a great part of the night to the double purpose of industry and innocent amusement. Hither they were generally followed by their lovers: the song and the tale went round, and labour ceased to be a toil. The happiness enjoyed by those simple rustics in places where oppression had not spread her iron hand, was such, as those who live in polished societies might envy.

But of all the amusements of the native Irish, there were none so remarkable for variety, for the multitudes who partook of them, and for the interest they excited, as those which were called *Patrons* *; nor, were any of their meetings oftener concluded with drunkenness and broils than these. An Irish patron resembled, in some manner, the old English wake; probably they both sprung from the same origin. It was a large assemblage of people from all parts within a distance of ten or twenty miles, collected together round a sacred fountain dedicated to, and called after the name of the saint, in honour of whom this festival was celebrated. In the morning or forenoon, the priest of the parish performed mass on a large stone, which was called an altar. Several old men and women at the same time performed penance round the well. Here were all sorts of hawkers, mountebanks, conjurers, and itinerant musicians; and tents and booths were erected chiefly for liquor. The day was not uncommonly concluded by a general battle. Outrages of this kind sometimes proceeded from family feuds; but more frequently from local animosities. If there were none others than the people of two parishes collected together; these, when elevated and maddened with liquor, would fight

* So called from the saint, on whose day the meeting took place.

against

against each other, for what reason they knew not. If the assemblage of people had been collected from more distant places, the inhabitants belonging to one barony or county would contend with those of another. The battle was most commonly preceded by a challenge. Some fellow, whose bodily strength —whose boisterous and ferocious temper, gave him such an ascendency over others as to be chosen their leader, would come forth and flourish his cudgel over his head, and bid defiance to all who did not belong to his clan, parish, barony, or county. A champion on the adverse side would instantly rush forward to meet him. Their followers soon joined them, and the engagement became general.

The original inhabitants of Ireland were, perhaps, more credulous and superstitious than those of any other country. Their system of popery was no more like the Roman Catholic religion of monarchial France, than the liberty of the modern French republic resembles that of England. It was a compound of ancient paganism, together with all the absurdities into which Christianity had ever degenerated. To eat eggs during Passion week was by them considered as an unpardonable offence against Heaven; and on certain days of abstinence, it was more criminal to taste a drop of milk, than to get drunk with whiskey. Besides the polytheistical worship prescribed by their religion, they paid homage to several imaginary demons, to which, in their language, they give names corresponding to those prescribed in the old English mythology under the general denomination of fairies. But their veneration for those beings was entirely the result of fear, for they considered them capable of doing a great deal more mischief than good. The loss of cattle was often attributed to their malice: when a child died, it was frequently suspected that the fairies had carried it away while living, and that the corpse was nothing more than an artificial substance placed by them instead of the real body of the child. Similar suspicions arose, if a child, from a good state of health, became sickly and consumptive: the poor little patient was no longer looked upon as the offspring of human parents, but the creation of demons. If the child survived the neglect occasioned by the idea of its unnatural origin, and recovered its former health, the fairies were thanked for their supposed interference.

In all whirlwinds and sudden tempests the fairies were thought to be the principal actors; especially if any damage was done to the houses or stacks of corn. They were also supposed to enter habitations at night after the family retired to rest, indulging in sportive gambols, and particularly to wash themselves in clean water, but if there was no water in the house, it was understood they would play some mischievous tricks in revenge. Possessed with this belief, the people made a point not to go to bed until they had deposited, in some large vessel, the libation which they conceived necessary to keep these whimsical divinities in good humour. The superstitious rustics would sometimes endeavour to find out a more respectful name for those beings than that of fairies*: and whenever they spoke of them, they made use of this expression—"God bless them."

The habitations usually assigned the fairies, were those small hills, or mounds, so frequently to be met

* They generally called them, instead of fairies, the good people.

with

with all over Ireland, called forts, because they were supposed to have been erected as places of defence, during the time of the Danish invasions of that country. Many of these hills might be seen covered with wild shrubs, in the midst of arable fields: and the superstition of the cultivators would not suffer the sacred spots to be violated, either by the plough or the spade.

Many families were supposed to be followed by a female spright who, on the death of any person, belonging to the family, used to haunt the borders of some neighbouring lake or rivulet, whence her lamentable cries were said to be, distinctly heard. This harmless mourner was called the *Banshee*, and her existence was believed by several above the condition of peasants.

A general belief in ghosts and apparitions, prevailed here as well as in other countries. The people had a variety of charms and nostrums to keep away and defeat the machinations of evil spirits. The most common, were those of nailing an old horse shoe on the threshold of the door of their dwelling house, and sprinkling the place at least once a week with holy water. Their superstitions, however, did not alone consist in a fear of invisible agents: like most people in a state of barbarous ignorance, they always dreaded the effects of witchcraft. They believed there were many evil-minded persons, who had the power of destroying their cattle by a certain malevolent look, as well as by incantations; and that there were old women, who, by a kind of charm, could take from the milk of their neighbour's cows all that part which constitutes the butter, and add it to their own: they could raise storms, tempests, &c. The people had their good, as well as their evil sorcerers and sorceresses; to whom, in cases of theft or sickness, they applied much oftener than to magistrates or physicians.

Such was the credulity of the native Irish, that those among them, who lived in comfortable circumstances, were always liable to be preyed upon by the vilest and shallowest imposters. Itinerant mendicants would frequently carry about them bits of old wood, &c. which they pretended to be sacred relics, possessing great virtue. The reputation which men of this description acquired for sanctity, caused them to be looked up to with reverence. They used to enter the houses of ignorant husbandmen without any ceremony: they were received not only with hospitality, but with veneration; and, in return for the holy treasure which they left behind, they were feasted with the best things the soil produced, and lodged in the best bed the house contained.

But there were no persons for whom the people entertained more respect and veneration than their priests. They considered them as the most virtuous, the most learned and religious of all men. In their private disputes they would often appeal to, and abide by the decision of their priests; who, in many remote parts of Ireland, had all the authority, without any of the responsibility of civil magistrates.—From these men, the common people received all their religious, moral, and political instruction; and placed implicit faith in every thing they said, however absurd or monstrous.

In taking an oath, these people considered the obligation as sacred, if the oath was sworn on a piece of iron. Of the bible, they know little or nothing; because their priests prohibited those who had received any instruction from reading it.—There was a thing called St. Patrick's

trick's Crosier, which was thought to possess such extraordinary power, that the persons swearing by it could not fail to obtain credit; for it was believed that, if they swore falsly, their faces would become distorted and deformed. But as there were no more than two or three of these miraculous relics in Ireland, a cross made of iron, or some other metal, with mystic letters marked on it, was often provided as a substitute, and it was not uncommon to swear upon it in preference to the bible, even before persons authorized by law to administer oaths.

The moral character of the Irish peasants depended on the circumstances under which they lived. In some places they were not only simple and harmless, but extremely generous and benevolent: in others, they were selfish and depraved.—They were all equally unacquainted with the principles of moral rectitude.

Of those who laboured under hardships and oppression, the re-action was great and terrible: it was not a measure of equal retaliation regulated by the rules of reason, but a furious indiscriminate and unjust revenge, the exercise of which corrupted the heart and prepared the individual for the perpetration of every crime.

To complete the picture, we think we ought to add the description of the late fair at Ballinasloe.

The clerk of the fair's return of sheep at the late sales was as follows:

Sold	78,728
Unsold	5,501
Total in the Park	84,229

The horned cattle amounted to 21,614, which were all disposed of in one day.

There are a few peculiar circumstances usually attendant on this great cattle mart of Ballinasloe, not generally known. The various flocks of sheep thus exhibited in Lord Clancarty's park are very skilfully kept in their almost numberless detachments, by the adroitness of the several classes of shepherds with sticks, and without the use of a single dog. All women, of whatever rank, are proscribed admission in either fair of sheep or cattle, on account of a disastrous occurrence many years past (both kinds of stock being then exhibited together in the Park) from the appearance of some red cloaks, at which the bullocks became so indignant, as it were by mutual antipathy, that they broke down a great length of the Park stone wall, and extending their front in this wild career, carried away other fences before them, to the great damage of the country for miles, and very considerable loss to the proprietors of cattle. The flocks of sheep also formed *en masse*, and followed their horned leaders. From that period, if any female accidentally stray into the park, a cry (we believe unknown in Arcadia) of w—re! w—re! resounds from every quarter, until the fair offender flies the field.

The shepherds and attendants, ranged round the various flocks on this occasion, generally amount to from twelve to fifteen hundred men. Nothing can exceed the regularity of their conduct during the business of the fair; but that being over, they seem to claim, as by prescription, an inspiring libation of their favourite whiskey, and its indispensable consequence, a *row!* with these genial rites, the last fair was thus duly closed. The shepherds, who assembled at all the several public houses through the Fair-street, in proportion as they became whiskied, began brandishing their sticks, impatient for the signal of affray: about five o'clock, one of the most distinguished

distinguished of this tribe of Pan sallied forth into the middle of the street, and exclaimed aloud, "Blood and tunder, who dare snaze?—[sneeze] A knight of the Irish fleece, no less valorous, instantly threw himself in the front of the challenger, and as loudly replied, "By J—sus I am the lad to snaze in your teeth!" Upon this, the street was filled with uplifted sticks, and at it they set, regardless of whom they struck, or by whom they were smitten; till having a good belly full of their favourite *row*, they left off by a kind of general consent, and retired to their respective liquor houses, to heal their wounds with never failing whiskey. Fortunately no accident occurred beyond the customary returns of broken heads, and bloody noses.

CHANGES OF WEATHER.

THE editor of a work lately published for the use of farmers and gardeners, by foretelling changes in the weather, &c. observes, that

"When the swallows fly high after their prey, we think ourselves sure of a serene sky; but when they fly low, and brush the surface of the water with their wings, we judge that rain is not far off.

"When the gnats collect themselves before the setting of the sun, and form a sort of vortex, in the shape of a column, it announces fine weather.

"The earth, after very long and abundant rain, is sometimes seen to be almost dry, and the roads quite free from dirt. This is a sign that the rain has not altogether ceased; and denotes a continual efflux of electric matter, which, being renewed, carries with it, in the form of vapour, all the moisture that falls on the earth.

"There is sometimes a great deal of dirt after a very moderate rain; this is a sign of fine weather; because it indicates that evaporation has ceased.

"There is no surer sign of rain than two different currents of clouds, especially if the under-current flies fast before the wind. And if two such currents appear in hot weather, they shew that a thunder-storm is gathering."

On wet and dry seasons, the following rules are laid down:—

"When there has been no storm, before or after the vernal equinox, the ensuing summer is generally dry, at least five times in six.

"When a storm happens from the east, either on the 19th, 20th, or 21st of March, the succeeding summer is dry, four times in five.

"When a storm arises on the 25th, 26th, or 27th of March, and not before, in any point, the succeeding summer is wet four times in five.

"If there should be a storm at south-west, or west south-west, on the 19th, 20th, 21st, or 22d, the succeeding summer is generally wet five times in six.—It rains less in March than in November in the proportion of seven to twelve.

"It generally rains less in April than in October in the proportion of one to two; and less in May than September, in the proportion of three to four.

"When it rains plentifully in May, it generally rains but little in September; and the contrary.

"Out of 41 years, there will in general be 22 dry springs, six wet, and 13 variable ones; also 20 wet summers, 16 dry, and five variable ones: and probably 11 dry autumns, 11 wet, and 19 variable ones.

"The quantity of rain which falls in nine successive years is nearly equal to that which falls in the next following nine. And every 19th year is generally similar. This similarity was very striking between the temperature of the years 1701, 1720, 1739, 1758, 1777."

A RAMBLE

FROM

Salisbury over part of the Plain, and back again through Old Sarum.

Fisherton—Salisbury Plain—The Shepherd's Story—Retreat of the Swallows—Shepherd's Story continued—A Land Compass—Sonnet from Shakespear—Stonehenge—Amesbury—Old Sarum—The Evening Star, &c.

The honey-bee forsakes her hive at morn,
Kisses the nect'rine, sings aro und the thorn;
From humbler plants and herbs she draws a treat,
The speary thistle, and the cowslip sweet—
But when the twilight warns her to repose,
She seeks her cell beneath the dewy rose;
Improves her store; and, when refresh'd, once more
Pursues the labour she approv'd before:
So I still ramble up the bloomy way,
And store, at eve, the treasures of the day.

A REDBREAST had perched upon the tendrils of the vine that spread before my chamber window, and was sweetly singing to the twilight. As I threw me from my pillow, I descended to the garden of my hotel, where refreshing myself at the cool pitcher of the Naiade, I turned again for the rural ramble, and passed the bridge at

FISHERTON,

Just as the clock of the town mill gave exertion to the hands of the labourer. As I passed the county-prison, I was not a little gratified to learn from a man, just opening his window, that good policy had done away the abominable custom of turning the debtors in couples without the prison doors, where they were for a certain time accustomed to drag by the leg an enormous length of heavy chain, by which, and tricks of melancholy mummery, the humane passenger was too often forced to subscribe to the wants of these ironed eleemosynaries. Fisherton, a suburb to the city of Salisbury, is a long plain village, principally covered with thatch, but watered with a prodigious fine stream, turning a number of corn-mills. From the name of the place, we should conclude it to be the residence of dealers in the scaly tribe; but the inhabitants are chiefly winders, spinners, and weavers. Leaving Wilton on my left, I took to the wide expanse before me, resolving to pay an early visit to Stonehenge, to pass through Amesbury, and return through Old Sarum, to my pleasant quarters in the charming city of many rivers. To this end, and contemplating the work I had cut out for the day, I began pretty briskly to disturb the dew on

SALISBURY PLAIN.

In this hasty manner I had progressed for several miles, when a sudden change in the appearance of the element occasioned me to slacken my pace; and I turned out of my road, to take council of an old shepherd, who seemed busy with his flock at no great distance. It is astonishing to find with what precision these humble rustics decide respecting the weather. I asked him his opinion of the enormous black cloud that came rolling towards us from the north-west; and having told him my destinaiton, he assured me, that before I could proceed half a mile, the cloud would burst in lightning, and descend in rain. "There is no shelter between this and Amesbury," said he; "if you will step to a little turf hut I have at hand, you shall be welcome, and in half an hour the storm will pass, and leave only the tail

tail of the cloud to water us." I accepted his friendly invitation; and we walked together to a hovel raised with a few sticks, covered with roots and turf, artfully contrived, to keep out the terrors of a sudden tempest. I addressed him in the unfettered language of liberality; and, as he found me familiar, threw off restraint, endeavouring to gratify my inquiries with a civility seldom found among persons of more polished manners. I was curious to know something of this man, and was presently obliged with the

SHEPHERD'S STORY.

He told me he knew but little; that the greatest thing he had to lament was, his not being able to read; however, he had seen a few useful things, and had treasured them in his memory to teach his sons; and that he was perfectly contented with his station in life, because he did not conceive himself able to fill a better. I was never from these plains but once in my life: if you will sit on this stone—continued he—I will tell you the occasion. "In my youth, I went with my father, a shepherd like myself, to Redbridge, to buy oaker for marking the flocks, and a few other articles we could not get at that time in Sarum. As we were drinking a mug of ale at the door of the Anchor by the bridge foot, a boat's crew came on shore, when the officer, seeing me a stout lad, bid the men press me for the service. I was instantly hurried on board; and though my poor father used every entreaty in his power, and even shed tears for my enlargement, all was in vain, the savages drove him off with repeated blows; and I was presently on board a king's ship at Southampton, which sailed the next tide for Portsmouth, from whence we were ordered round to the Downs to take under convoy a fleet of merchantmen for the Baltic. We had been beating about with our charge for many days in very foul weather; and the wind coming about strong at east, we all put back to Yarmouth; and there, for the first time since I was forced from my father, suffered to go on shore with several other boys belonging to the ship. I had a particular aversion to salt water; and the treatment I had met with in my floating-hell, made me resolve, if possible, to run away; so that the moment I found an opportunity, I set about working my natural liberty. Our business on shore was to buy a few necessaries for the officers. Upon return to the boat, I chose to be the bearer of a white loaf and a stone bottle of strong ale. My companions, having no suspicion of my intention, often, in their frolics, left me to myself; when, finding a fit moment for escape, I slipped to the back of the town, and began to look about me, and presently resolved to take to a barn upon a hill at a small distance. I entered this unperceived by any one, and with much difficulty got up my loaf and stone bottle to the top of a barley-mow; when, placing myself near a small opening that overlooked the roads, I resolved to wait my fate with patience and resignation.—From this place I could clearly behold the whole fleet, and all their motions. In my new station I remained three days, finding my loaf and ale the best friends I had met with since I parted from my poor father. The fourth day of my confinement, the wind came about to S. W. and blew a very stiff gale; and I had now the unspeakable pleasure of seeing the Salisbury man of war and the trade all under sail, till they were quite sunk to my view in the great ocean. In this situation I was not without many very agreeable companions. It was the early part of October, and the

autumnal breezes had shaken the yellow leaves from a clump of elm trees just beside my retreat, when early the first morning an innumerable concourse of swallows came and settled on the bare branches, presenting such a pleasing sight as I had never before seen, and twittering, while the sun was out, such delectable music as I had never before heard. But for what purpose these birds had thus assembled, I could never conceive." I here interrupted the shepherd for a moment, to explain to him the

RETREAT OF THE SWALLOWS.

This assembly of martins and swallows is no where so much observed as on the coast between Orfordness and Yarmouth, it being generally the place of their choice, because most contiguous to the object of their pursuit. I have been there the whole of October, and have observed an immense swarm of these birds to cover the church leads, the tops of houses, and the naked branches of trees; for this is the season when, for want of food, the swallows prepare to leave us, and return to the country, wherever it be, from whence they came; and that this being the nearest land to the opposite coast, and the wind contrary, they were waiting for a favourable gale, and might, in the full sense of the word, be said to be wind-bound, at the time he was entertained with their twitterings. They will always remain in this state till the wind veers to the N. W, or some other favourable point; and if this happens to be in the night, not a single bird of them is to be seen in the morning. Certain it is, that the swallows neither come here merely for warm weather, nor leave us on account of cold. Like shoals of fish in the sea, they pursue their prey, and, being voracious creatures, feed as they fly; for their food are the insects, of which, in our summer evenings, in damp places, the air is full; and when cold weather comes, and these insects are destroyed, necessity then compels the swallows to quit us, and follow their food to some other climate; and this passing and repassing is only observable here, the passage of the sea being too broad from Flamborough-head and the shores of Holderness.

(To be continued.)

PUGILISM.

TOM BELCHER AND BILL RYAN.

THE combat which had been for some time in agitation between Tom Belcher, brother to the noted champion, and Bill Ryan, son of the late pugilist of that name, was, on Friday, November 31, decided at Wilsdon Green, on the Edgeware Road, where the hard battle between Blake and Holmes was fought, and where Pittoon beat Will Wood, a few months since.—This fight was to have taken place on the Monday previous; but a consultation having been held among the gentry of the fist on Monday evening, and differences respecting the purse to be fought for having been settled, Friday, as above, was fixed on for the decisive day. Early in the morning the road leading to the seat of action was filled with vehicles of every description, from the chariot to the dust cart, accompanied with the usual groupe of pedestrians.

The parties arrived at Wilsdon Green, soon after ten o'clock, where a ring was formed by the spectators, who anxiously waited the event of the fight. Belcher appeared confident of success, and threw his hat into the ring, as an act of defiance to his antagonist, who entertained the same confidence of success, and received his bravado with a smile. After waiting

ing a few minutes, the fight commenced, and bets were six to four on Belcher.

The first round commenced without sparring; some clean hits were made, which were well stopped by each. The champions closed and both fell. The 3d and 4th rounds were fought without ceremony, to the advantage of Ryan. The 6th round was fought with determined courage, Belcher put in a clean blow on the temple of his antagonist, who fell somewhat distressed. Bets were at this time 7 to 4 on Belcher.

There was no material alteration in the contest until the 18th round, which was well maintained on both sides, Belcher hit his antagonist a clean blow over the mouth—Ryan rallied, and knocked him down. At this stage of the fight Belcher evidently shewed symptoms of distress, and bets were equal. Ryan, after this, became the favourite, although Belcher displayed equally scientific skill. At the 30th round the friends of Belcher began to despair of success, although he fought manfully, but he appeared greatly distressed, and Ryan knocked him down four successive rounds. At the 35th round, Belcher, the noted champion, got from off a coach, and whispered to his brother, who seemed to profit by his advice, and he exerted himself in the 36th and 37th rounds, when he fell apparently lifeless.—He, however, fought another round to his disadvantage, and, while falling, Ryan struck him a hard blow, which decided the fight.

At this moment the ring was broken, and a general fight took place. The friends of Belcher declared that the last blow was foul, and consequently he was entitled to the purse. Bob Watson, a pretended pugilist, challenged to fight any man who should maintain that the blow was not foul; but on Joe Ward displaying buff, this great man was struck silent, and the affair was left to be determined by a gentleman amateur, who held the purse, and who conceived that Belcher had been beaten for a quarter of an hour before he gave in. The victor, Ryan, then received the purse, which ended the dispute. The combatants were both much beaten, particularly Belcher. Tom Jones and Dick Whale seconded Ryan; and Belcher was seconded by George Maddox and Joe Norton. Several gentlemen amateurs were on the ground; and among the gentry of the fist were Belcher, Bill Ward, Burke, Mendoza, Holmes, &c.

In consequence of a word being dropped, Burke challenged to fight any Jew in England for 100 guineas at a week's notice.

TYROLIAN HUNTER.

THE Tyrolian mountaineers are passionately fond of the chase, and train their children to it. In every village there is a little square appropriated, where the young people practise shooting at a mark, as soon as they are able to carry a gun. The best marksmen amongst them frequently go to the different places of Germany where prizes for shooting are distributed, and never return till they have gained some. The pursuit of the chamois*, which is allowed to be the most toilsome and difficult of all hunting, is that which has the greatest attraction for the Tyrolian. Lightly clad, wearing a large green hat to keep off the sun, his gun slung at his back like a soldier's musket, and a stick pointed with iron in his hand, he traverses the deepest valleys, and the highest mountains, on which he passes several days successively. His haversac, which is commonly cuvered with fur, and in which he carries his provisions,

* See our Magazine for October last, page 21.

provisions, a small speaking trumpet, and a pair or iron hooks, serves him also for a pillow by night. He makes use of the iron hooks in climbing the most rugged rocks; and, being often obliged to go down them, or leap from one rock to another, he frequently finds it expedient to make a considerable incision in the soles of his feet, that the blood which comes from it may stick about them, and make a kind of paste to prevent his slipping!—What will not keen sportsmen endure and inflict on themselves!—Self-denial and pain are forgotten in the pursuits to which man is passionately devoted. The philosopher, intent on the solution of a problem, forgets his meal; and the hunter in the chase braves death, and is regardless of wounds.

OATLANDS' STAKES—1805.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs each, h. ft. and only 10gs if declared on or before the 31st day of December, 1804. To be run for on Tuesday in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1805.—Ditch in.—If there should be sixteen Subscribers, to be divided, and two classes formed, to run on Tuesday and Wednesday in the same Meeting.

	Ages.	*st.*	*lb*
Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor	6 yrs	9	6
Duke of Grafton's Parasol	4 yrs	9	1
Mr Watson's Duxbury	5 yrs	8	9
Lord Sackville's Enchanter	5 yrs	8	7
Sir F. Standish's Brother to Stamford	4 yrs	8	6
Mr Lake's Giles	6 yrs	8	4
Mr Wardel's Lady Brough	3 yrs	8	3
Mr Abbey's Margery	5 yrs	8	2
Sir J. Shelley's Julia	5 yrs	8	1
Mr Wardell's Gratitude	3 yrs	7	13
Mr Howorth's Harefoot	5 yrs	7	11
Mr Wardell's Houghton Lass	3 yrs	7	11
Mr Kellermann's Mary	4 yrs	7	10
Mr Ladbroke's Bustard	3 yrs	7	10
Mr R. Weatherill's Flambeau	6 yrs	7	9
Mr Howorth's Enterprise	3 yrs	7	9
General Gower's La Mancha	3 yrs	7	5
Mr R. Boyce's Brainworm	3 yrs	7	3
Mr Wilson's Maiden, by Sir Peter	3 yrs	6	12
Mr Branthwayt's ch. c. by Guildford, out of Slammerkin	3 yrs	6	12
Mr Collett's Phœnix, by Sir Peter	4 yrs	6	10
Mr Howard's Blemished Boy	4 yrs	6	10
Mr Kellermann's bay colt, by Petworth	3 yrs	6	10
Mr W. Fenwick's Miss Coiner	3 yrs	6	8
Mr Abbey's Virgin, by Sir Peter	3 yrs	6	7
Mr R. Weatherill's Haughty	3 yrs	6	0

Mr Mellish did not name.

The above Stakes closed on the 1st inst. and were handicapped, and the weights declared on Saturday the 15th.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

BON MOT.

A MAN came to the Mansion-House a few days ago, to complain of his having been robbed, but could not give the least intimation respecting the thief. "What does the man want?" inquired the Lord Mayor. "Why, I believe," replied one of the marshals, "he expects to find your Lordship a *conjuror*, who can help him to his stolen goods." "Then you may tell him I am no such thing; nor do I remember any person of that description sitting in this chair for several years past."

A SHORT time since, it happened an honest broad-brimmed quaker, by accident, dined with five or six jolly parsons, at a village near Bath. As the glass went round, each Spin-text gave his toast or sentiment; at length it came to Broadbrim's turn to give his toast or sentiment, but he insisted he would not give any, it being contrary to the principles of his persuasion to do so; upon this, the reverend divines became very clamorous, and threatened to *pokerise* the poor quaker.—"Nay, friend," says Broadbrim, "if I must give a sentiment, why I will then;" and taking up the glass, and looking slyly at his companions, "Forbearance to the black slug, that devours one tenth of the husbandman's labour."

BON MOT.—A Liverpool gentleman, of Hibernian extraction, not less remarkable for the suavity of his manners than the gentility of his person, stopped lately at a butcher's stall, and *sans cérémonie*, addressed the master with some apparent warmth, "What's the price of pork to-day?"—"Ten-pence," was the reply. "Hogs are saucy," rejoined Pat. "*So I perceive*," replied the gentleman of the knife and cleaver, casting an arch look at his customer! It is unnecessary to add, that the conversation was abruptly broken off.

LEXICOGRAPHICAL DISTINCTION.

(A Circuit Tale versified.)

ONCE a quaker in court on a trial subpœn'd,
Who of each word he spoke the true meaning well weén'd;
By —— —— examin'd, while Erskine stood by,
For the counsellor's wherefore had always a why,
And while answer to question he gave *apropos*,
He would often make use of *likewise* and *also*;
Likewise and *also*, says the brow-beating lawyer,
Don't bore us so much with your meeting-house jaw here;
Likewise and also have no meaning but one,
So with such vile tautology, Stiff-rump, have done.
I deny thy remark, quoth the quaker, quite cool,
And who says they're synonimous, must be a fool;

There's

There's the man at thy elbow, a lawyer confess'd,
Which is not the case with each lawyer profess'd,
For thou, my good friend, as plain dealing I prize,
Art a lawyer *also*, but by no means LIKEWISE!

AN Irish Gentleman, at an inn in Bath, upon receiving his Bill, observed a charge of 16s. for *Whiskey*. "By Holy St. Patrick," said he to the waiter, "though I am not so low as to dispute your bill altogether, I will not be tricked out of sixteen shillings for an article I never had—*Whiskey?*" continued the enraged Hibernian, "why the devil a drop have I tasted since I left my own dear country, and I wish I had some now." Upon explanation it turned out, that instead of the Irish beverage, *Whiskey*, the article charged in the bill was a one-horse *Chaise*, (i. e. a *Whiskey*) in which the gentleman had taken an airing the day before.

A GENTLEMAN coming to town on Saturday, in one of the coaches, a passenger was picked up, who swore most terribly; and repeating several times "d— my blood"—the gentleman having had the misfortune to cut his face, which he could not stop from bleeding, said with great good humour, "I wish Sir, you would rather have the kindness to dam *my* blood, which I have some time been endeavouring to do without success."

A CERTAIN Divine, about to change his congregation, mentioned that subject from the pulpit.—After service was over, an old negro man, who was one of his admirers, went up and asked him his motive for leaving his flock. The parson answered, "I have a call!"—"Ay, massa," returned the negro. "who call you?" "God Almighty," replied the parson. "Aye, massa, he call you?" "Yes, Jack, he called me." "Massa, what you get here?" "Why, I get L.200 a year." "And what you get toder place?" "Why, I am to get L400." "Ah! massa, God Almighty call you till he be blind from L.400 to L.200, you no go."

FROM a late Clonmel Journal.—Ran away, last night, my wife, Bridget Coole; she is a tight neat body, and has lost one leg; she was seen riding behind the priest of the parish through Fermoy, and as we never was married, I will pay no debts she does not contract: she lisps with one tooth, and is always talking about fairies, and is of no use but to the owner.—Phelim Coole."

A CUSTOM-HOUSE Officer lately allowed himself to become intoxicated, when he ought to have been active in his business. A waggish brother observed, that Mr. Gauge had been perfectly attentive to his *customs*, but negligent to his *duties*.

AN Irish Gentleman in company a few nights since, seeing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible, called out lustily, "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of dayuent candles, just that I may see how those others burn!"

AN Attorney, notorious for fomenting disturbances in hope of gaining fresh clients, seeing an old pot companion scuffling with another, lately, advised him by all means to pull of his clothes, "for if you get them torn to pieces, what will you do then?" "Do!" cried the other, "why as you do every day—kick up a dust for a new *suit*.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S NEW STABLES AT BRIGHTON.

THESE stables, which are in great forwardness, and just covered in, will far surpass, in beauty and magnificence, any similar buildings now in Europe. They are erected upon the Grove Promenade, where two hundred artificers have been employed for several months, and are expected to be finished early in the spring.

This beautiful structure is built in the form of an amphitheatre, with a circular ride in the centre, round which there are stabling or stalls for 50 horses, so completely constructed, that his Royal Highness, in riding round the ride, may view every horse in the stable, each being an equal distance from the other, with a door leading to each, with two grand doors, or entrances, one opposite the Pavilion, and the other to the Promenade; the roof of the building forms a dome, lighted all round by rows of crown glass. Suspended from the cap are a variety of Chinese figures, pigeon holes, bells, &c. over which, we understand, is to be a pedestal 18 feet high, with an emblematic figure.

ON Tuesday, Dec. 11, a match for 100gs was run over the Beverley course, betwixt Mr. Darley's grey horse, rode by Shepherd, and Captain French's bay horse, rode by Cade, and won easy by Mr. Darley.

WE understand a match will be run on the last day of the Malton Craven Meeting, 1805, by Mr. Masterman's dun horse, John Doe, by Ormond, and Mr. Boulton's bay mare, Mrs. Roe, by Astonishment, for 50gs, h. ft. To carry 8st. 7lb. each. Four miles.

THE match betwixt Eagle and Hippocampus is off by consent.

ON Wednesday, 28th ult, a long depending bet was decided, between a butcher in Brook's market, and a smith of the same place; the latter agreed to walk the first five miles on the Highgate road for twenty gaineas, which was won by the butcher, with great ease, in 57 minutes and two seconds, leaving his opponent nearly half a mile behind. Several private bets were depending.

THURSDAY morning, 29th ult, a foot race, for a handsome wager took place on the Borrows, near Swansea, between Lieut. Young, of the Royal Navy, and Mr. Cleves, of Wind-street, which was won with great ease by the Lieutenant, who left his opponent considerably astern. Another bet was likewise decided between two persons, one of whom engaged to run from a house near the quay to the Angel at Greenhill, and back again, a distance of more than a mile, before the other could eat a penny loaf; which, notwithstanding the present diminutive size of the latter, he performed

ed before the unlucky gormandizer had finished his meal.

On Tuesday the 18th instant, Mr. Richard Lowndes, late of Chester, but now of Northwich, leather-cutter, undertook for a considerable wager to walk from Northwich to the sixth mile-stone on the road leading to this city, a distance of six miles and near a quarter, in one hour, which he performed in fifty-nine minutes and a half. The morning was very unfavourable for his purpose, owing to a little snow having fallen, which was followed with a very thick fog. Very considerable bets were laid upon the occasion. The same gentleman, about two months since, undertook to walk from Northwich to Manchester, a distance of 21 miles, in five successive hours, which he performed with ease in four hours and three minutes.

On Monday, Dec. 17, a foot race, for a purse, was run on the Edgeware Road, between John Ward, of pugilistic notoriety, and Handy, a shoemaker, at Paddington. Ward was conducted to the place of performance by most of the pugilists of the day, and the same compliment was paid to the son of Crispin, by a tribe of his brethren, followed by a groupe of St. Monday's pedestrians. The ground fixed on for the race was, from Pine Apple Place to Hill House, a distance of three furlongs. At starting, Ward gave his antagonist ten yards, and beat him by six, having performed the task in less than two minutes. The gentry of the fist picked up a trifle by the race.

A young man, for a wager of ten guineas, engaged to hop upon one leg for three quarters of an hour, which he performed, the beginning of this month, in Bridge-st. Blackfriars, with apparent ease.—He went a distance of two miles and a quarter in the time.

A short time since, an Irish labourer, at a public house, at Newington, for a trifling wager, engaged to eat three pounds of bacon, a pound of treacle, 30 eggs, and a quartern loaf, and drink half a gallon of beer. He was allowed half an hour to complete the same, but devoured the whole in 25 minutes; and afterwards offered a shilling to be permitted to sup off a goose, then roasting for supper, which offer the host declined.

For the amusement of naturalists and others of our readers, we give the following description of a bird, of the eagle tribe, which was shot a few days since at Stockeld Park, near Withirby by Mr. Cummins, gamekeeper to the Countess of Aberdeen, in the grounds near the house.—It is of such enormouse size and strength, as to receive the shot of three discharges before it was secured; and it then defended itself so powerfully, as to elude every device Mr Cummins could exercise to seize it, till he offered the muzzle of his gun, which it seized with such avidity, as to hang in that position till he reached the house.—It is still alive, and measures 9 feet 4 inches from the extremities of the wings to its beak. Its talons, &c. display astonishing strength.

On Monday morning, the 10th inst. an accident of a singular nature happened at the foot of one of the parks of Balgay, in Scotland, which lie contiguous to the river. A young man who had gone to that place to shoot wild ducks, lay watching his prey behind a bush, with his hat off. Another young man in pursuit of similar sport, hearing a rustling noise, and indstinctly perceiving through the dusk (for the sun had not yet risen) a creature with hair of a brownish

brownish red colour, in that situation, concluded it must be a fox, and fired, when his unfortunate brother sportsman received the contents of the piece in the left side of his head and shoulders. Part of the shot penetrated the ball of the left eye. It was at first thought he could not survive; there is now, however, every reason to believe he will live, but with the loss of an eye.

On Wednesday morning, the 12th inst, four fine mares were drowned in the river Dee, at Handbridge, belonging to Mr. Jones, of Brymbo, near Wrexham.—It appears, they had just been loosed from the team, and were turned down to drink, linked together, when the first going in too far, the frash in the river took her off her feet, and by plunging, the others were drawn in, and all attempts to save them were ineffectual.—The poor man who drove the team, and witnessed the accident, went home in a state bordering on distraction.

On Friday, 30th ult. as a boy, about twelve years of age, apprentice to Mr. Herbert, of Ledminster, Herefordshire, shoemaker, was washing a large mastiff in the river Lugg, in the Old Fields, near that town, the bank where he stood being undermined by the current, suddenly gave way, and they both sunk together in a very deep and rapid part of the stream; the boy, very fortunately, had firm hold of the collar, and the dog being a powerful animal, at length succeeded in gaining the shore upon a gravel bank, about twenty yards below the place where they fell in: the boy being nearly exhausted, remained some time on the bank, before he was able to move, the dog standing by him; but as soon as he was so far recovered as to get up and walk, the poor animal expressed his joy, by jumping round him and caressing him. What is very remarkable, and shews the wonderful interposition of Providence, the dog had once a narrow escape from drowning, by his collar getting fast in a stump as he was swimming; after which time, the collar was always taken off before the dog was suffered to go into the water, except in this instance, when it was very providentially the means of saving the boy's life.

Last month, Mr. Powell, of Okeover Hall, Derbyshire, shot a species of woodcock, supposed from the inspection of several sportsmen, as well as gamekeepers, never to have been before seen in this country. Its plumage, a bright chesnut, faintly mottled, except the neck and breast, which were nearly white, as well as the legs and feet. The head and eyes larger than the common sort, and bill thicker, of a beautiful brown colour. It weighed eleven ounces, and was flushed in very thick cover, rose with great rapidity, and seemed uncommonly strong on the wing.

The loss of the Yorkshire Mr. Dawson, who died lately, will be severely felt by the gentlemen of the turf; by all of whom he was highly respected.—Mr. Dawson was the breeder of the following running-horses, &c. Roscius, Mrs. Siddons, Frater, Peg Woffington, Sir Thomas, Sulky, Screveton, Diamond, Stickler, Hyperion, Hippopotamus, Hippocampus, and many others:—He was also the owner of Coriander, Quando, Jack-a-Lantern, Quiz, Macmanus, &c &c.—He has left a widow and nine children to lament his irreparable loss.

During the night of Friday, 21st inst. some miscreants broke

into the stable of Mr. Joseph Payne, of Bourton-on-the-Water, in the county of Gloucester, and stole a valuable mare—which, after taking a short distance from the premises, they tied to a tree, and then cut its throat.

On Monday, 26th ult. a *caning match* happened at Windsor, between two Poor Knights of the Castle, on their returning from church. The celebrated Sir John Dineley, who has often advertised for a moneyed wife, and whose eccentricities are familiar to the public, was returning from the cathedral prayers, with his brother knights, when the conversation turned upon the income tax. Sir John, and one of his brethren, argued warmly upon the properties of the act, which does not affect either of them, insomuch, that Sir John felt the weight of his opponent's cane. Sir John was asked on Wednesday, if he meant to prosecute? when the eccentric knight replied, "Surely; and as it happened on my returning home from church, I intend to indict under the 5th and 6th of Edw. c. 4. §. 3. whereby I shall get him excommunicated from the church; and beside that, he will be adjudged to have one of his ears cut off." Sir John has obtained a warrant for the assault, and persists in it that he is entitled to one of the ears of his opponent.

Stalking Horse.—Of all the expressions used in political controversy, few are more frequent than the term *stalking-horse*, yet the origin of the phrase is rarely understood. Before the invention of guns, lime twigs, nets, glades, gins, strings, baits, pit-falls, setting-dogs, and decoy ducks, stalking-horses were employed for procuring game. The stalking-horse was a horse trained for the purpose, and covered with trappings, so as to conceal the sportsman from the victim of his art. It was particularly useful to the archer, by affording him an opportunity of approaching the birds unseen by them, so near, that his arrows might easily reach them; but as this method was sometimes inconvenient, and often impracticable, the fowler had recourse to a canvas figure, stuffed, and painted like a horse grazing, but sufficiently light, that it might be moved with pleasure with one hand. These deceptions were also made in the form of oxen, cows, and stags, for variety. The Harleian MS. marked 2284, in the collection at the British Museum, contains inventories of the wardrobes belonging to Henry VIII. and in these we find the allowance of certain quantities of stuff, for the purpose of making stalking-coats, and stalking-hose, for the use of his Majesty.

A most *dreadful warfare* was lately waged in Ashdown Park, where in the course of a few days, Lord Craven killed no less than *sixteen hundred hares*.

Some time ago, a hare was caught swimming in the Humber, which, it is supposed, she had taken in consequence of having been pressed by her enemies on shore.

Worming of Dogs.—It is surprising that this operation, formerly so frequent, is not practised upon every dog. It is true, that it does not prevent dogs from catching the canine madness; but the tongues of dogs that have been wormed, immediately swell after they become mad, which prevents their jaws closing, and effectually hinders them from biting. They become torpid and stupid, as has been fully ascertained by many late experiments.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ADDRESS

On the Debut of the Young Roscius at Covent Garden Theatre.

IMPATIENT for renown, all hope and fear,
How many a Candidate has ventur'd here;
Where dawning merit never miss'd its aim,
But reached, by due degrees, the heights of fame.
Yet now, unheeding study's servile cares,
—So rumour with her hundred tongues, declares—
A youth your favour courts, whose early prime
Derides the tedious growth of ling'ring time;
Mature at once, when nature urg'd he strove,
Starting like Pallas from the brain of Jove.
But think not, though on Fortune's swelling tide,
Led by exulting fame he travels wide;
Think not he comes with vain triumphant sail,
Nor dreads the dangers of an adverse gale.
Though crowds on crowds have join'd in fond acclaim,
Through his bright track, to bear aloft his name;
And to complete at length his bold career,
Have sent his little bark in safety here:
Not pride, but gratitude, has warm'd his breast,
And hence alarms his modest doubts suggest,
Lest that applause has been with gen'rous rage,
Not lavish'd on his genius but his age.
He knows the temper of a British mind,
For merit zealous, but to error kind;
Nor can he deem his honours justly due,
"Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd, by you."

SONGS

From the new Comic Opera of Thirty Thousand; or, Who's the Richest?

FORESAIL.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS on the spot, in ancient lore oft nam'd,
Where Isis and Osiris once held sway,
O'er kings who sleep in pyramidic pride;
But now for British valour far more fam'd,
Since Nelson's band achiev'd a glorious day,
And, crown'd with laurel, Abercrombie died.

AIR.

Her roseate colours the dawn had not shed,
O'er the field which stern slaughter had tinted too red,

'Twas

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

WHILE philosophers sternly declaim,
Make comments, dispute, and abuse,
With vigour each tenet maintain,
And nought, but true candour refuse;

Let us, pitying such rancour and strife,
Or rather despising such folly,
On the other hand pass thro' our life,
Good natured, contented, and jolly.

For in pleasure alone shall we find,
And experience confirms this belief,
Any solace, or joy for the mind,
Either transient or constant relief:

Then to pleasure, like men of true taste,
Ourselves let us ever devote;
Nor our prime, let's ingloriously waste,
From this goddess's mansions remote.

Tho' proud pedants through envy may blame us,
Their charges are futile and vain;
And their rhetoric need not alarm us,
While these maxims we coolly maintain:

To their rancour we'll then bid defiance,
Nor mind what they foolishly plead,
While we place our most steady reliance
On axioms which cannot recede.

W. W.

THE COCKNEY ANGLER'S SONG.

Suggested by the "Cockney, a Parody of the Maroon Song," in the Magazine for November.

ROUSE, rouse! brother anglers, nor slothfully sleep,
For the sun through the fog shews his face;
Believe me, my lads, we shall make the fish weep,
If a tear ever fell from a dace.

The bell from Saint Giles's has toll'd five o'clock!
Then away to the *New River's* side;
Let the *shooters* to kill the poor sparrows fast flock,
And behind all the *brick-kilns* go hide.
From a *musket's* dread tube let them aim at their prey,
Ducks, geese, or whate'er they come near,
Pigs, puppies, or poultry, if distant they stray
From the home where they never knew fear;

But we, *jolly fishermen*, scorn such mean arts,
While a *minnow* remains to be caught,
We're *the boys* that from river-side pleasures ne'er *starts*,
For with health and delight they are fraught.

Then rouse, brother anglers, nor slothfully sleep,
For the sun through the fog shews his face,
Believe me, my lads, we shall make the fish weep,
If a tear ever fell from a dace.

Dec, 3, 1804. J. M. L.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OBSERVATION

On reading the Account of Mrs. Thornton's recent Race at York.

OH now! forsooth! when ladies ride a race,
And vie with men in every manly grace,
Could but our grandmothers on earth arise,
How would such sights astound their wond'ring eyes?
They who Commandments ten, in cross-stitch wrought,
And good morality on sampler's taught;
Who never rode but on some festive day,
When behind John, upon a long-tail'd grey:—
Strapp'd to a modest pillion's sober side,
My good aunt Deborah came out a bride;
She a long-waisted Joseph proudly wore,
And, on her head, an ample bonnet bore:
What would she say, to see the modern maid,
With jockey sleeves, and velvet cap array'd,
Dashing thro' thick and thin, to gain the post,
And swearing, when she finds her wishes cross'd!

OLIVIA OLDSTOCK.

Old-Street, Nov. 30, *Old Stile.*

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JANUARY, 1805.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

One of A. B.'s Letters on the Descent of the Muses, in our ne[illegible]

A country correspondent who frequently obliges us to correct his bad spelling, should not complain if we sometimes alter his mode of composition in other respects.

We shall always be glad to hear from a Classical correspondent upon Sporting, &c. as long as he confines himself within the bounds of truth and probability.

Several poetical favours in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

Mrs Thornton.

Pub. Feb. 1, 1802, by J. Wallis, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1805.

SPORTING PORTRAIT OF MRS. THORNTON.

A beautiful Engraving.

THE proprietors feel much pleasure in being able to present their friends with a highly finished portrait of the above-mentioned lady, so justly distinguished for her skill in horsemanship. The dress, in imitation of a tyger's skin, is correctly copied from that worn on the late memorable race, which took place on Knavesmire, at the last York August meeting. On which occasion, a very rare instance of female courage was displayed to an astonished multitude, consisting of little less than 30,000 people, among whom were the first characters on the turf.

PUGILISM, OR BREACH OF THE PEACE.

AT the Surry Sessions, January 22, Thomas Owen was indicted for a riot and conspiracy, in aiding and abetting Bourke and Pearce, bruisers of notoriety, to fight a pitched battle on Putney Common, in January last.

Mr. Morris, in stating the case against the defendant, remarked, that the principal object of this indictment was to convince the public of their misconception in believing that boxing contests were legal. Law and humanity, he observed, forbid them, and the feeling mind naturally revolted at the conduct of those, who for the sake of betting, became the instruments of the cruelty and fatal consequences which too frequently occurred between the combatants. The parties, who fought from a false notion of honour, might have an excuse, but what apology the seconds could make upon such occasions, he was at a loss to determine. The learned counsel then related the offence on the part of the defendant, which was disclosed in the following evidence.

Richard Lovett, a constable, belonging to the Public Office, Marlborough-street, stated, that in consequence of an information, he was sent by Mr. Conant, the magistrate, to disperse a great number of persons, who had assembled on Putney Common, at a fight. When witness arrived on the common, he saw Bourke, Pearce, Gibbon, the defendant Owen, Baldwin, and upwards

of

of 1500 people. The defendant was second to Bourke, and Gibbon was second to Pearce. The fight had began, when witness broke into the ring with Jackson, another officer, and told the defendant and others loudly, that he was an officer, sent by the magistrates at Marlborough-street, to desire them to disperse, and go to their homes, or they would be prosecuted; the fight continued notwithstanding such injuction, and lasted an hour, when Bourke was dreadfully bruised and carried off the field. Jackson, the police officer, corrobated the testimony of the last witness.

Mr. Lawes, on the part of the defendant, contended that his client was entitled to acquittal, and no more guilty of a conspiracy than the noblemen and others who remained after the police officer had warned them to depart. If Cicero the orator, or a herald with a trumpet, had endeavoured, at the commencement of the fight, to persuade the spectators to retire, he observed their efforts would have proved unavailing—the contest had begun, and during the confusion the defendant and others could not hear what the police officer imparted. Upon a clear view of the defendant's conduct, he trusted the jury would not entertain a belief of his guilt; but, from the circumstance of his having served his Majesty in the impress service for a number of years with the greatest respectability, they would, by their verdict, release him from the degrading situation in which he then stood.

After some deliberation the jury found the defendant guilty—and the chairman, after a suitable address, sentenced him to be imprisoned three months.

Gibbon, second to Pearce, was tried for the same offence, at Kingston, last assizes, and imprisoned one month.

COCKNEY FOX-HUNT.

ON Saturday, Jan. 26, the singular appearance of a fox, in the fields behind the Foundling Hospital, afforded admirable diversion to a numerous body of cockney sportsmen. The unfortunate animal, which had been kept from a cub, in a domestic state, by a gentleman at Hampstead, unlukily forsook his protector, and ran towards town, where he was no sooner discovered than beset by butcher's dogs, and the whole class of curs in the vicinity; he was consequently compelled to avoid impending destruction, and accordingly entered several streets and windings in the above neighbourhood, followed by persons on horseback, with a multitude of pedestrians of all descriptions, whose clamours conveyed sensations of danger among the inhabitants, many believing the town in a state of insurrection, until they beheld the object of pursuit, which, after being severely whipped by coachmen, and otherwise cruelly treated, sought refuge in the area of a gentleman's house in Tavistock-square, where he was humanely rescued from the fury of his unqualified enemies, in order to be restored to his owner. The fox had a black collar on.

FALCONER'S HALL.

ON Friday, the 30th of November, Lord Middleton, and a number of sporting gentlemen, arrived at eleven—the morning being uncommonly fine. At twelve, the deer pen was opened, from whence instantly bounded a beautiful hart; after twenty minutes law, the famous old hound Consul and some other stag-hounds were laid on, and the smaller hounds (termed beagles)

beagles) close at their heels. The deer took them over Boythorpe Sheep Walk, Foxhole's Field, and turned for the Grange, where the pack gaining upon him at every stroke, soon run up to a view, and so continued till he had recrossed the Sheep Walk, affording a noble and emulative burst who should first head and stop the hounds; this not being so easily accomplished, they continued to press him close to his haunches through Mr. Pricket's plantations, till he took shelter and stood at bay behind some cornstacks near Langtoft. The first and soonest at hand to preserve him from the ferocious attack of the hounds, was the colonel—equal in the *field*, *love*, and *war*—who came up upon his favourite Esterhazy, nearly exhausted, as the horses of his servants had been long before.

With the colonel's assistance, the deer was extricated from his perilous situation, and springing over some very high and almost incredible fences, broke view, and continuing his career about a mile farther, the hounds were then headed and properly stopt. In a few minutes, Lord M. and the major part of the company got up, *pretty well blown*; and Mrs. Thornton, who had been compelled to change her horse, seemed exceedingly mortified at having been thrown out; and rode the own sister to Hermione during the remainder of the chase.

Twenty minutes law were then again given the deer, when the hounds were laid on, and ran breast high to a sheet of water, to where their game had *taken soil*. From thence, the beagles exultingly enjoyed the scent, and carried it on most admirably to Coulum Rabbit-warren, where the infinity of rabbits for some time retarded the chase; they were, however, speedily lifted, and made a cast round the warren, and in a short time hit the part off, going at a good rate towards Driffield; where, after turning to the inclosures, he continued his course to Ganton, where he was run up to and taken unhurt, after a most excellent chase of three hours and forty seven minutes, a circumstance never before seen in that part of the country. Lord Middleton changed horses three times; the Honourable J. Proby, four times; and Mrs. Thornton, twice.

ON Thursday, Dec. 6, Sir M. M. Sykes's hounds threw off at Mowthorpe Dale, and unkennelled a brace of foxes at the same instant of time; the hounds of course divided, and the morning being foggy, it was some time before the huntsman could get them together again; which, when he did, the weather being much improved, he drew through Lord Morpeth's plantation; but not finding there, he went on to Caliswood, where the hounds luckily caught drag and carried it handsomely up to their fox, who instantly broke covert in general view, and went away boldly over Coneysthorpe moors, skirting the banks forward to Easthorpe park, through Mr. Royd's plantations, for Sir George Strictland's woods at Hildenley, where making a short turn, and checking the wind, went over the low grounds, leaving Bog Hall to the left, and up to Lord Fitzwilliam's woods; then crossed Coneysthorpe banks, from whence he most boldly faced the heights with the wind full in his teeth into Rydale, and run over the manors of Barton, Appleby, and Amotherby; turned at Swinton, and made for the Woodlands again, leaving Mr. Hebdon's high farm house to the left, thro' his spring wood to Coneysthorpe, Ox Close Whin, through Head Hagg, into

into Castle Howard park, across the Mill-hill to the Ray Wood, which displayed a most enchanting scene; the hounds carrying so complete a head, they might have been covered with a sheet: after breaking Ray Wood, he took along the terrace in the south front of the Castle to the evergreens, where he was accidentally headed, but broke away again most gallantly at the north side of the castle, leaving the large lake to the right, passing the avenues, the park keeper's lodge, and over the lawn to the noted covert, the stone quarry, which he darted through like an arrow, and left the park for Shaw Wood, down Bell Bottom, over the Sheep Walks to Slingsby Banks; then sinking the wind, crossed Sir Thomas Slingsby's manor, by Baxter Howe, up to Hollyhill, when the termination of a long day so rapidly approached, it was thought prudent to withdraw, and the hounds were halloo'd off after three hours as hard and fervent running as ever was seen or known in any part of the kingdom. It has been some time suggested that fox hunting had been greatly upon the decline in the Castle Howard country, but now it seems returning to its former degree of perfection, from the great number of neighbouring gentlemen who meet with the greatest cheerfulness, mirth, and unanimity; in fact it is not possible to be otherwise, as the worthy possessor of the pack meets every individual with equal urbanity, and personally endeavours to dissemminate the most general and unsullied gratifications. The hounds, under the management of Carter, continue daily to improve, and of course to increase in celebrity, the country is full of foxes, and its inhabitants, replete with good humour and brotherly affection, so that the least doubt of a famous season need not be entertained.

THE ROYAL CHASE,

WE are sorry to say, has as yet afforded, this season, no chases of length or singularity to excite particular attention in the recital; but we much more regret that, barren as they have been, they should be so wretchedly misrepresented to the public in the diurnal prints; being evidently transmitted from the pen of some illiterate subordinate in the retinue, who is a total stranger to the country he rides in, the names of the parishes he passes through, and the names of the owners frequently in the field themselves, whose noble mansions they have so repeatedly in view. Instances innumerable might be adduced, but few shall suffice. That we are constantly told the "stag goes off with great swiftness" can be considered no great novelty, because it is naturally to be conceived they have so done for five centuries past, and most likely will for the five to come.

We have Sir J. Maltby's for Sir Joseph Mawbey's, and Batley for Botley's; also Waireld for Warfield, and Workington for Oakingham. They remove the residence of poor Sir William Abdy, Bart. without his consent, to Cobham near Byfleet, although it is universally known to be the manor house of Chobham, near Bagshot, in the middle of Windsor Forest; and yet this is eternally Cobham in the printed accounts of the chase, and is a palpable imposition upon every reader's understanding. As it is our province to point out faults, so it is our duty to amend them; it may therefore be expected that whatever is reported in the Sporting Magazine, under this head, will always lay claim to the stamp of authenticity.

ON

ON Saturday, the 1st. ult. at about half past ten, his Majesty, accompanied by the duke of Cambridge with the usual retinue, arrived at the obelisk near Swinley Lodge, in Windsor Forest, where the Earl of Sandwich—as master of the stag hounds—surrounded by nearly two hundred horsemen, were waiting his Majesty's approach. On the arrival of his Majesty, during the ceremony of changing his hack for his hunter, and passing the usual condescending compliments of the morning to his neighbouring friends, the hounds and horns continued their congratulations in perfect unison. At the termination of this most enchanting and entertaining prelude, a signal was given by the master of the hounds, and a remarkable fine deer was instantly liberated in full view of the company; who being already impatiently elate, were equally eager with their canine associates to enter upon the chase. At first going off, his speed and majestic deportment, seemed to promise a persevering courage, indicating a long day; but when he had made a display of his deceptive powers, for about three miles, he suddenly threw up—halted—turned—and confidently faced his pursuers, coming in miriads fast upon him. When, finding the hounds nearly at his haunches, he became, as it were, instantly panic-struck; his false confidence forsook him, and he went away with renovated fervour and speed over the open country, gaining a temporary, but short-lived victory with seeming ease; passing the spot of his nativity, and missing the herd, he topped the eight feet paling of Swinley Paddocks, and took refuge in the furze, from whence he was almost immediately roused by the irresistible instinct of the leading hounds, who, seeming absolutely increased in their exasperation, lay pretty close at him through the village of Bracknall, over a part of Priestwood Common, through the inclosures of Binfield, and he was at length run up to and pulled down, in endeavouring to leap a ditch of some magnitude, after a tolerable run of an hour and a half; at the termination of which, his Majesty and the Duke were up in good time. Some of the forwardest hounds had the deer down, and were operating most powerfully upon him in the ditch; but, by the very laudable and persevering efforts of the huntsman and yeomen prickers, his life was preserved.

ON Tuesday, the 11th, his Majesty and usual attendants arrived at the place appointed for meeting soon after eleven o'clock; when the stag was almost immediately turned out, and the hounds laid on without any farther delay. Going off most gaily, he made his first point for the King's dog-kennel; this passing, he doubled by the wood side, boldly topped the forest fences through the inclosure to Winkfield Plain, over which he crossed, and pointed for St. Leonard's Hill, where, being headed by wood-cutters, he recrossed the plain, leaving Cranbourne Lodge on the left, and through the inclosures surrounding Mr. Crutchley's Park, to Sunning Hill, where he was taken unhurt after an excellent run of two hours, during the whole of which he gave evident proofs of great speed and adequate power, though he declined leaving his country. After this chase, the fluctuating state of the weather, in the first instance, and its intense severity in the next, having put a temporary stop to the sports of the field, we can only hope that a favourable change will afford opportunity of renewing our reports in proportion to the advances of the better season.

MR. ADAMS'S

MR. ADAMS'S HARRIERS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IF you think the following chase worthy a place in your useful and entertaining Magazine, by inserting it you'll oblige an

Old Sportsman.

ON Tuesday, the 20th of November, the harriers belonging to William Adams, Esq. of Ludlow, drew Seifton Furze Cover, and in less than three minutes unkennelled a fox; went away close to his brush, over the inclosures to the Edgewood, which cover he pursued nearly to the end; upon quitting, crossed over by the Cuckoo's Nest, through the Sally Coppy, and into Child's Wood; from there to the top of Munslow's Common, where he was headed, turned short down the hill through a furze cover at the bottom; from there over the inclosures to Haseldine Cover, which he went through direct, over the inclosures to Delbury Common, through Corfton Back Furze, turned short to the right over the inclosures to Seifton Back Furze; from there over Westop's Hill to the cover he was unkennelled from, through the same to the Grove Wood, from there through a chain of covers to the village of Halford, crossed the river Ony a little higher up, over the turnpike road leading to Shrewsbury, and across the inclosures nearly to Sibdon Castle, turned short to the right over the road leading to Bishop's Castle, through several small coppices, and again crossed the turnpike road, when the hounds nearly ran into him: making another great effort, he broke away from the pack, running through several inclosures, and last of all over an open common, when the hounds got a view, ran into, and killed at the village of Edgeton. The chace lasted two hours and fifty five minutes without a check. The distances allowed by the sportsmen present, was forty miles.

MR. DRAKE'S HARRIERS.

NOTHING can exceed the sport which this well bred pack of harriers has afforded this season. The hunts have been respectably attended, and the amateurs of the chase have been highly gratified with their diversions.

These staunch hounds throw off every Monday morning that the weather will permit, on Crimp in Moorwinstow, Cornwall.

ON Monday, the 10th of December, a numerous party attended the hunt, and a number of dashing steeds were bounding over the turf, when, all of a sudden, the attention of the hunters was attracted by a very unexpected sight. A respectable farmer of the neighbourhood —Mr. Cottle—having seen the hounds near his estate, caught a farm horse, which had been turned out in the morning to graze, mounted him without bridle or saddle, rode him during the chase of one hare, and took every leap to the astonishment and admiration of the spectators, who highly applauded his bold, enterprising, and spirited conduct.

The Editors of the Sporting Magazine are requested to insert the foregoing, as an article of intelligence, in their next number, and they will oblige a number of their constant readers.

COURSING

COURSING MEETINGS.

1804.

SWAFFHAM.

MONDAY, *November* 12.—*First Igborough Field.*

MR Gelwey's Heroine against Mr Brereton's Snake, 1g; uncided.—Mr Brereton's (Mr Bolton's) Nimble against Mr. Moseley's Bellissima, 1g; Bellissima won.——Mr Gelweys Heroine against Mr Brereton's Snake, 1g; undecided.

TUESDAY.—*First Westacre Field.*

THE CUP.

Mr Tyssen's Truth beat Mr Tharp's Gipsey.—Mr Brereton's Serpent beat Mr Moseley's Bragela.—Mr Lovelace's Maiden beat Mr Davenport's Rustic.—Mr F. Hammond's Whirligig beat Sir John Sebright's Philipina.

Matches the same day (Tuesday) after the Cup.

Sir J. Sebright's Philipina against Mr Hamond's Walnut, 1g; Philipina paid forfeit.—Sir J. Sebright's Polite Contesse against Mr F. Hamond's Waxy, 1g; Waxy won.—Mr F. Hamond's Phænomenon against Mr Lovelace's Major, 1g and 1 bye, undecided.—Mr F. Hamond's Wafer against Mr Moseley's Bug, 1g and 2 bye; Bug won. Mr F. Hamond's Whisper beat Mr Moseley's Brilliant, 1g and 2 bye.—Mr F. Hamond's Waxy against Mr Tyssen's Turnpike, 1g; off.

WEDNESDAY.—*Smee Field.*

THE CUP.

Mr Hamond's Whirligig beat Mr Tyssen's Truth; and Mr Lovelace's Maiden beat Mr Brereton's Serpent.

Matches the same Day (Wednesday) after the Cup.

Sir J. Sebright's Pollacca against Mr Lovelace's Miss, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Lovelace's Maria against Mr James's Yarico, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Mr Dover's Daphne beat Col. Otley's Ontario, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Davenport's Rustic beat Mr Tharp's Gagello, 1g and 4 bye.—Mr Davenport's Rustic against Mr Tyssen's Trip, 1g and 1 bye; off.

THURSDAY.—*Clay Field.*

THE CUP.

Mr F. Hamond's Whirligig against Mr Lovelace's Maiden; Maiden won the cup.

Clay Field Match (Thursday) after the Cup.

Sir J. Sebright's Philipina beat Mr F. Hamond's Walnut, 1g.—Sir J. Sebright's Polite Contesse against Mr F. Hamond's Wafer; 1g undecided.—Mr Tharp's Gobble against Mr F. Hamond's Whisper, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Sir John Sebright's Phænomenon against Mr Lovelace's Major, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Davenport's Ruffin beat Mr Tharp's Gipsey, 1g.—Sir W. Clayton's Una against Mr Moseley's Bellissima, 1g and 1 bye; Bellissima won.—Sir W. Clayton's Useful against Mr Dover's Daphne, 1g; undecided.

FRIDAY.—*Second Westacre Field.*

Mr Hamond's Queen against Mr F. Hamond's Windmill, 1g; undecided.—Mr Tharp's Gagable beat Mr F. Hamond's Waxy, 1g and 2 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Thunder against Col. Otley's O'Leary, 1g; O'Leary won.—Sir W. Clayton's Ulysses against Mr F. Hamond's Waxy, 1g; Waxy won.—Mr Brereton's

Brereton's Swift against Mr Tyssen's Theodore, 1g; undecided.—Mr Lovelace's Miss against Mr Tyssen's Truth, 1g and 1 bye; Truth won.—Mr Tharp's Gobble against Mr F. Hamond's Whisper, 1g and 2 bye; Whisper won.—Sir J. Sebright's Polite Contesse against Mr F. Hamond's Wafer, 1g and 1 bye; Wafer won.—Mr Moseley's Bug beat Sir J. Sebright's Philipina, 1g and 4 bye; and Mr Tyssen's Trip beat Major Wilson's Anna, 1g.

SATURDAY.—*Second Igborough Field.*

Mr Mellish's Luna (late Brilliant) beat Mr Tyssen's Thunder, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Moseley's Bellissima against Mr Davenport's Ruby, 1g; Ruby won.—Mr Tyssen's Trip beat Mr Wilson's Anna, 1g.

THETFORD.

Commenced December 10.

MONDAY.—*Harling Field.*

SIR J. Sebright's Pretty Charlotte against Mr Bevan's Fly, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Sir J. Sebright's Phænomenon against Col. Lovelace's Major, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Bevan's Fop against Mr Galwey's Hero, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Sir J. Sebright's Philipina against Mr Hamond's Waxy, 1g; undecided.—Col. Lovelace's puppy beat Sir J. Sebright's puppy, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Truth beat Mr Ayton's Nimble, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Galwey's Heroine against Mr Tyssen's Trip, 1g; undecided.——Mr Tyssen's Thunder beat Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Roderick, 1g.—Sir J. Sebright's Phænomenon beat Col. Lovelace's Major, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Galwey's Prince against Mr Capper's Eagle, 1g and 4 bye; Prince received forfeit.—Sir J. Sebright's Philipina against Mr Moseley's Butterfly, 1g and 4 bye; Philipina received forfeit.—Mr Moseley's Brazen Mask against Sir J. Sebright's Pretty Charlotte, 1g and 4 bye.—Off.

TUESDAY.—*Tofts Field.*

Mr Page's Dart against Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Rarity, 1g; undecided.——Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Rosemary beat Mr Page's Fly, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Thunder against Mr Hamond's Weathercock, 1g; undecided.—Mr Redhead's Smoker against Mr Page's Kosciusko, 1g; undecided.—Mr Redhead's Thunderer against Mr Tyssen's Trip, 1g; undecided.—Mr Page's Driver beat Mr Tharp's Gagello, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Thunder against Mr Hamond's Weathercock, 1g; undecided.—Mr Page's Kosciusko against Mr Redhead's Thunderer; undecided.—Mr Page's Driver beat Mr Capper's (Mr James's Rarity, 1g.—Mr Page's Dart beat Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Rosemary, 1g.

WEDNESDAY.—*Weeting Field.*

Mr Hamond's Waxy beat Sir J. Sebright's Philipina, 1g.—Mr Moseley's Bragela beat Mr Hamond's Whirligig, 1g.—Mr Bevan's Fop beat Mr Galwey's Hero, 1g and 19 bye, (and 10g on the speed, which was given to Hero.)—Mr Hamond's (Mr Bolton's) Wasp beat Mr Moseley's Bellissima, 1g.—Mr Page's Smoker against Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Roderick, 1g. undecided.—Sir J. Sebright's Pollacca against Mr Tyssen's Tug, 1g; Tug received forfeit.—Mr Galwey's Hector beat Mr Page's Smoker, 1g.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY.—*Elden Field.*

Mr Hamond's Weathercock beat Sir J. Sebright's Phænomenon, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Hamond's Waxy beat Mr Ayton's Nutmeg, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Page's Kosciusko against Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Rarity, 1g; undecided.—Mr Page's Dart beat Mr Capper's. (Mr James's Rosemary, 1g.—Mr Hamond's Whirligig against Sir J. Sebright's Philipina, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Redhead's Smoker beat Mr Hamond's Wonderful, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Hamond's (Mr Bolton's) Wasp against Mr Redhead's Thunderer, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Sir J. Sebright's Pollacca beat Mr Page's Driver, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Trip against Mr Moseley's Bellissima, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—There was a sweepstakes of nine greyhounds, first turn, but could not be run on account of the night.

THE LATE

JOSEPH CAPPER, ESQ.

An Eccentric Character.

HE was many years an inmate at the Horns, Kennington. He was born in Cheshire, of humble parents; his father's family being numerous, he came to London at an early age, as he used to say, to shift for himself, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. C. soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life that he had gained the confidence of his employer and never betrayed it. Being of an enterprising spirit, Mr. Capper commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane. His old master was his only friend, and recommended him so strongly to the dealers in that line, that credit to a very large amount, in those days, was given him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate, as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to enable him to decline all business. Mr. C. having now lost his old master, was resolved to lead a sedentary life. This best suited his disposition; for, although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion. For several days he walked about the vicinity of London, searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns, at Kennington, took a chop, spent the day, and asked for a bed in his usual blunt manner; when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. C. was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the growling fellow, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years.—During that time he made no agreement for lodging and eating, but wished to be considered only a customer for the day. For many years he talked about quitting his residence the next day. His manner of living was so methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a certain favourite cup. He was equally particular with respect to his knives, forks, plates, &c. In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apart-

ments without the assistance of any light. At breakfast he arranged, in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea table, but first of all he would read the newspapers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon peel and porter mixed together, the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner. From this economical plan he never deviated. His bill for a fortnight amounted regularly to L.4: 18. He called himself the champion of government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of government. He was extremely choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as the declaiming against the British constitution. In the parlour he kept his favourite chair and there he would often amuse himself with satirizing the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim, never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it whenever he could say any thing ill natured. Mr. C's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious, he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would inquire, when being answered in the affirmative, he would add, "tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the sum they want, and if ever I hear that they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling." Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan—"I wish," said he, "to serve you, Townsend, you seem an industrious fellow; but how is it to be done Mr. Townsend? I have sworn never to lend, I must, therefore, give it thee;" which he accordingly did.

Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer him every comfort the house would afford; and what was, perhaps, more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities. Mr. C. was elected steward of the parlour fire, and if any persons were daring enough to put a poker in the fire, without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In the summer time a favourite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane, but, as he was sensible of the ill opinion this would produce among the by-standers, he would with great ingenuity introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom," says he, "I hate and detest and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about the room.

This eccentric man enjoyed an excellent state of health until a few days before his death, which happened on the 9th of September last, at the advanced age of 77 years. After his dissolution, his desk, trunks, &c. being opened, was found L.100 in bank notes, a few guineas, a great many Government securities, and a will, which was curiously worded, and made on the back of a sheet of banker's checks, in which the bulk of his fortune, upwards of L.30,000, he left to be equally divided among his poor relations. His two nephews were nominated executors, and he bequeathed between them 8000l. in the 3 per cents.

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE

FROM

Salisbury over part of the Plain, and back again through Old Sarum.

Fisherton—Salisbury Plain—The Shepherd's Story—Retreat of the Swallows—Shepherd's Story continued—A Land Compass—Sonnet from Shakespear—Stonehenge—Amesbury—Old Sarum—The Evening Star, &c.

THE SHEPHERD'S STORY CONTINUED.

"THE fleet being out of sight, I thought I might venture from my hiding-place; so leaving the doctor's stone bottle to pay the farmer for my lodging, I took the great west road, and, for fear of another press-gang, made all the speed I could till I came to Belton, several miles from the sea, and Yarmouth. At this place I overtook the driver of the London stage waggon, to whom I made my case known, and through whose kindness I was protected; and in less than a month from my adventure at Redbridge, was once more restored to my kind father on these my native plains. There was one thing," continued the shepherd, "while on board the ship that struck me with great wonder and delight. Being accustomed—as we shepherds are—from my infancy to know the quarter from whence the wind blows, I was eager to know the use of what they called the compass, and was not long without understanding its utility; but being without the knowledge of letters, I despaired of ever finding profit from its mysterious attraction; however, it often has been uppermost in my mind, and the cause of a very useful discovery to me in the moments of difficulty. I requested to know this discovery. It led me," pursued the shepherd, "to discover

A LAND COMPASS,

A thing, though of more simplicity, not of less benefit to man lost in deep forests, inland woods, or on extensive plains; or wherever a plant of green wood is to be found. At this the shepherd cut a hazel stick and stuck it in the ground, requesting me to suppose for a moment the stick was growing. "The grain of all trees," said he, "north of the equator is contracted to the north, and expanded to the south. When you have cut your upright plant draw a line across the grain of that you have left standing and you have the four cardinal points; by this compass, if I have the sun for observation, I can at all times recover my home, and if there be no sun, find my way in a direct line from my bewilderment to some known station that will not fail to put me in my proper way again."

I was pleased to learn this from a shepherd, and have often found the experiment answer, but one time in particular I found my way almost in a direct line from Enborow to the city of Wells, over the pathless top of Mendip, which I conceived at that moment to be fortunate, as night was coming on, and had I not thought on this expedient, I must have wandered greatly out of my way.

The black cloud approached us in a very threatening form, and as the shepherd had foretold, burst in thunder, lightning, and rain, in so much that the plain seemed to smoke before us to the horizon. The tempest being exhausted the cloud passed away to the S. E. leaving with us very little effects of its fury. And now the sun beamed forth again with redoubled brilliancy, and the face of the wide extended plain, refreshed by the rude efforts of nature, became more beautiful. I was about to part with my communicative friend the shepherd, and

and presented him a trifle for his civilities; he took it with modest reluctance, observing, "He thanked God he was not in want of any thing, that on the contrary providence had been particularly kind to him, for he had enjoyed all his life an uninterrupted state of good health, and that he was perfectly happy in his station; my wants are but few," continued he, "of course the easier to supply, and I have not, but at the death of my good father, known an hour of sorrow for these twenty years; my wife is kind, my children dutiful, and if I have any thing to regret, it is only a want of that learning which would divert my moments of leisure."

Happy shepherd, I exclaimed, as we parted, and my imagination instantly glanced to that charming description of Shakespear, where he shews the contrast between the turbulent life of a sovereign prince, and this peaceful peasant—

SONNET FROM SHAKESPEAR.

O, God! methinks it were a happy lot
To be no better than a simple swain,
The peaceful tenant of a little cot,
The blithe companion of the village train.

Where cares, mistrust, and treasons, banish sleep,
See, on his glitt'ring couch, the monarch laid;
While the poor swain, encircled by his sheep,
Securely slumbers in the hawthorn shade.

To tend his flock is all his worldly care;
To rest and sport, alternate hours are given,
Save when religion claims the pause of pray'r,
And meditation wafts the soul to heaven.

Unruffled, flows the tenor of each day,
'Till time's white honours o'er his temples wave;
And resignation, smiling midst decay,
Thro' nature's path, conducts him to the grave!

Quitting the humble hovel of this hospitable shepherd, I took my way to visit those wonderful remains of early magnificence, the *Chorea Gigantum*, so called by our antient historians; by their progenitors *Choir-Gaur*; and the moderns, Stonehenge.

STONEHENGE.

After a pleasant ramble of nearly three hours, from my leaving Salisbury, this object broke upon my sight, and though at the distance of full half a mile, I could not restrain the feelings of respect with the pause of admiration; and now sitting me on a molehill, the words of Volney came across my recollection, and with him I thus addressed the work of many ages.

"Solitary ruins! sacred tombs! ye mouldering and silent walls, all hail! To you I address my invocation. While the vulgar shrink from your aspect with secret terror, my heart finds in this contemplation a thousand delicious sentiments, a thousand admirable recollections. Pregnant, I may truly call you with useful lessons, with pathetic and irresistible advice to the man who knows how to consult you."

I arose and hastened towards the temple of our remotest progenitors. It stands on the brow of an easy hill, on the great plain of Sarum, about eight miles north-west of that city, and about a mile and a half from Amesbury, a little verging to the north east of the road that leads to the Devizes, presenting the most interesting picture that can be conceived. Passing the broad ditch that encompasses the whole, the sepulchral tumuli engaged my attention, for one of these had been lately opened to gratify curiosity, and the labourer was rewarded with an urn of an unimpaired texture, containing many ashes, beside several pieces of half consumed bones.

"Tombs!"

"Tombs! what virtue and potency do you exhibit! Tyrants tremble at your aspect, you poison with secret alarm their impious pleasures; they turn from you with impatience, and coward-like endeavour to forget you amidst the sumptuousness of their palaces."

This urn, with the ashes and burnt bones, is a decided proof of its early antiquity, for the custom of burning the dead has been discontinued in this island for at least seventeen hundred years; therefore, the origin of Stonehenge may be well referred to a period much more remote than the Christian æra.

To attempt a minute description of this diffused mass would be the mispending of time; for after all that can be said, the whole is but a gigantic heap of stones, misplaced and deformed by age and accident, affording to the stranger, it must be owned, a very uncommon appearance; and which, at the same time it surprises, attaches a reverence not easy to describe. I several times paced about the site of this ruin, endeavouring to number the fragments, but without success, and when tired in the attempt, I sat me in the middle of the mass, to contemplate in deeper solitude its venerable aspect; for

"I do love these auncient ruynes:
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foote upon some reverend history:
And questionless here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lye interred,
Loved the church so well, and gave so large to't,
They thought it should have canopide their bones
Till doomesday; but all things have their end;
Churches and cities, which have diseases like men,
Must have like death that we have."

The antiquity, with the original use of this stupendous structure, appears to me to be still hid behind the clouds of conjecture, for no writer I have met with, and I have examined many on the subject, seems to be guided by the clew of certainty. Among the variety of opinions, the following may be attended to, but only for amusement.

That it was a monument of the Britons, raised in memory of their darling queen Boadicea. That it was a British triumphal monument, erected to Anaraith, the goddess of victory, after a bloody battle won by Stannings and his Cangic giants from Divitiacus and his Belgæ, or the Salii of Belgium; and that so many of the Salii were slain, that the field obtained the name of Salisbury Plain.

That it was a temple of the Romans to the god Cœlum, or Terminus, of the Tuscan order.

That it was the burial place of Uther Pendragon, Constantine Ambrosius, and other British kings; and that it was a Danish monument, erected for a burial place, a trophy of some victory, or a place of election or coronation of their kings: while Henry of Huntingdon, who lived a thousand years ago, honestly confesses, that after all his researches, he cannot find to what purpose these structures were erected. Among the moderns, Inigo Jones and Dr. Stukely have been indefatigable in their investigations, but to no clear purpose; and the latter, after all his industry and ingenuity, is forced to exclaim, in the words of the poet, "*Tantum religio potuit.*"

The most probable conjecture I have met with is, that STONEHENGE was a temple of the Druids long before this island was invaded by the Romans; for the religion of the Britons was one of the most considerable

considerable parts of their government, and these Druids were their high priests, in possession of the supreme authority: they had only to will, and their commands were as sacredly obeyed as the will of heaven. It was in this temple their young men were instructed in the mysteries of religion, and formed for the cabinet, the public council, and the field. The external traces and the numerous tumuli or barrows, as they are called, are so many grand testimonies of its former consequence, and that it could be only raised at the expence of a nation. The stones which remain are clearly understood to be granite in a decomposed state, and there is every reason to conclude they are of the same nature and origin as the BOLDER-STONE at the Grey Weathers and Aubury. The Avon probably facilitated their transportation; but the mode of their elevation is not so easy to form a judgment of, unless we admit the knowledge of the use of the fulcrum, the wedge, the pully, and the inclined-plane at so remote a period of antiquity: however, there must be a drawback upon such an admission, when we reflect that at this moment there remains one of their largest stones, of the same fashion with the rest of the uprights, lying in the Avon, supposed to have fallen from the breaking of the machine that was to convey it to its destination, and at the very place that must then have been the common ford; which, it is most probable, had not been left there by the workmen, had they been acquainted with the use of such instruments. The course of the river has been diverted by this stone, whose size, texture, and fashion all go to strengthen the foregoing conjectures. At this ford I turned to bid adieu to Stonehenge, and passing the Avon, cheerfully took my way till I entered the pleasant village of

AMESBURY;

A town, if we may give credit to old Thomas Churchyard the poet, once of the utmost consequence, as it contained the college of the druidical orders, and was dignified by them with the name of Ambrosia, or divine; for it was then esteemed a pleasant healthful situation, and a station fit for the gods. Amesbury, the present name, is but a vulgar diminutive of Ambrosia, and this origin is the more to be respected, when we consider that scarce an ancient Roman writer, when remarking on the rarities of Britain, omits to call Stonehenge by the name of *Ambrosia-Mons*.

The town, at present, has but little to recommend it to the attention of the traveller, except a noble seat, and gardens full of divine views, belonging to his Grace the Duke of Queensberry. This mansion was built after a plan made by Inigo Jones, and is in the best stile of that celebrated artist. His Grace has beside a good collection of pictures, many of them pleasing to the Sportsman; an inimitable portrait of the poet Gay, to whom the late Duke and Dutchess were so amiably attached, that they were never better gratified than when of Mr. Gay's society. The elegant tribute in Westminster Abbey to the memory of this excellent man, was raised by these noble personages; who by the inscription thereon, written by Mr. Pope, have transmitted to futurity the lively virtues of their dear friend, and their own laudable liberality.

The river, the old bridge, and the remains of a nunnery, are, however, features to be respected; and the brown ale of Amesbury is equal to any thing of the kind throughout the country. Leaving this

this divine seat of the Druids, I rambled for several miles through a country beautifully diversified with numerous flocks, rich inclosures, bubbling waters, cornmills, and trees yielding the most delicious fruits; when having sat awhile beneath the cooling shade of some broad chesnut trees, I recorded these things on my tablets, and then slowly mounted the hill of

OLD SARUM,

On the brow of which stands a solitary house, the only covered habitation, except a pig-stye, in the whole borough of Old Sarum. Perceiving in the front of this dwelling, an incitement for the malt-worm to slack his thirst, and the door to stand invitingly open, and finding myself somewhat weary, I entered an ample suttling room, whose coolness and sweetness was gratefully refreshing. For near half an hour, I was the sole possessor of the castle, for the master was gone to Salisbury, and his daughter, with her sweetheart, in the garden. My patience was by no means exhausted; here was mental food enough for a philosopher, and to compensate the traveller for every inattention. The walls, beside plans, elevations, and descriptions of the antient city of Sarum, were richly adorned with many of those early ballads and compositions, whose histories may create a smile or draw a dewdrop from the eye of the pretty maiden, or soften the heart of the most obdurate rustic. The chief of these were most gaily coloured with powderblue, red lead, and yellow ochre, and formed a concatenation so singular, that had the witty dean of St. Patrick's been at the arrangement, his reverence could not have displayed a more lively satire on the Benedictine Union, or the follies of man. Here was the Temptation by Eve, Tasting the forbidden Fruit, a Man loaded with Mischief, the Wanton Wife of Bath, the Way to Horn Fair, the Children in the Wood, David's Repentance, and the Fall of Man; and on the other side, Collin's Request, the Maid's Compliance, A Wife for the Devil, the Jolly Beggars, and the Merry Cuckold.

After vociferating for refreshment, and some time striking with my stick on the great oaken table, I brought the young lass and her sweetheart from the garden; she apologized for making me wait, and after taking a cup of her cyder, we all three became good friends together, and I soon prevailed on the young fellow to shew me round the site of the old city; we passed through a close at the back of the house, and at an entrance particularly romantic, beheld a scene, "Of ancient grandeur, awful to the mind alive to feeling and refined by taste."

But few remains of the ancient Sarum are to be discovered, except in some places as we ascend the hill, the foundations of the streets, and these so faintly, that an ordinary visitor would tread over them without notice. Various causes are attributed by historians for deserting this elevated station. One of them asserts, that by a convulsion of nature, the rivers Avon and Adderbourn mingled their waters, and the sources which supplied Sarum were totally lost to the inhabitants; so that to obtain that element, the people were obliged to pay as dear as for the common beverage of the country. This cause appears to be the most probable, as it is a principal one, corroborated by the Bull of Honorius to Bishop Poor and the chapter.

"My Sons,

"It having been alleged before us on your behalf, that your church

is built within the fortifications of Sarum, and subject to so many inconveniences and oppressions, that you cannot reside in the same without great corporal peril; for being situated on a lofty place, it is continually shaken by the collision of the winds, so that while you are celebrating the divine offices, you cannot hear one another, the place is so noisy; and besides, the persons residing there suffer such perpetual oppressions, that they are hardly able to keep in repair the roof of the church, which is constantly torn by tempestuous winds; they are also forced to buy water at as great a price as would be sufficient to purchase the common drink of the country, nor is there access open to the same without licence of the castellan; so that it happens, that on Ash-Wednesday, when the Lord's Supper is administered at the time of synods, the faithful being willing to visit the said church, entrance is denied them by the keepers of the castle, &c. besides, you have not houses sufficient for you, wherefore you are obliged to rent several of the laity; and that, on account of these and other inconveniencies, many absent themselves from the service of the church, we, therefore, willing to provide for the exigency, did give our mandate to our beloved son, Gualo, &c. &c."

A plot of ground being pitched on, for the purpose of quitting Old Sarum for ever, the foundation of a new city was laid, 1220. Bishop Poor placed the first stone of the church for Honorius the pope, the second for the Archbishop of Canterbury, the third for himself, the fourth was for Longespee the earl, and the fifth for Elaide Vitra, his beloved countess; and all this was done in the vale of many waters, a long mile south of the old, dry, and barren hill. The king protected the church and the rising city, and in 1258, the whole was finished, and named New Sarum, or, from the great plain, the city of Salisbury. The new city began rapidly to flourish, and the old as rapidly to decay; insomuch, that in a few years but few testimonies were to be seen of its former magnificence. Even the graves were dismantled of their sacred deposits, and their rarest monuments of antiquity removed to adorn the new fabric.

The ditches which surround the old castle hill, are still of great depth and capacity, lined with a velvet carpet of fadeless verdure, in the centre of which, at equal distances, is a number of stately trees; and on the extremity of the top, to the N.W. is about a rood square of the old wall, enough to furnish the traveller with an idea of its former strength and security.

The manner of returning a parliament man for this rotten borough is rather curious. The lord of the domain having proposed his man, the inhabitants of a paultry mud-built village called Straitford, for there is not a single elector within his precinct, cross their river, and mount half way the hill of Sarum to a wide spreading tree, long selected for the purpose, and there choose a new member for Old Sarum; these pliant electors being, like Lord Truman's cocks, all upon one side, the business is presently completed to the satisfaction of the great man, who having entertained them with a good dinner, sends the creature of his will ready cut and dried to take his seat in the great house of the nation.

By this, it may be seen how small a share the people have in what they call their own government. The democratic circle is here eclipsed by its own corruptions; and surely it is full time for the

the happiness of England, that by a convulsive effort, the representative system should be cleansed of its impurities. O my country! thus are thy virtuous laws degraded, and thus thy degenerate sons sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

The glorious sun was now sinking beneath this venal hill, and every creature but the weak-eyed bat posting to repose, when parting with my new companion, I turned towards Salisbury. The cloudless heavens accorded with the serenity of all things below; and as the evening star was particularly brilliant, I sat me on a stile to contemplate its effulgence, and to listen to the song of a neighbouring nightingale; my spirits were renovated by the minstrelsy of nature, and I thus addressed the harbinger of the rising moon.

THE EVENING STAR.

Hesperus! brightest of yon glitt'ring train,
Here will I woo thee in this peaceful bow'r,
While pours the nightingale her melting strain,
And charms away the solemn evening hour;
While yet I stray from courtly haunts afar,
Where beauty beams, and many a glitt'ring star,
Not such as shine with mirth on all they meet,
But stars that gild the bosom of deceit:
One ray of thine, bright orb, delights my breast
More than ten thousand stars from silken courtly vest.
What myriads wait thee thro' this azure way!
All these shall vanish at the star of day;
A brighter star than that shall hence appear,
When we have done with thee, and all that please us here.

You will see by this I finish my day's ramble with sober thoughts, which sometimes become us better than the dithyrambics of Bacchus, or the noisy overflowings of excess.

T. N.

AMERICAN PUFFING.

I LEARN, with particular pleasure, that the celebrated John R. D. Huggins, whose modest merit has found its way to public favour without the quackery of puffing advertisements, having returned from his recent mission into the barbarous regions of the East, in which he has endeavoured to diffuse some rays of taste, has again taken in charge the heads of our *fashionables* and *elegantes*. This distinguished personage, by the airy lightness and graceful negligence he imparts to the hair placed under his direction, has formed a new era in the annals of the American *beau monde*. He has also made such advantageous transatlantic arrangements, that he receives the London and Parisian modes by *telegraphic despatch*, without the unnecessary delay of a moment. A supply of these has just arrived, exhibiting the various grades of fashion, from the *incroyable* of the Thuilleries to the modish lounger of Bond-street, and from the stately *haut ton* of female elegance at St. James's, to the sportive and aerial style of the *petite figurante* at Paris. His Dressing Academy, and School for Fashions, at No. 92, Broadway, is deservedly a place of the most fashionable resort, where the spirit and adroitness with which his pupils flourish a comb, or curl a whisker, are truly admirable; while such is the gentle dexterity with which they handle a razor, that it is really a pleasure for a gentleman to be taken by the nose. His laughable collection of caricatures, of which

he has just received from London a large and very diverting supply, affords infinite amusement during the ceremony of *titivation*. He has also a handsome assortment of combs, razors, pomatum, dressing boxes, and every requisite for the toilet, which he is ever willing to exchange for paper or silver, for the accommodation of his visitors. In short, such are the numerous merits of this eccentric genius, that I hold it a duty to draw them from that obscurity of which his modesty is so ambitious. PHILO FRIZ.

ASTONISHING ENGAGEMENT WITH A BEAR.

A GENTLEMAN from Cayuga county, between the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, in America, relates, that Mr. Wayborne, a farmer, in Ovid township, went out one afternoon through the woods in search of his horses, taking with him his rifle, with the only load of ammunition he had in the house. On his return home, about an hour before dusk, he perceived a very large bear crossing the path; on which he instantly fired, and the bear fell, but immediately recovering his legs, made for a deep ravine a short way a-head. Here he tracked him a while by the blood; but night coming on, and expecting to find him dead in the morning, he returned home. A little before day break the next morning, taking a pitchfork and hatchet, and his son, a boy of ten or eleven years of age, with him, he proceeded to the place in quest of the animal. The glen or ravine, into which he had disappeared the evening before, is eighty or ninety feet from the top of the banks to the bottom of the brook below: down this precipice a stream of three or four yards in breadth is precipitated, in one unbroken sheet, and forming a circular bason or pool, winds away among thick underwood below. After reconnoitering every probable place of retreat, he at length discovered the bear, who had made his way up the other side of the ravine, as far as the rocks would admit him, and sat under a projecting cliff, stedfastly eying the motions of his enemy. Wayborne, desiring his boy to remain where he was, took the pitchfork, and descending to the bottom, determined to attack him from below. The bear kept his position until he got within six or seven feet, when, on the instant of making a stab with the pitchfork, he found himself grappled by bruin, and both together rolled down towards the pond, at least twenty or twenty-five feet, the bear munching his left arm and breast, and hugging him almost to suffocation. By great exertion he forced his right arm partly down his throat, and in that manner endeavoured to strangle him, but was once more hurled headlong down through the bushes, a greater distance than before, into the water. Here, finding the bear gaining on him, he made one desperate effort, and forced his head partly under water: and repeating his exertions, at length weakened the animal so much, that calling to his boy, who stood on the other side in a state little short of distraction for the fate of his father, he sunk the edge of the hatchet, by repeated blows, into his brain. Wayborne, though a robust muscular man, was with great difficulty able to crawl home, where he lay for upwards of three weeks with his wounds, his arm being mashed from the shoulder to the elbow into the bone, and his breast severely mangled. The bear weighed upwards of four hundred and twenty pounds.

LAW.

LAW.

A DOG CAUSE.

Court of Common Pleas, Guildhall, Dec. 14, before Mr. Justice Chambre.

HYNE *v.* SANDMAN.

THE plaintiff sought to recover damages for being dreadfully lacerated by a ferocious dog kept by the defendant—the damages were laid at L.300.

Mr. Serjeant Cockel described the plaintiff to be an industrious hatter, and the defendant a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Borough. On the 2d of October the plaintiff, going to work, observed a friend near Queen-street, and crossed the road, with intent to shake hands—on which the ferocious animal sprang upon him, tore away the flesh from his arm, with the sleeve of his jacket, and left him bleeding in a dreadful situation; being relieved from the gripe of the animal, he was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where he remained 13 weeks, and recovered, but was at present unable to work as he usually did at his business, and would in all probability carry the marks of violence to his grave.

The learned Counsel observed, the law said, if a man has a fierce animal, he is bound to take care of it—and if it did mischief, the party was answerable for all the consequences; he therefore hoped the Jury would think it their duty, in the present instance, to give extensive damages, the more so, as the defendant, on being applied to for a small compensation for the injury, had declared he would not afford one farthing—the law was open, and the party might seek redress.

William Brett saw the plaintiff bit by the dog.

John Harper lived with the defendant as servant. On the 2d of October he took the dog out of the yard, where he was chained up, and carried him out without the knowledge of his master. He saw the plaintiff in Queen-street, when in consequence of the latter saying some words of anger to a little dog which he had with him, the defendant's dog flew at him and produced the consequences already stated. Witness had no authority to take the dog out, and the animal, previous to the present instance, had not bit any one, but was considered a quiet creature.

Mr. Justice Chambre observed, when the evidence had got thus far, that the action would not lie against the defendant; here was no ground to impute the mischief to him, the misfortune had arisen from the conduct of his servant without his knowledge. If a man had been but once told that his dog had bit a passenger, he was afterwards responsible for any injury it might do; but no proof of that nature had been stated; the action therefore could not be sustained. The plaintiff was nonsuited.

FORTUNE TELLING.

Westminster Sessions, before William Mainwaring, Esq. Jan. 4.

ELIZ. Jones was brought before the magistrates, under the vagrant act. Ann Lacy, a very tall girl, of an innocent countenance and simple manners, was the principal witness against her; and from her evidence it appeared, that this prophetess had prevailed upon the poor girl to admit her into her master's house, in Hanover-square, in order that she might make known to her the events of her future life, of her sweetheart and fortune; and, in the

the sequel, persuaded her that it was necessary she should have certain articles of value in her possession, for a limited period, in return for which she would give her a talisman, of an extraordinary nature and influence, which had wrought such miracles as had never been known before.

Thus wrought upon, this credulous girl gave her two silver table spoons, six tea spoons, a one pound note, a shilling, a shawl, and a silk handkerchief. In return for which, she received something wrapped up in a piece of paper, which she was to lock up very carefully until her return, and by no means to examine it. She was then told her charm would be fulfilled at five o'clock, at which hour she would come back with the articles in her custody, and open to her her future fate; on leaving the house, she strictly enjoined the girl, neither to look behind her, nor to watch which way she went, for in that case the charm would be broken. Notwithstanding this injunction, and the powerful desire of knowing her fortune, the girl was induced to follow her, and when she had got as far as Grosvenor-square, overtook her in the act of running away; she, however, recovered the possession of the articles; and the prophetess, it appears, was not aware of her own fate, for she was taken into custody by a police officer, and, after an investigation before a magistrate, was committed to prison.

The police officer stated, that she did not then appear quite so well clad as when taken into custody.

The Chairman told her, she belonged to a set of people who were a pest to society, and who, under a pretence of telling fortunes, imposed upon innocent and credulous people, and, most frequently robbed them. He then informed her, that had she been taken after five o'clock, she would have been tried in a very different manner; as it was, it was his duty to sentence her to six months imprisonment, and hard labour during that time; but if she should be again brought before the court on a similar offence, she would be imprisoned two years; and for a third offence she would be transported as a rogue and vagabond.

The prisoner appeared to be about 50 years of age, of a swarthy complexion, dressed in a grey cloak and gypsey hat, and in every other respect carried all the characteristics of one of the Sibylline sisterhood about her.

THEATRICALS.

HARLEQUIN QUICKSILVER; OR THE GNOME AND THE DEVIL.

Covent Garden, Dec. 26.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Albert	Mr. Brunton
Sancho	Mr. Blanchard
Asmodeus	Mr. Simmons
Keeper	Mr. Atkins
Miners	Mess. King and Jeffries
Quicksilver	Mr. Menage
Queen of the Gnomes	Mrs. Atkins
Julia	Miss Davies

PANTOMIMIC CHARACTERS.

Harlequin	Mr. Bologna
Scaramouch	Mr. Dubois
Landlord	Mr. Bologna sen.
Avaro	Mr. L. Bologna
Dr. Sangrado	Mr. Abbott
Columbina	Miss Searle.

Guards, Miners, Gnomes, Maskers, Sailors, &c. &c. &c.

THE FABLE.

THE scene of the first act lies in the mines of Potosi, where Albert is confined as a slave, by the severity of Avaro, a Spanish miser, who wishing to marry his daughter Julia to Signor Finikino, contrives

contrives the arrest of Albert, who is the young lady's favoured lover. The piece opens with a view of the mine, where Julia, attended by Sancho and Columbina, comes to seek her banished lover, having escaped in man's apparel from her father's house, and stored herself with means to purchase his release.—The disclosure of the riches she carries about her being overheard by some of the miners, they inform the keeper, whose rapacity prompts him to seize the lady and her companions, and appropriate the intended price of Albert's enlargement to his own use; on Albert's spirited resistance of this conduct, he and Julia, with their friends, are seized and confined with every circumstance of insult and aggravation. At this time the Queen of those subterranean Spirits or Gnomes, who are supposed to be the Genii of the mine, summonses her attendants to a periodical festival, which is held in a recess, formed of every brilliant produce of the mine; the habits of her fairy courtiers are composed of all that is beautiful and resplendent in the mineral, fossil, or submarine world: among others, she summonses a genii, called Quicksilver, who relates the hard case of the above mentioned lovers, over whose safety he has been watching, and intreats power to give them effectual assistance; the Queen and her agents transform Quicksilver into Harlequin, every mineral endowing him with its peculiar colour, power, and properties. Thus created, Harlequin is commissioned to serve and protect the lovers, until they have surmounted their difficulties. Their deliverance from the mine is effected just as Julia's father and foppish lover arrive in pursuit of her. Harlequin, who becomes enamoured of Julia's attendant, and changes her to Columbine, conducts Albert and Julia by a magical conveyance, into Spain, where they are pursued by their opposers through the usual routine of pantomimical adventures, tricks, and changes, in the house of Dr. Sangrado. The father of Julia, by accidentally releasing the Devil on two sticks from his old confinement in a glass bottle, obtains a friend to assist him against the supernatural agency of Harlequin; the power vested in the crutch of Asmodeus becomes superior to the art of the motley hero; the lovers are at length seized, and reconducted to the mine; when they are again relieved by the Queen of the Gnomes, who asserts her power upon her own territory; unites the lovers, rewards Harlequin, and reconciles the adverse party, who conclude their adventures in a Fairy palace, worthy, from its splendour, to be the residence of the Queen of Diamonds.

This pantomime is very well suited to the taste of the present age, which strongly tends towards the marvellous in incidents, and to magnificent spectacles. The Rosicrusion system, which forms a part of the fable, is well calculated to gratify that taste, and it receives ample support from the powers of the Genii of the mines. The whole of the scenery in this piece deserves high commendation—it is splendid and beautiful, and the changes are effected in such a manner as to excite pleasure as well as surprise. There is variety as well as splendour in the Piece; and it was managed in all its evolutions much better than is usual on a first exhibition. The plot was invented by Mr. T. Dibdin, who furnished the recitative, dialogue, and songs, which are better than we generally find in such productions.

Miss Davies, Miss Searle, Blanchard, and Bologna, acquitted themselves very well. We were, however, sorry to see Brunton degraded

graded to a pantomime, as he is a very respectable young actor, and as many performers at this Theatre might more properly have had the part assigned to them.

The music is by Davy. It is lively and appropriate. He has, however, endeavoured to display too much science in the overture, a composition which is very little attended to on these occasions, and which ought chiefly to consist of those melodies that are likely to catch the ear of an audience impatient for the tricks of Harlequin and the ludicrous distresses of his enemies.

The pantomime was throughout well received, and as it will doubtless from time to time have an additional portion of the usual whimsical blunders blended with its show, it is likely to be a popular treat to the town at this season.—The house was crowded.

A HARLEQUINADE.

Drury-Lane.

THIS divertisement has long been considered as essential to the due celebration of Christmas, as minced pies or Twelfth-night cakes: to satisfy the appetite of the public must prove a very puzzling task to the managers. The motley hero is expected every year to appear in new circumstances, and to perform fresh feats of dexterity, but he has already been of every known trade and profession, and exhausted the means of creating astonishment: he has flown through the air; he has navigated the ocean; he has travelled over the whole world; he has sat in council with the gods; he has visited the abodes of departed spirits; with his wooden spear he has metamorphosed every natural and artificial object. This theatre, despairing of giving any novelty to the old story, has, upon the present occasion, greatly curtailed it, and, instead of a pantomime, has announced only a pantomimic ballet. Unless something more could have been done than we have seen for some years back, we look upon this proceeding as very judicious. There can be nothing more tiresome exhibited on the stage, than the common place escapes of Harlequin and Columbine from the father of the latter, the watchman's coat, the boat, the post-chaise, the bale of goods, &c. with the usual succession of mistakes, tumbles, and wry faces of the party in pursuit. Tricks are amusing if they are naturally introduced, and advance the catastrophe; but when they have no connection with the story, and are clumsily interpolated, a long series of them becomes fatiguing, and amazement being over, disgust very quickly follows. The dance, for it is nothing more, is called "Old Harlequin's Fire-side." When the curtain draws up, we are presented with a whole family, dressed in motley attire. We have not only one, but half a dozen infant Harlequins and Columbines, of different sizes. Parents and children are all industriously engaged in household occupations; some spinning, some preparing dinner, and some mending shoes. After a clap of thunder, a celestial being appears to set a-going the miraculous incidents in proper form. We could not exactly trace the remaining part of the fable; Time descended with his hour glass, and in a few minutes changed a child in the cradle to a full grown man; but it was not very evident for what particular purpose he interposed with this extraordinary exertion of his power. The true Columbine was not visible

ble till at the conclusion, when she stepped forward to give a specimen of her dancing. Punch, with a number of other characters, were exhibited as lying entranced, but suddenly started into life, and favoured us with a few of their pleasantries and grimaces The dancing, which has been chiefly had in view, is very good. Byrne and Mrs. Sharpe communicated the pleasure that is felt in beholding refined excellence; while Master Oscar Byrne and Miss C. Bristow delighted the spectators by proofs of premature merit. The embellishments were very splendid, and the music is pretty, so that the piece altogether has considerable merit, and went off with great applause. It was preceded by the comedy of "The Busy Body," and followed by the spectacle of "Richard Cœur de Lion." The part of Miranda, in the former, on account of the continued indisposition of Miss Duncan, was supported by Miss Mellon, who went through it with much sprightliness, ease, and good humour. The audience was numerous, if not very fashionable.

MISERIES OF A RETIRED LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

IN former days I was a tradesman in the city of London, and for many years carried on business with increasing prosperity. I may say, indeed, that every thing succeeded which I undertook; while others around me were driven by distress and disappointed speculations, by paper credit and accommodation bills, into the Gazette, I stood firm, and, upon 'Change, was universally reported to be a *good man*. From this character you are not to wonder if I very rapidly passed into that of a warm man; and, in truth, having realized several thousand pounds, and advancing, at the same time, toward the down hill of life, I began to be captivated by the beautiful descriptions presented to me of the happiness of retirement. Having few relations to interfere with my inclinations, I met with no obstacles; I parted with my business, upon easy terms, to two industrious and faithful servants, who had lived some years with me, and deserved every return I could make, and having purchased a small freehold in the west of England, I bade an everlasting adieu to the bustle and noise, the smoke and confusion, of a vast and overgrown metropolis.

It would be unnecessary to give you a particular description of my country residence, suffice it to say, that it was situated in a most pleasant vale, and possessed all those advantages which are so pompously, and often falsely trumpeted forth by the auctioneers. Here I felt myself light as a bird that has escaped the confinement of its cage. Here I expected to enjoy the blissful transition from society to solitude, from care to ease, from vexation to tranquillity. But what are the hopes of man? I had not been here many weeks before I discovered that something very essential was wanting to fill up the measure of my happiness; something which I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy; in one word, I wanted something to do. In the midst of retirement, my mind struggled for employment, and dragged me back to those days when I knew not the misery of a vacant hour, and when every hour brought with it its pleasing anxieties or profitable engagements. Here were no employment, no calls, no avocations; here were no goods to look over and examine, no sales to attend, no Custom-house business to be done, no attendance

upon 'Change, no books to post, invoices to send, or bills to negociate. These had been the employments of my former life; and deprived of them, I had nothing upon which I could learn to fix my attention. "It was very singular," you will say, "that all this never occured to me before." Yet nothing is more certain, than that no such idea ever entered my head, till I had leisure to look my situation in the face, and contemplate myself as a solitary, helpless, and useless being.

It was now suggested to me, that however true this might be, yet it was no more than what had happened to others. Gentlemen who retire are no longer to think of business; they are to partake of such sports and pleasures as the country affords, and lay up a stock of good health and spirits, prepare a vigorous old age, and bid defiance to care and time. This was bewitching language, and I listened to it with conviction; I entered with spirit into the views of my neighbours; but I soon found that the sports of the country are learnt with difficulty, and followed with a very bad grace by a mere man of London business, who has reached his grand climacteric. I had been all my life, even from my boyish days, an industrious plodder behind the counter and the desk; it could not, consequently, be very easy to transform one of my habits into a man of pleasure and a keen sportsman. The first lessons I took were miserably unsuccessful, and attended by consequences more of a painful than pleasureable nature: my attempt to follow the hounds was attended by a dislocation of the shoulder, which laid me up for six weeks; and, in my first attack upon a covey of partridges, I put out my shoulder again by the recoil of my piece. These violent amusements, in short, were not suited to my taste or capacity, and too evidently interfered with my safety to be followed longer. Fishing, therefore, was recommended as a more easy and secure diversion; and I was soon instructed in all the mysteries of baits, and hooks, and bites, and worms; but, as before I had too much exercise, here I had too little, and had very nearly fallen into the river fast asleep; when I gave up this pursuit also.

It now came into my head, especially as winter approached, that reading would fill up my hours agreeably. I never had an aversion to reading, as far as I can remember of my early liking and disliking; but I had always found so much employment in business apparently, and perhaps really, more urgent, that, for many years, my reading was confined entirely to a newspaper, with an occasional peep into the London Directory, or the red book; and such a chain of reasoning, or narrative, as other books contain, was not familiar to me. I imputed this, however, merely to want of time; and that obstacle being now removed, I flattered myself that I should be able to increase the advantages of retirement by storing my mind with food for reflection. Books were accordingly provided; but here, as in hunting, fishing, and fowling, all was new and untrodden ground. When I had completed my library, I discovered that my bookseller had not, and indeed could not, send me what I most wanted, a taste and habit of reading. My sleepy fits came on again; and there are few of the eminent writers of the present day (whatever they may think of their genius), whom I have not honoured with the approbation of a nod.

One resource was yet left. I now began to think that company would

would serve to divert me, and kill the heavy hours: for that purpose I cultivated the acquaintance of an extensive neighbourhood. My wealth, and I hope my manners, which were at least inoffensive, procured me an easy introduction into many agreeable families. But here, too, I was doomed to experience the misfortune of having gone through life with one stock of ideas, and that a very small one, "of no use to any person but the owner." The conversation of my friends turned upon subjects with which I was totally unacquainted. Now and then, when the newspaper came in, I could expatiate upon London politics, and the comparative merits of many great London politicians. But this could not last long; my stock of politics was the smallest of all my property, and I was too far from Guildhall, or St. Stephen's Chapel, to procure a fresh supply. During the greater part of my visits, I was condemned to hear long debates on subjects foreign to my understanding. The state of wheat, barley, and oats; the modes of rearing and feeding cattle; the farm-yard and the dairy; the cutting down of timber, and the planting of potatoes, were often discussed with great warmth, and at great length; but all was unintelligible to me; nor could I find a man in the whole parish who understood any thing about nainsooks and bandannoes, soosayes and taffeties, and calimancoes, muslinets or dimities. I began to have a very indifferent opinion of their capacities; I believe they had no great one of mine, and it was more than once whispered in my hearing, that "your Londoners know nothing out of the sound of Bow-bells."

In this uncomfortable situation I remained for nearly two years; my health became affected from the lowness of my spirits and the indolence of my habit: and I know not what might have been the consequence, if I had not, at length, taken the resolution to revisit society again. I am now most happily and comfortably placed as a partner in that very house, to which I once bade adieu, as I thought, for ever. I trust I am now cured of a passion for retirement; but as I perceive many of my acquaintances listening to the representations which once deceived me, I am desirous, by your insertion of this letter, to warn them against the error. Few men of any description are qualified to enjoy retirement, or to render it salutary. Men of mere business are the least of all so. Their habits, tempers, and talents, are all disqualifications of an insuperable kind. Active employments, connected with fair and honest advantages, may prolong their days in health and comfort; but to exchange bustle for idleness, without the power to render idleness harmless, is a desperate attempt; and it is extreme folly, at the decline of life, to barter that which may be depended upon, for that which is uncertain in the highest possible degree. I am, Sir, &c.

THOMAS KERSEYMERE.

A CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Wonderful, prodigious, and miraculous Restorative Powder for the Teeth!!!

THESE wonderful powders are used by the King and Queen of Israel, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Viceroy of Golgotha, Great Duke of Dunlary, First Consul of Stoney Batter, and other imperial potentates. They were in high estimation a thousand years before the flood; and are the same which Noah used in the ark, to

change the teeth of his elephants from green to white. With these powders the Egyptians beautified the teeth and renovated the gums of their mummies. But their wonderful virtues, chronicled in the biography of the Antediluvians, are all eclipsed by their surprising effects on modern credulity. By the constant use of them, the impotent efforts of meddling Nature are set at defiance; the ravages of hoary time, which decays adamantine substances, has no power over a tooth touched by a particle of these powders. The miracles they daily perform are believed by every idiot who purchases them, and can only be doubted by those who are unfortunately encumbered with two ideas. The restorative qualities of these powders enabled a lady of 90 to masticate a double-flint decanter with as little difficulty as she chewed a bread-pudding at 20. These powders hold such a mortal enmity to the tooth-ache, that a single touch is sufficient to banish the pain, and prevent its approaching even the posterity of the patient.

A PLAYHOUSE SQUEEZE.

MR. EDITOR,

I RESIDE with my family in a rural neighbourhood, at some distance from the capital. Although I seldom visit London, yet the curiosity excited in myself, my wife, and children, on the perusal of several of the late paragraphs concerning the Young Roscius, grew too strong to be resisted. We have, Sir, a great predilection for the drama, and our evenings are generally passed in the lecture or recital of theatrical pieces. Nay, I have frequently had the honour of reading the Rev. Lemuel Looby, our rector, to sleep in his easy chair after dinner, a task the more arduous and worthy of applause, as he is terribly invaded by the gout, to whose repeated attacks my delivery of the "Wife of Two Husbands," the "Soldier's Daughter," and some other of our newest productions, has often proved an effectual remedy. Mr. Looby, Sir, is a man of most extensive literary acquirements. He is, A.M. F.R.S. and a librarian in that justly celebrated repository of national learning, the British Museum; after which latter proof of his orthodox opinions, and solidity of understanding, you will not be surprised at my confidence in his approbation. Then, Sir, he has attended at our private theatricals, to which we sometimes invite the neighbourhood, and where the performance of my wife, Mrs. ———; but no words can do justice to her enchanting excellence. As for my little boy, Simpkin, he is indeed a wonder! I intend to bring him out on the London boards, as soon as the awkwardness occasioned by the jacket and trowsers he has lately assumed, for the first time, shall afford no impediment to his public appearance. Then, Sir, what will become of your Young Roscius? But to my subject.—As I was saying, Mr. Editor, the desire of my wife and family to become spectators of Master Betty's powers concurring with my own, we took coach, my wife, my daughter, my youngest son, and myself, and arrived in town, on the memorable Saturday of his first appearance. I pass over the slight inconveniences we experienced in travelling all night, in being twice overturned on the road, in losing in the mud a volume of Dr. Looby's Sermons, which, from pure gratitude, I had taken with me to doze over of an afternoon, in my turn; and, in the loss, still more to be lamented,

mented, of our dinner. For, being pre-informed of the necessity of early attendance, we, after alighting, made but one step from our inn to the pit-door of Covent Garden theatre, leading from Bow-street, where we took post at about half past one o'clock. For the first two hours, our situation, though calculated to exercise our patience, was tolerable. The persons surrounding us were few, and the chief inconvenience we experienced arose from the conduct of my son, the Infant Æsopus, who growing disgusted at the length of time he was forced to attend, to procure a sight of a person, whose powers in acting he perhaps considered as inferior to his own, and pressed by the irresistible calls of hunger, tormented us by his tears and intreaties with unrelenting obduracy. It was in vain that my daughter, to divert his attention, undertook to rehearse with him several scenes in Romeo and Juliet, to the great edification of the bystanders; and, as the crowd round us increased in proportion with the cries of my son, it became indispensably necessary to have recourse to the last remedy in these cases, and administer to him a sound whipping, which ultimately produced the desired effect of quiet. Well.—From four o'clock till five, the pressure augmented, and at length became intolerable. My wife, children, and myself, were squeezed up altogether in an inconceivably small compass, and beginning to be under some apprehensions of suffocation, anxiously awaited the opening of the doors. Heaven be praised! that moment at length came.

The throng, which, by this time, had filled every avenue to the theatre, rushed forward like a torrent. Being rather of a short lusty habit of body, and not over and above active, I found myself instantly jammed in on all sides, and unable to move. My wife (who carried her boy in her arms, with the view of insuring respect from the humanity of a British mob) and my daughter were equally embarrassed. This, however, was not the case with all around us. A genteel looking person in particular, who was at one time very assiduous in offering us his assistance, I soon after observed making his way through the populace with a rapidity that surprised me. To this gentleman, I fear, I must attribute the loss of my handkerchief, and the little money I carried in my pocket, both which I missed on entering the theatre. My son's hat was presently conveyed away from his head, as if by enchantment.

My wife lost both her shoes in a twinkling, and my daughter, a fine girl of eighteen, found herself treated with so little regard to civility, by those about her, that finding no relief in the alarming screams she uttered, with a shrillness peculiar to herself, she was obliged to employ both hands and nails in her defence.

At length the tide behind me prevailing, I was carried forward, and in spite of all my endeavours, separated from my family. I paid my money at the door (having luckily preserved between my teeth, enough for the purpose), and squeezing into the pit, found myself at some distance from the stage, wedged in by the crowd, and unable to move hand or foot. The pressure here was scarcely less than in the passage. All was turbulence—pit, boxes, and gallery, seemed involved in one general engagement.—The theatre resembled a town carried by storm, and to the noise occasioned by these rioters, I owe the loss of an address delivered by a young actor of very

very promising appearance—notwithstanding my fondness to the drama, this, Sir, was the first play I had ever seen in London—who was obliged to withdraw without making himself heard. At length, Sir, the curtain drew up, and I was gratified with the appearance of two performers, whom the town are pleased to denominate only respectable, though I could not help considering them as excessively accomplished actors; but my entertainment was again destroyed by the loud remarks of some young bucks behind me, who amused themselves in bestowing unreserved abuse on the stile of dressing the piece. Dresses they loaded with the epithets of "beastly! dreadful! and shocking!" when I assure you, Sir, that those furnished for our private theatricals, by Mr. Slash, from London, can hardly be allowed the preference.

In the following scenes, the pathos and sentiment, in character, with which Barbarossa and Aladin delivered their speeches, excited not the least attention on the part of these insufferable critics. The graceful attitudes of the former; the expressive countenance of the latter, had no charms for their Gothic spectators, and hardly a passage of the first act was audible in any part of the house. I hoped, however, at the commencement of the second, my misfortunes would terminate. Alas! they were but beginning. A contest arose in one of the boxes just over my head; and a fat unwieldy, insolent fellow, who had intruded himself there, being compelled to quit the place he had usurped, took the desperate resolution of precipitating himself over the side of the box into the pit.—Hardly able to breathe from the pressure of those which surrounded me, judge how I must have suffered from the descent of this new ruffian, who alighting exactly on my shoulders, nearly smothered me with his weight.

All the efforts I exerted to shake him off, or dislodge him from his elevated situation, by the most excruciating bites and pinches I could bestow on the calves of his legs, and other fleshy parts of his body, were ineffectual. He braved my utmost endeavours, and maintained his post with hellish perseverance, till quite exhausted, at the moment preceding the long expected appearance of Master Betty, my senses failed me, and I fell into a swoon. On recovering, I found myself lodged in an adjacent fruiterer's, having been dragged through the boxes and lobbies into the fresh air, with the additional loss of my new wig, purloined in the confusion. Hopeless of regaining my lost situation, I repaired, brimful of chagrin, to my inn, where I experienced some satisfaction in finding my family arrived before me, with the loss of half the cloaths they had carried on their back.

The critiques of the following day, however, inflamed me with new desires to behold this paragon of dramatic excellence; but as experience had taught me prudence, I no longer suffered my family to make the attempt. I will not tire your patience, Mr. Editor, by reciting the numerous cruel disappointments I have undergone. Suffice it to say, that every evening of Master Betty's performance I have besieged the doors of the play-house, and have returned regularly unsuccesful, and covered with brusies.—Twice have I been shouldered back by the throng when within view of a vacant seat. As often have I swooned, have been carried up to the boxes, and sent senseless out of the house. I have once been seized as a pick-pocket in the very entrance of the pit, by a gentleman who

who suddenly missed his watch, and whose sides I had for ten minutes previously been goring with the full energy of my elbows. For this supposed robbery I was carried over to Bow-street, and narrowly escaped being committed.

Last Thursday, fatal day! I made for the boxes at Drury-lane Theatre, indulging the fond hope of dropping over, and securing a place in the pit. Being one of the foremost, I eagerly sprung forward at the first opening the doors, and, indifferent to all about me, overturned a woman and child in my career, and treading over them without compunction, was on the point of completing my scheme, when the railing of the stair case giving way, nearly a dozen of us were tumbled headlong upon those below, occupied in endeavours to get into the pit. My head in the fall encountering that of a raw-boned Welchman, with horrid concussion, I once more lost all recollection. How I was extricated I know not, but on recovering my senses, I found myself again at a fruiterers, and again compelled to go home, doubly, trebly, disappointed.—I write this, however, to excite the managers to take fresh precautions to insure the safety of their stair-cases; and to devise, if possible, some easier means of access, otherwise even Roscius himself may go to the devil, for any of the cares of your humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

DUELLING.

THE public are sufficiently acquainted with the sensation produced by the unfortunate duel in which General Hamilton fell, and the grief which his death occasioned in America. In several of the States, resolutions against duelling were entered into, and a general spirit was excited against a practice which had risen to a height which threatened to be attended with consepuences utterly destructive to domestic peace or public tranquillity.

The following is the memorial of the Representatives of the State of South Carolina on this subject.

"Your memorialists are deeply impressed with grief at the prevalence of the custom of duelling, which, trampling upon all laws, human and divine, sweeps off many useful citizens, leaving their families a prey to sorrow, and often, to poverty and vice.

"That this custom originated in dark and barbarous ages, when a regular and impartial administration of justice was unknown, and unpractised; but it ought not to be tolerated by the civilization of modern times, under a legislation which has provided, or may easily provide, adequate redress for all serious injuries committed against the life, liberty, fame, or property, of the citizen.

"That this custom erects a tribunal for the settlement of personal differences, in which, contrary to all sound principles, a man becomes the sole judge in his own cause; whence, as might have been expected from such a code, the only punishment for the lowest, as well as the highest offences, are written in blood.

"That the restraining personal resentment, by giving the attribute of vengeance to the laws, was the greatest victory obtained by civilization over barbarism; but the custom of duelling is too well calculated to defeat the beneficial effects of that triumph, and to weaken the authority of all laws, by accustoming men to contemn their sanctions.

"That your memorialists are apprehensive, from the frequency of the

the practice of late years, that this custom is gaining ground, and seems likely to be carried to such great lengths, as to degrade men to the condition of gladiators, and to introduce a new reign of barbarism.

"That from the nature of the human mind, men are ever ready to follow examples, especially those set by eminent persons; when therefore the body of the community perceives great, and in other respects, virtuous citizens, shedding each others blood on slight provocations or trivial pretences, the fatal practice becomes general. Thus the barriers between virtue and vice, innocence and guilt, are broken down, and that horror of shedding human blood wantonly, which is the best safeguard of the peace of society, is greatly diminished, or wholly destroyed.

"That in countries where distinctions of rank are sanctioned, a pernicious custom may exist, and be confined to the higher orders of society, and be, comparitively, little destructive—but that, in our country of equal laws, rights, and rank, such custom, if unchecked by the laws, will necessarily become general, and spread its destructive effects far and wide in the community, to the desolation of thousands of families.

"That this mortal vengeance is not resorted to merely in cases of grievous injuries, for which the laws may not have provided an adequate remedy; but in many cases of trivial offence which a generous mind would willingly pardon, this tyrant custom is supposed to impose an obligation to call out to the field of blood even a companion or friend who may have unguardedly given the provocation.

"That this absurd custom decides no right, and settles no point; as the religion and philosophy of modern times will not admit that the Almighty disposer of events will interpose his power, on such an impious appeal to his justice; which the credulity of the Gothic nations believed, when this custom existed among them in the form of judicial combat. It is therefore conceded universally, that the innocent and aggrieved person is as likely to be the victim, as the guilty offender, and probably more so, as a mild and peaceable man would be less inclined to acquire or exert a murderous skill, the effect of which he abhors.

"That the pretence of those who would execute this custom, on the ground that it polishes society, and prevents assassination, is wholly unfounded, as the most polished nations of ancient times—the Grecians and Romans; and the most humane and civilized nation of modern times—the Chinese; have enjoyed society in perfection, without the adventitious aid of this pernicious and unnatural custom; which, though in direct hostility to the principles of Christianity, prevails only in Christian Europe and America.

"Your memorialists have been informed, that although the common law of the land declares homicide in a duel to be murder, the law has become obsolete and a dead letter. That all the decisions in our courts of justice have turned wholly on the fairness with which the duel was conducted; and verdicts of acquittal, or manslaughter, have constantly been rendered.—Thence arises a necessity for a clear and explicit expression of the legislative will on this important subject, guaranteed by new and vigorous sanctions.

"Your memorialists, therefore, humbly pray that your Honourable Houses would be pleased to take this important subject into your most serious consideration; and that you would in your wisdom provide such

such remedies as may effectually destroy the evil practice complained of, by regulations wisely calculated to protect the fame and feelings of the innocent and insulted person; and to punish rigorously the bold offender who shall dare to lift his hand against his neighbour, and shed his blood in a duel, in violation of the divine law, and the law of his country."

ECCENTRICITIES OF MORLAND, THE PAINTER.

MR. George Morland, on his return to town from Deal, where he had been to make sketches along the coast, travelled on foot, accompanied by his brother-in-law Mr. Williams, the engraver; they had proceeded a short distance from Canterbury, when Morland intimated the clamarous demand made by his craving appetite for refreshment; but how to procure the necessary fare became a subject of consideration, as both our travellers, in consequence of extravagance the preceding evening, were pennyless. Morland, however, who was seldom at a loss to obtain introduction to an alehouse, quickly hit upon an expedient to serve their purpose.—Observing a low-built house by the road-side, over which hung a figure designed for a bull, he entered, and under a pretence of inquiring his way, commenced a conversation with the landlord, expressing his surprise the latter did not renew his sign, which time had nearly defaced. The host stated his inability to get it repaired, and observed it was good enough to grace his humble habitation; but on the offer of Morland to paint him a new one for five shillings, he consented, and ordered the artist to try his skill. A fresh difficulty, however, occurred; Morland was without utensils, and the sign could not be painted unless the landlord despatched a servant to purchase colours, &c. at Canterbury, which he was, after much persuasion, prevailed upon to do; in the mean time the painter bespoke a dinner, and the travellers drank several pitchers of good ale, with a proportionable quantity of spirits, the charge for which could only be defrayed by painting the sign; their reckoning, however, by the time the bull was done, doubled the stipulated five shillings, and Morland pacified the enraged landlord—who reluctantly suffered them to depart—by describing who he was, and promising to call again on a future day, and pay the balance. On his arrival in town, Morland related this adventure among his friends, at the hole in the wall, Fleet Street, and the singularity of it induced a gentleman, who possessed the highest veneration for the Painter's productions, to set off privately in search of the Canterbury bull, which he purchased of the landlord for ten guineas, and finding it answer his most sanguine expectation, placed it in his cabinet, where it now remains considered as a valuable acquisition.

Morland's liberality among his pot companions, seldom failed to leave him without a shilling, and as constantly as he needed supply, his pencil went to work to procure more. During the time he was confined in the King's Bench, it was his custom to pledge his pictures with a pawnbroker in the Borough, who knew the artist's ability, and seldom failed to send the sums required, which generally bore but small proportion to the value of the picture. His impatience for the ready rhino, frequently made him send paintings wet from the hand, with directions to the bearer not to rub or deface them:

and one of the latter description, a farm-yard with pigs, done in his peculiar stile of excellence, was despatched to his Lombardy friend, with a polite request of three guineas, and an injunction to preserve it from harm, as it was designed for a high personage. The pawnbroker received the gem safe from the hands of the bearer, and was conveying it with all possible care to a place of security, when unfortunately he slipped going up stairs, and brought his cloathing in contact with the head and fore parts of a hog, which he entirely defaced.—The picture being thus spoiled, was sent back to Morland to re-touch, with an excuse for the accident; the painter, however, complained of the pawnbroker's inattention, and refused to repair the injury for less than five guineas, alleging it would take him an hour to replace the hog in its original situation. This demand was considered a most unconscionable extortion by the pawnbroker, and he refused the terms; but in consequence of being threatened with an action for the value of the picture, laid at L.30, at last reluctantly acceded to Morland's demand, who gave a liberal treat to his friends upon the occasion.

EGYPTIAN FURNITURE.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is my misfortune to be a woman without any taste, and to be married to a very honest man, who has a great deal too much.—Since this cursed Egyptian style came into fashion, I have never had a moment's comfort. Every thing in and out of the house is transmogrified, and I sincerely believe if I fret myself to death, in spite of all the ridicule cast on Mr. Vanbutchel, my husband would have a satisfaction in making me into a mummy. Every article of furniture, from the parlour to the garret, must look as if it was manufactured by a cabinet maker at Memphis or Cairo three thousand years ago. My eldest boy rides on a sphynx instead of a rocking horse, and my youngest has a pap boat in the shape of a crocodile. My husband has built a water closet in the form of a pyramid, and has his shirts marked with a lotus.

He talks in his sleep of Ibis, Apis, and *Sir* Apis, and God knows what other heathen names, who, he tells me, were more celebrated in Egypt than Lord Nelson, or Sir Sidney Smith. *Sir* Apis was probably a Baronet of that country, but nobody I am sure, ever heard of the other gentlemen. We have bulls feet, or cows feet to all our old claw tables, and he has stuck in the hall a plaster of Paris figure of an old gentleman with lappets on his head, whom he calls Osiris.—The children's nurses crawl up the back stairs every night for fear of seeing him. My eldest girl's music master is turned away because he could not teach her to play on the sistrum, a thing like a horseshoe.

If our steward writes us word from the country, of a flood that has carried off half the dead stock of a farm, my husband tells me the overflowing of the Nile is the blessing of Egypt, and we are to have a coach built in the spring, with black, red, and brown pannels, and covered with hieroglyphics. For my part, I know not where this folly is to end, but this I know, that I have already felt more of the plagues of Egypt than ever I read of or suffered before, and sincerely lament that all the architects and cabinet makers of that country did not form a part of Pharaoh's host when he was crossing the Red Sea.

Priscilla Plainstitch.

HUMOURS

HUMOURS OF A TWELFTH-NIGHT.

HAVING for some time been engaged to spend Twelfth-day with an old friend, a few miles from the metropolis, I arrived at his hospitable mansion about one o'clock, and was received by him and his lady with the greatest cordiality. Soon after we were seated, he told me he had planned an entertainment, a good burlesque upon that ridiculous diversion, as he called it, a masquerade. "I have," said he, "invited a large party of friends of both sexes, to partake of the ancient custom of drawing lots, and chusing king and queen; but instead of those characters, I have substituted others, with a little more meaning in them: these I have thrown into a large china vase, male and female promiscuously, and have provided proper dresses, which is to be finished with a dance by the motley crew; and as many of those who put their hands into the vase, will, most probably, draw lots not very suitable to them, I expect no small amusement from the opposition of the dresses to the persons who appear in them,"

I was not a little diverted with this whimsical scheme, and no less so with the party, consisting of about twenty agreeable people. With them I sat down to table at three o'clock, and dined with much hilarity. As soon as the wine and coffee were removed, the vase above mentioned was placed upon the table. The master of the house then desired his guests to take out their tickets in succession, and retire to their respective rooms, without discovering to each other what they contained, in order to prepare themselves for the evening jubilee; and requesting them, at the same time, to come down in their masks, that the mutual endeavours to find each other out, might contribute to the merriment of the night. Eager to know their destiny, they willingly submitted to the regulations proposed. I waited for their coming into the great hall, which was splendidly illuminated. There was also a band of music placed commodiously at the lower end; and a large table on one side, upon which the cake appeared, cut into proper divisions, and surrounded with refreshments of various kinds, so happily disposed as to have a very picturesque effect. Upon a signal given, just after the clock had struck seven, the maskers descending the great staircase, made their appearance, and sure such a grotesque groupe was never seen before! There was indeed so much laughter and so much confusion, that I could not immediately make any discrimination.

The first figure that struck me was a shepherdess, six feet high, with a pair of legs as thick as an Irish chairman, and arms in proportion, with a protuberance of belly that would have done honour to one of the most luxurious *bon vivants* in the kingdom. Recognizing under his pastoral disguise, a gentleman of the largest size, who sat at my right hand at dinner, I went up to him, and shook him by the hand with such heartiness, that his little Arcadian hat fell off and exhibited a bald pate, while he squeaked out, in a feminine key, "Lard! what are you about! How dare you treat one of the fair sex so roughly?" I made an apology for my mistake, and turning to a very diminutive figure, almost lost under the huge cowl of a friar, was asked in the prettiest female voice imaginable, if I was ready to come to confession? Just as I was going to make a reply, a very nimble Harlequin gave me a slap with *her* wooden sword—for I soon found

her to be a brisk girl, who seemed to have as free a use of her legs as of her tongue. My next address was to a demure nun, to all appearance big with twins; and near her stood a mere lath of a Falstaff, his pillows excepted. "'Tis a pity," said the master of the house to the former, "that you had not drawn this lot," pointing to the latter, "you would not have wanted any filling up." A conjurer, advancing to her, asked if he should cast the nativity of her children? "Stay till they are born," said a duenna, with a beard rough enough to frighten little Isaac, "she was once under my care, but eloped—and you see the consequences."

The gentleman who personated the conjuror, supported the character with an infinite fund of wit and humour. A lady who was very handsome, in the character of a magician, asked him, if the extent of his magic was superior to her's: "No," replied the conjuror, "your incantations far excel mine." To a widow in the character of Diana, he observed, "that she was truly in masquerade; for the goddess of the chase was celebrated only for her virginity. A young lady, in the character of a market girl with eggs in a basket, asked him to tell her her fortune; he replied, "a cracked egg and a cracked maid can never be mended."

When near two hours had been spent in this agreeable manner, my friend imagined, from a pretty good guess at the accidental disposal of his tickets, that some of the company would be more at ease without a mask, the signal was therefore given for unmasking. There was a small bustle at first, as some of the ladies were ashamed of the characters they personated: but they were soon reconciled to their dresses, and joined in the mirth which they excited—laughing not a little to see how oddly chance had thrown them into ridiculous situations.

To these characters, I should have added a Fair Rosamond, represented by an elderly man with a sallow complexion, and a gipsy, by the fairest woman in company. A very agreeable married lady danced an admirable minuet in a carter's smock-frock; and a stout squat gentleman had, in consequence of his lot, stretched on the jacket of a wood-nymph over his thick arms, looking ready to burst. A genteel young fellow, in the dress of a Columbine, flew about like lightning, and kicked his heels higher than any woman would venture to do; and by his extreme sprightliness, occasioned a number of very lively remarks.

The conversation of this festive evening was indeed sufficiently entertaining; but the loudest shouts of mirth were occasioned by the uncharacteristic dresses in which the maskers appeared: and the contrast between their dresses and their figures was still more conspicuous, when they were jumping about in cotillions and country-dances. Almost the only person who acted in character in his masquerade habit, and whom I have reserved for the last, was a gentleman who appeared with a *cap* and *bells*. He, though turned of forty, played the fool the whole night—"a fool at forty is a fool indeed!"—with prodigious spirit, and without once deviating into sense was pre-eminently ridiculous.

THE SNIPE.

A BEAUTIFUL variety of the snipe species was, a few days since, shot by W. Thorold, Esq. near Syston Park, Lincolnshire. The body, a clear white; the head, nec-

neck, and throat, closely marked with pale ash-coloured and yellow spots; the breast, a pure white; the back and wings strongly barred with bright buff colour; the tail white; the extremities of the tail feathers of a bright buff: when first shot, the legs and bill were of a lively pink, but have since faded to a pale salmon colour. It is a curious fact, that this elegant bird had frequented the same spot of ground for three successive winters. It was more than once seen in 1802. Mr. Thorold had a very distant shot at it, in 1803; when it could not be marked down, owing to the mistiness of the day. It was this year shot, rising from its favourite spring, in the same close, where it had always before been seen. The bird is now preserved at Syston Park.

Jan. 2, 1805.

CHRISTMAS EPISTLES.

From the Correspondence of Solomon Plane, and his Spouse Eliza Wilhelmina.

MR. EDITOR,

I DON'T see why a poor man may not make his complaints; and I am sure I have cause enough, for, what with the hard times, and my wife's vagaries, I believe I shall run mad.

Here was I, but a little time back, getting on in the world, master of a good business, with two journeymen and a tight lad of a prentice, paying my way, making all ends meet, and pleasing myself with the notion that one day or other I should hold up my head with the best of the trade; and this I verily think would have come to pass, if my Bet had not held it fit and right, and proper, to do as others do, that know how to live, for so she calls cramming a parcel of acquaintances, that she does not care a farthing for, with hot suppers, punch, and even wine, because that's most genteel: she says, it's a shame to hugger-mugger on without making a little figure now and then; that every body gives entertainments, and that one hears of nothing but such a one's dinners, and such a one's parties; and how should people expect to be thought of, if they don't try to rise a little above the low vulgar scum that nobody cares for?—This, and a great deal more stuff, I am dinned with every day, and all brought about by Madam's reading a pack of nonsensical books, shewing how poor folks are all at once made rich by fairies or hobgoblins, and newspapers, in which there is little to be found but histories of eating, drinking, and making merry. In the mean time I and my apprentice are almost starved; for, in order to save for great occasions, we live (if living it can be called) on scraps and cold bits. In short, every thing is turned topsy-turvy, and I am not the man I was a few years back, by many good pounds of flesh. This comes of giving women their way.

Bet was a nice girl when I married her, that's for certain, and so you see she got upper hand at the first set off, and I never durst speak my mind, from that day to this.

THE WIFE'S ANSWER.

MR. EDITOR,

FURST cum furst served; and my grumbling husband having got the start of me, I suppose you won't think a letter of mine worth your notis. However, I would have you no, that being brout up gentelly, and beorded at a purlite scool, I wont turn my back as to riting to nobody, much more such a dunce as Solomon, who nose well enuf how my friends found faut with me for marring him with the fortin I had, near

near too hunderd pound I can tell you, Sir, and came of a famely that have been used to the *hon tong*; but I believe I was bewitched with his smothe tung, though its ruff enuff now, and his wedeling promisis of how he'd love me, and that I shud be mistress of him, and of every thing; and, after all this, to dare to complane of me, and of my extravigence, and keping company. But who wond kepe his, I wonder, but a parsil of sots club. A pritty feller indede, to dare to give his opinion of grate fokes, and thare waze; as if they shud not no better then a set of drunkin tradsmen. Wat ideers can they have of delicut sencibillety, or the ennergis of a grate mind, that sores biond the comon herd of hannemels little abuve the bruts of the feeld. As to telling the gentery how to lay out thare munny, it is to be hoped they no best thare own affares, and the duce is in it if thay are not charetible enuf, wen thare's no end to subscreptiuns and ospitols, and pour-houses, and all that sort of thing.—As to eting and drinking at Christmus, its bin the custum ever since the world was made; and does he no better then King Solomon in all his glory? No, no, tho' he bares his name, he is but a worme in kumpareson of that wize monurcke, who indulged himself with the best of evry thing.—As to his noshons about Boneparty, thats like all the rest of his trash. Pece indede, a fine story! but he was alwais a mene sneke, or he wond not have thort of such a thing.—Wat can be finer then to se all the trupes marching out with the musik and drums, and exurcicing from morning to nite someware or other. Manny a plesent day have I and Miss Draul spent in watching em and hering the guns, and evry thing looking so chareful, and making holiday almost the weke round.—And wat have we to do but conker wen it cums to the pinch, with such charming bold men as we have got alredy, and wen all our new regimens are razed, whos affrade, as the man sais in the Play? Perils and dangers—a fig for em. And as to Bony, who wond go to give him advis of all fokes, for the more rong he is, and the wors he behaves, the better for us. And wen we have got the upper hand, as my husband sais of me, we can make wat bargain we plese, and he for his part will be glad to make it up with us, and send us presents of some of the fine things that he has got horded up, witch he stole from evry place he has gone to, and all the emperors and queens letting him do wat he plesed, becase thay had not the spirit to say no. He wont find us such milksops; and as to we wemen, weel let him no whos at home, and pack him off with a fle in his ear.—As to a stupid pece, I've no noshon of it, to make us all as dull and as slepy as my dunderhed spous. And for taxis and hard times, its all noncence, I am sure peeple never drest better, nor looked better, nor yet lived better, then thay do now.

And so, Mister Solomon, you may wine out your complants, and cry at our misdemeners as you plese. Its my umor to laff and injoy myself. So I say, a merry Christmus, and happy new year, witch that we may all partake of, is the wish of

Eliza Wilhelmina Plane.

BOXING.

O'DONNELL AND ARNOTT.

ON boxing-day, Dec. 26, a numerous assemblage of the holiday folk were amused by a hard fought battle, in St. Pancras-fields, between

between O'Donnell, a boot-maker, and Arnott, a brick-maker. This fight, if not truly scientific, was one that afforded plenty of diversion to several pugilists and admirers of the art present. At setting to, O'Donnell met his antagonist without ceremony, and by a well directed hit brought him down, before he had well put himself on the defensive. He repeated this several times during the first quarter of an hour, and betts were four and five to one in his favour. The friends of Arnott interfered, and it was mutually agreed on by the combatants to repair to a dry shed, which is five yards square. There was no room for shifting, and O'Donnell, who was before decidedly the favourite, received so many ugly hits about the head, from his rustic opponent, that he was compelled, through loss of blood, to relinquish the contest, after fighting hard for nearly an hour. Arnott was severely cut about the face.

MADDOX AND CRIBB.

NOTWITHSTING the unfavourable state of the weather, on Monday morning, Jan. 7, an unusual number of the amatuers of boxing flocked down to Wood Green, about two miles north of Highgate, to witness a pitched battle between the well-known George Maddox, who is almost in his 50th year, and a young man, of the name of Cribb, about 22, who never before entered the lists. He is employed at Wapping, as a coal-heaver, and is well known among the fraternity by the name of the "The Black Diamond." The second to the Old Man was Tom Jones; and the Black Diamond was seconded by Black Sam. They entered the ring about twelve o'clock, and, on stripping, appearances were much in favour of the youth; he is a well made man, stands about five feet ten inches, and shows a great deal of bone; Maddox is two inches shorter.

The first round consisted more of sparring than fighting, the Diamond struck first, but no damage was done on either side.

The fourth round was well contested, in which Maddox had considerably the advantage, and finished it with closing his antagonist's right eye. Odds in favour of the old man, two to one.

From this to the thirtieth round nothing of consequence happened; each fought as hard as he could, and endeavoured to outdo his antagonist by standing best up; but when this period arrived, the Old Man, finding that his antagonist was a *bottomed* man, and not to be beat by chance of fatigue, used every effort to deprive him of his eye, which he severely hurt in the fortieth round, at which time they had exactly fought one hour. Four to one against the Old Man.

From the fortieth to the fifty-second round there was nothing but hard fighting, and the odds changed but little, until the fifty-third, when the Old Man hit the Black Diamond a severe blow a little below his left eye, which nearly deprived him of his sight altogether. They had now one hour and a half of severe fighting exactly. The battle continued, and every round, until the sixtieth, the Old Man continued to lose ground, when some of his colleagues knocked up another fight at one side of the ring, and his seconds led him off, declaring it to be a drawn battle; the seconds of the Black Diamond demanded the purse, which being refused, a general engagement instantly ensued, in which Caleb Baldwin, Tom Jones, Black Sam, Dutch Sam, and several other

gentmen

gemmen of the fist, took a very active share, and in which some one, treacherously, cut the Black Diamond on the head with a stick.

Order being again restored, the young man demanded, either his prize, or that his antagonist should again come to the combat; this being so fair a proposal, it baffled the ingenuity of the friends of Maddox, and, rather than lose their money, the Old Man again came from a hackney-coach, when the battle was renewed, and lasted sixteen rounds more, making in all seventy-six, which were fought in two hours and twelve minutes.

The last sixteen rounds the Old Man fought hard: and about the fourth, some slight hopes were entertained of his winning; but the strength and vigour of youth prevailed. The purse was made up by some gentlemen amatuers, twenty guineas for the winner, and five for the loser. The Black Diamond having only just entered the list, has yet but few friends in it; in consequence of which, he experienced much unfair play; he is an excellent sparrer, but fights rather round.

CAVALLIN AND BURKITT.

MR. EDITOR,

FOR the entertainment of that part of your readers who consider boxing as a *science* worthy of attention, you may insert the few following lines in your next amusing publication, which will greatly oblige one of your constant readers.

This long expected contest between the celebrated Cornish man, Cavallin, and Burkitt, the Cheshire blacksmith, was decided in the wild mountains of Wales, a few miles from Dynasmouthy, in Merionethshire. What brought the heroes of two such distant counties to a trial of their prowess, we cannot tell: the sum fought for, was twenty guineas. The parties had been in training one month. On January 2, it was fixed that the parties should meet; and about two, a ring was formed, and the snow swept from the scene of action.

At stripping, odds were offered largely on Cavallin, who is a very fine made man, about five feet eleven inches. The Cheshire man was ill-made, except in his arms and chest, which were prodigious; he is about five feet seven inches.

In the first six rounds, Cavallin appeared to have so completely the advantage, that many of the Cheshire and North Wales farmers trembled at the idea of losing their bets; but it was discovered that Burkitt put on an appearance of being beaten intentionally, in order to induce the Corpish heroe to put out his utmost strength, and to fatigue him. Burkitt fell every round at the beginning, but in the seventeenth round, when those who did not understand his meaning thought him quite exhausted, he rallied, struck a severe blow in the throat, and following it up, threw in his left so forcibly in his antagonist's ribs as to take him nearly off the ground. In the eighteenth, there was much wrestling, but in this Burkitt failed. From this to the twenty-third round, there was much hard hitting; but the twenty-fourth surpassed any thing we ever have seen. While Cavallin was running in with a hard blow, Burkitt getting out of the way, struck him two severe hits, one of which fell on the kidneys; he then closed, and seizing him with both hands by his waist, dashed him on the ground, and fell on him. The succeeding rounds, Burkitt knocked him down every time with ease; and the forty-second round he threw in such a powerful

ful blow on his antagonist's ribs, that he was compelled to yield, finding that the pain of the blow entirely prevented every exertion. Burkitt was very little hurt, except in his face; and immediately after the battle, offered to fight, for 50 guineas, any man of the six western counties, Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorset, Gloucester, Monmouth, and Somerset; the inhabitants of Bath and Bristol excepted. Burkitt was capitally seconded by the Cheshire Williams, whom Burkitt owns his superior.

Since writing this, I have been informed that Burkitt's challenge has been accepted by Evan Price, commonly called the Big Man of Monmouth; and the parties are to fight three months hence. Betts seven to one on Burkitt.

Gentlemen, I beg leave to subscribe myself, with every wish for the success of your works.

A Constant Reader.

LAIRDE ROWLANDE OR RONALDE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following beautiful and pathetic old ballad, I found in my peregrinations through Scotland: I believe I may presume to affirm that it has never yet been published; at least, neither I, nor any of the various literary characters that I have consulted, had ever seen it before last winter but two. I met with it as I was sojourning a short time at the village of Randcallas, in Perthshire. A peasant's girl was singing it to a very simple and very ancient Scotch tune; and so much was I struck with the dreadful ambiguity, the mournful pathos, and solemn simplicity that pervades the ditty, that I immediately requested the girl to dictate to me the words, whilst I copied them.

Ah! where have you been, Lairde Rowlande! my son!
Ah! where have, &c. &c.
I've been in the wild-woods,
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

Oh! you've been at your true love's
Lairde Rowlande! my son!
Oh! you've been, &c. &c.
I've been at my true love's,
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

What got you to dinner, Lairde Rowlande! my son!
What got you, &c. &c.
I got eels boil'd in brue,
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

What's become of your warden, Lairde
Rowlande! my son!
What's become of, &c. &c.
He died in the muirlands,
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

What's become of your stag-hounds,
Lairde Rowlande! my son!
What's become of, &c. &c,
They swelled and they died!
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

The fable or plot of this seems to be, that Lord Rowland, upon a visit at the castle of his mistress, has been poisoned by the drugged viands at the table of her father, who was averse to her marriage with the lord. Finding himself weary, and conscious that he is poisoned, he returns to his home, and wishes to retire to his chamber without raising in his mother any suspicions of the state of his body and mind. We may see with what

short and evasive answers he eludes, and what importunate and repeated entreaties he requests his mother to prepare his chamber.

From your warm admirer and frequent correspondent,

PHILODICE.

THE SCHOOL OF REFORM;
OR
HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

Covent Garden, Jan. 15.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Avondale	Mr. Cooke.
General Tarragan	Mr. Munden.
Ferment	Mr. Lewis.
Frederick	Mr. C. Kemble.
Old Man	Mr. Murray.
Tyke	Mr. Emery.
Mrs. St. Clair	Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Ferment	Mrs. Litchfield.
Julia Tarragan	Miss Brunton.
Mrs. Nicely	Mrs. Davenport.
Shelah	Mrs. St. Leger.

THE following is a sketch of the fable of the drama:—Mr. Radmor privately marries an amiable girl, but of an humble rank in life. He carries her abroad, and being unexpectedly raised to a high station, and the title of Lord Avondale, he becomes disgusted with the low connection which he had made, and shuts her up in a convent, where he is informed she afterwards died. He had one son, Frederick, by this marriage, and him he places under the care of Tyke, a young tenant, a Yorkshire jockey, who squanders his money, and neglects his charge. Frederick, thus neglected and deserted, is placed in "The School of Reform," where he accidentally becomes serviceable to Lord Avondale, without knowing that he is his father; and who, equally ignorant that Frederick is his son, makes him his secretary. The play commences with Lord Avondale's arrival at his family seat, where he has come to be united to the daughter of General Tarragan, who has also arrived from abroad, and has brought with him Mrs. Radmor, who assumes the name of St. Clair, and who, by continental revolutions, has been liberated from the convent where she was confined—she is determined, having the certificate of marriage, letters, and jewels in her possession, to identify her claims, to institute an inquiry respecting her child: and, by a miniature which is sent from Lord Avondale to Miss Tarragan, she discovers that he is Mr. Radmor, her husband; and she determines, secretly, to prevent her husband adding a farther crime to what he has committed, by a second marriage; Tyke, who pursues his bad courses, is brought before Lord Avondale; he recognises him, and he disclaims any knowledge of the child; but says, that by a mark made by gunpowder, he will be enabled to identify him, should they ever meet; Lord Avondale then discovers that Mrs. St. Clair has, by the evidences she possesses, power to ruin his reputation, so determines, at any risk, to obtain possession of them; he sounds Tyke on the subject; but he, having found his father, is affected by sincere contrition, and refuses to become his agent. Lord Avondale, goaded on by the dread of immediate exposure, determines himself to obtain those evidences by force; he disguises himself, and effects his purpose, but is pursued; and Frederick, to save Lord Avondale, whom he ardently loves, assumes the disguise, and is supposed to have taken the stolen property. The marriage is proceeded on between Lord Avondale and Miss Tarragan, when his wife places herself at the entrance of the chapel, and

and on the door opening, he beholds her demanding her lost son. In the mean time, Tyke has discovered that Frederick is her son, who rushes in; and Lord Avondale, on beholding his wife and child restored, kneels to heaven in gratitude and contrition. The comic incidents are furnished by the agency of Mr. and Mrs. Ferment; the former a scheming half-witted husband, who pays his court to Lord Avondale, and always is discomfitted; the latter a cheerful well-disposed lady, who finds that the only *way to rule a husband* is by *holding her tongue*.

Of these materials the author, Mr. Morton, has composed a most excellent play; equal, if not superior, to any of his dramatic productions, in incident and good writing. It is, however, much too long, and may be rendered much more interesting by a judicious curtailment. Lord Avondale found an able representative in the person of Cooke, for whom the character was evidently designed by the author, and he did it ample justice; and in that of Tyke, a new field is opened for the display of the versatile talents of Mr. Emery, by whose excellent acting, in the second act, and in that in which he discovers his father, the audience were dissolved in tears. Indeed, too much praise cannot be bestowed on all the performers of the *dramatis personæ*, who seemed to vie with each other in giving due interest to the play. The comic incidents fall to the lot of Mr. Lewis.

The prologue was spoken by Mr. Brunton. It is the production of Mr. John Taylor, and does credit to his talents. The epilogue has much merit, and was very well delivered by Mrs. Litchfield. We understand it is written by Mr. Litchfield. The play was given out for a second representation, with bursts of applause.

On the first representation the necessity of curtailment was so obvious, as to induce the author to use the pruning knife with no sparing hand; several passages also, which were evidently objectionable, were altered in the second performance; and thus amended, and aided by the admirable acting of Emery and several of the other performers, who exerted themselves to the utmost, the piece will, no doubt, prove for some time duly attractive.

A FAMILY OF ROSCIUSES!

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a very considerable manufacturer. My house and servants are all mad; and it is but very lately that I got to the foundation of my misery, by finding out how my men all came "to be of one mind in an house;" but I find that whenever any man did not suit them, they made his life uneasy; and so I often left the finding out a fresh one to themselves, when to be sure they always chose one of their own kidney, for want of which I sometimes waited months without a principal hand in my manufactures: thanks to their impudence.

I both read and saw a farce called "The Apprentice;" and indeed it hit my situation so pat, that I really thought the author, whoever he was, meant it at me; but I assure you, his medicine and prescription has not answered, at least to me and mine.

My house then are all tragedians; my maids, who are hired by them for the very same purpose, neglect the house business to appear as Zara's, Monimia's, Belvidera's, Calista's, Portia's, and Desdemona's.

The boards of my best room are all started with the fall of heroes in the hour of death, or the battles of Macbeth and Macduff in the field of Dunsinane. I am positive, and why? My wife unhappily likes these proceedings, and I have nobody to thank but myself for it—having once unluckily forbid her going to plays; which ordinance I wish I could recal, for now she would not go if I bid her and gave her money, as she says "they perform them better at home."

"Where's Atkinson?" says I the other day, who is a clever fellow, and my foreman, "bid him come to me." "Sir," says the maid, "I am sure he can't; for he plays Othello to night, and his face is already blacked."

"Well," says I, "patience! patience! but send Molly to me to make some tea; I am quite feverish." "Molly, Sir, does Desdemona, as Betty is not well; and her head is so well dressed by my mistress's own hands, that she would be ashamed to come down now. Besides, the warehouse, I mean the theatre, is quite full of company, and the first music is over."—Pretty music this! to my ears at least. My daughters are all taught already to wear inexpressibles; and my sons are already arrived at the honour of characters, though dumb ones; for they are senators in Othello, slaves in Oroonoko, thieves in the Beggar's Opera, and Dominican, or other friars in Juliet's procession: this is kindly contrived by my wife, who says, in time they will speak tragedy well, they being under a good *tutorer*, as she calls him; and that they ought to be *manured* to an audience afore they begin to speak, least it should damp their first essays on the stage; for that Cooke, or even your Young Roscius, are fools, compared to her son Bobby. BENEDICT.

ENORMOUS CHARACTER OF A PROFESSED GAMESTER.

SIR,

THOUGH I am well aware that the subject of the present letter has no direct reference to sporting, yet so perfectly am I convinced of the always excellent intentions of the conductors of the work I have now the honour to address, that I flatter myself they will not reject any thing which may unite, harmoniously, the *utile* and the *dulce*; and, by this means, confer, not only pleasure, but no inconsiderable share of profit also on the reader, inasmuch as it tends towards the promotion of virtue, and shews itself inimical to the cause of vice.

Such sentiments have induced me to send the following cursory thoughts to you, and I am vain enough to hope they may merit the favour of insertion.

There are not many vices which present themselves in more alluring colours to the unwary mind than gaming; and, if once this intoxicating pleasure is ever, even in the smallest degree, yielded to, and gains the least ascendency over our judgment, the effect is terrible; further encroachments are rapidly made, and in vain will reason be then opposed to its influence, when once we have suffered passion to triumph over her. If gaming has usurped the government of the soul, soon will every idea of virtue, of modesty, and decorum fly it; every other consideration is swallowed up in the gratification of our fatal desire for play. It were almost needless to search the chequered page of history, for examples of the horrid misery which has been the consequence of this direful habit, so many does every day, every hour present, before our own eyes; had it not been for this, the once gay, light-hearted Hilario, need not have exchanged

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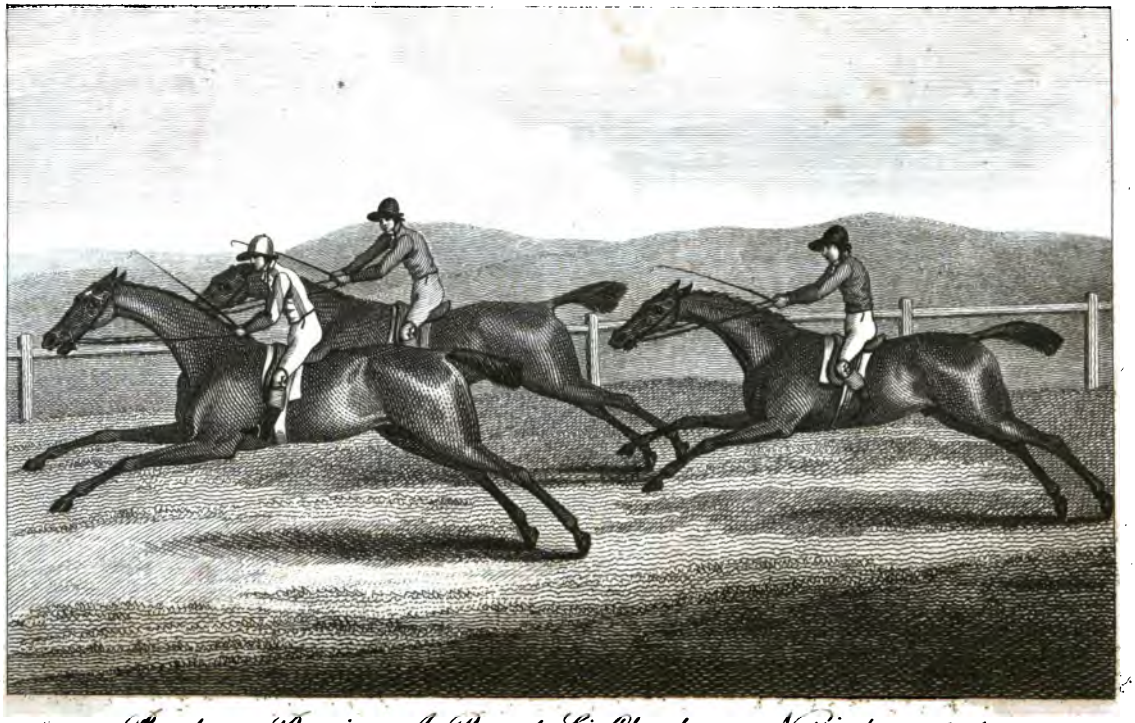

Prospero Beating A. B. and Sir Charles at Nottingham, 1804.

Pub. Feb. 1806. by J. Walker, Warwick Square.

exchanged the comforts of domestic life for the gloomy horrors of a jail; nor the formerly happy Antonio been obliged to quit the confines of his native land, and seek in distant climes, an asylum from the harrassing pursuit of his impatient creditors; and had not Lucio yielded to the infatuating call of gaming, he still might have lived an honour to his country, and a source of happiness to every friend around him, instead of lying, as he now does, rendered by suicide a ghastly corpse.—Let the professed gamester reflect for a moment how high a stake he is risking at this pursuit, too often, if he is unfortunate, the loss of his whole fortune, his reputation, is the consequence; this necessarily involves his family in utter ruin and destruction; and at last, unable to bear the reflection of his crime, and of the miseries into which he has plunged his family, he is spurred on, by the horrors of his conscience, to the commission of an infinitely greater crime—of closing, with his own self-destroying hand, the scene of his existence!!—On the other hand, supposing the fickle goddess favour our adventurer, what kind of a fortune does he gain? why, such a one as the man of honour or virtue would be ashamed to make use of, and every guinea of which must reflect disgrace and infamy upon its possessor, though gained at the risk of every thing worthy the consideration of a man. So well were the French monarchs aware of the pernicious effects of play, that they forbid it on the most rigorous penalties throughout their dominions. We find, in 1691, Louis XIV. issuing an order that no one should engage at Faro, Basset, &c. on any consideration; every offender was fined 1000 livres, and the person at whose house any such game was suffered, incurred the penalty of 6000 livres for each offence. The persons who played were also to be imprisoned for six months. Some years after, the same prince published a still severer edict, by which he forbade, on pain of death, any playing in the French cavalry, and sentenced every commanding officer or governor who should presume to set up a hazard table to be broken, and all concerned to be immediately and rigorously imprisoned. Who is ignorant of the method which the celebrated Sully took to reform Henry IV. who was much addicted to gaming? This prince having once lost an immense sum of money at play, Sully let the king send to him for it several times; at last, however, bringing it, he spread it all before him upon the table. Henry fixed his eyes upon the vast sum—said to have been enough to have bought Amiens from the Spaniards—and at last cried out to Sully, "I am corrected, I will never again lose my money at gaming while I live." I can with difficulty force myself to lay down my pen while engaged on so interesting a subject; should this meet with approbation, I may some time resume it. I am, &c.

PHILOS.

PROSPERO BEATING A. B. AND SIR CHARLES.

Nottingham, 1804—3 Years old Plate.

An Engraving from a Drawing taken on the Spot by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.

THE design, from which this engraving is taken, of Sir Charles Bunbury's colt Prospero beating A. B. and Sir Charles, at Nottingham, is by Mr. Clifton Tomson, horse-painter, &c. of that place. For the particulars of this race, we must refer to our Racing Calendar for September, 1804.—Vol. XXIV.

THE

THE SHOOTING DIRECTORY;

By R. B. Thornhill, Esq.

AS a specimen of the stile, manner, and professional skill of Mr. T. as a sportsman, we have extracted the following observations of this ingenious author upon the pointer.

"The gentleness, docility, and even the timidity of the pointer, are the most convincing proofs of the great perfection it has acquired, by the careful education bestowed on it by men.

"M. de Buffon considers the shepherd's dog to be the origin of all dogs, as he asserts, he is naturally the most sensible of all the dog kind; from this assertion, are we confident that the pointer comes from the shepherd's dog? The only circumstances that give us any justifiable reason for supposing this to be true, is, that there is a very remarkable singularity in the feet of the shepherd's dog, which may be also seen frequently in pointers, setters, and spaniels; this singularity is called by many a *duclaw**, some have a single, and others, double duclaws, though they seem not to be of any use; they appear to be destitute of muscles, and hang dangling at the hind part of the leg more like an unnatural excrescence than a necessary part of the animal. When these appear on pointers, or any sporting dogs, they are generally taken off when puppies; however, it should not generally be adopted; for the adage, that "Nature has made nothing in vain," ought to correct our decision on their utility, which probably may exist, though unknown to us. Some sportsmen find fault with these duclaws becoming sore, if the dog be severely hunted, which causes him to be lame.

"Of pointers there are two kinds, the English and the Spanish; their great utility and excellence for shooting partridges, moor, or heath game, make them worthy of our regard. There are at the present day a great variety of both these kinds, with respect to size, shape, and colour; some are good and others bad of each sort, so that it is not to be wondered at, that there should exist so many different opinions concerning them. The pointer mostly approved of, is neither large nor small, but between both, well made, active, light, and strong; this is the dog that will bear a vast deal of hunting: a small one, although he may be ever so good in his kind, can be but of little service in hunting; particularly in long stiff stubbles, a strong piece of turnips, or deep and heavy mountains, where the heath is strong and long, and deep ruts are constantly met with; and the feet of a large heavy dog will be soon tired, by his own weight. With respect to the Spanish pointer, he is of foreign origin, as his name seems to imply, but is now naturalized in this country, which has long been famous for dogs of this description; the greatest attention being paid to preserve the breed by many sportsmen, and those who have paid due attention to it, have been recompenced, by preserving the breed in the utmost purity. This dog is remarkable for the aptness and facility with which it receives instruction: indeed it may be said to be self-taught. The English pointer on the contrary, is very difficult to be broke in, the greatest attention being necessary to complete his education. A cross between these, produces capital dogs, which are much esteemed for

* By some called water-claw.

their

their goodness: The Spanish pointer cannot undergo the fatigues of an extensive range, nor is he so durable and hardy as the English. There are few parts of the world where there are so great a variety, or so many good sporting dogs as in Great Britain, as they are brought to that perfection which is hardly to be described. Respecting the colour of pointers, as before observed, a great deal depends entirely on fancy, but that most esteemed, is the liver and white, although there are as good dogs of every other colour; indeed, there is hardly a colour but some reason may be assigned for its being either good or bad. A white dog is to be preferred on two accounts: the first is, being all white, he is void of any thing phlegmatic in his constitution, which does not hinder him from retaining the lesson he has been taught, and prevent his being obedient; besides, he has always a good nose. Secondly, in grouse shooting, he can be discerned at any distance, whereas a brown one cannot: a white pointer, if good, is a treasure to a keen sportsman. Pointers of a lemon, or setters of a red, or chesnut colours, are always the most difficult to be brought to obedience, by reason of the bilious humour which prevails in them, and which causes this irregularity. The white pointer is full of stratagems and cunning, and is not so easily tired as dogs of the lemon colour, which are very giddy and impatient; as choler is the most predominant humour in them, it, in some measure, accounts for their being so; they are very uneasy under correction, and are certainly more subject to diseases than any other dogs. Pointers of a brown colour are generally good ones; but one great objection to this colour is, they are difficult to be seen on a mountain, and are sometimes lost, which gives the sportsman a vast deal of trouble before he can discover them; but let any sportsman be asked if he has not remarked, that a brown-coloured dog will bring him closer to game than any other, by reason that they are not so easily perceived by the birds or game, as one of a white or any other colour. The compiler, from many years experience, is confident a sportsman will get more shots with a brown dog, than one of any other colour, and has found him to be very useful when birds become shy, and the season is far advanced.

"With respect to wild unthinking sportsmen, and very fleet unsteady pointers, Mr. Taplin, in his Sporting Dictionary, very deservedly censures these wild gunners; he says, "The impatient volatility of some men, probably prompted them to indulge a design of introducing a breed of pointers, with speed sufficient to outstrip the rapidity of their own imaginations, that they might enjoy the unprecedented and supreme felicity of *hunting and shooting* at the same time."

"Let it be always remembered, that the sportsman who breaks his own pointers and setters, is rewarded well for his trouble, as he will have a decided superiority in the field over the sportsmen that do not.

"When you have made choice of a young pointer, that in every respect answers to what I have before described, it will be necessary to begin to teach, or break him in, at the age of from nine to twelve months. A young pointer should not be broken in too early, for fear of his being chest-foundered, a circumstance that commonly follows, when dogs are broken in too young. He should be first taught to crouch, and lie down at command, and not dare to stir from that position until he

he is ordered; he will soon be brought to this by gentle correction when he disobeys; and he should be always rewarded when he does right: continue, if you can, always to give him his lesson before feeding time, and never feed him but when he deserves it; this will always teach him to do well for the sake of his victuals; you should not allow any person to interfere with you in breaking your own dog, for two masters breed a confusion; always be careful to use the same words in your lessons, and select those that are most plain in their sound, and most distinct from one another, which do not alter on any account; for your dog being guided wholly by the sound, and not at all by the sense, any alteration in them, though the change be into words of the same meaning, will confound him. The words *down and close*, are short and expressive; and none other need be made use of when he is ordered to crouch. The sound, or word of correction, is next to be taught him; for it seldom happens, when you give him his lessons, but that you will find faults committed, and none should you allow to escape without correction; in this case, the word *sirrah*, spoke sharp and with anger, will be always understood by him; words of encouragement must be also taught him, such as *good boy*, or the like, at the same time he should be clapped on the back; you must also teach him words of advice, such as *take heed*, which will put him in mind of his business, put him on his guard, and make him diligent; he will also by this treatment become useful and cunning, and at the same time, cheerful and pleasant within himself; knowing that he is doing his master a pleasure. Always allow a young pointer, or indeed any young dog, his liberty; if he is kept confined, he will get out at the elbows, weak, and bandy; it will be proper to allow him to follow when you walk out. After you have brought him under proper subjection, you ought, by all means, to take him out with an old staunch dog; but do not allow him, at this time, to hunt too severely; the old one will give him a notion of beating and ranging his ground, and when you are at leisure, teach him to crouch to a piece of bread, or any thing else, to bring him under command; or when he is feeding, stop him, and do not allow him to touch his mess until you direct him to do so; when you think he has waited long enough, speak kindly to him, and encourage him; if he does not obey, speak roughly to him, and check him; use him always to obey your whistle, or the motion of your hand, in preference to your voice; for the more silent you are in the field, at all times, the better; feed him always yourself, and constantly after his lessons, which will seem to him a reward, will endear you to him, and make him fond of you; but never overfeed him.

Whenever you take him out, put some string round his neck, which will, in some measure, bring him to bear the chain and couples; never suffer him to go too far from you, allow him to go a little before, making him always come behind you, or close to your heels, at the words *back*, *heel*, or *hem*: train him thus, until, by continual lessons, his attention is always on you, to know what he is to do.

It is most adviseable that a pistol, or gun, should frequently be fired over him, in order to make him know the shot; for many young dogs, on the report of a gun, are so alarmed, that they run away; and with the greatest difficulty only, after a length of time, are brought to be reconciled to it. For, by this method, you will make him steady

on

on the shot, particularly, if when you fire, you make him lie down close, calling to him, *down, shot, and load,* and enforcing obedience; for it is certain, every Sportsman will allow, that a pointer who breaks away at shot, is not worth feeding; for he not only spoils your sport, but also ruins your other dogs, and teaches them bad habits.

A circumstance of considerable importance to every sportsman, generally occurs at the period of breaking in young dogs, which is, that of killing and hunting sheep and fowls; the most effectual mode of breaking a dog liable to these practices, will be in the former instance, by coupling the dog to a stout ram, and to flog him well, till he cries out, which will alarm the ram so as to make him run off and drag the dog after him, and probably by this rough usage, may entice the dog to bite him, in order to extricate himself; the ram on this, will make use of violent efforts, and will commence by butting him severely with his horns, which will terrify the dog, and most likely deter him from ever even looking at sheep in future. Respecting the breaking them of killing fowl, the following method will be found the best: take a cleft stick, at one end of it, tie a live fowl, and put the dog's tail in the cleft at the other; be sure to tie his tail in it very tight, so as to cause him some pain, and as you let him go, give him three or four smacks of the whip, and he will not fail to run off, by reason of the pain produced by the tightness of the cord, and conceiving it is caused by the fowl; when he gets tired he will stop, then untying the stick from his tail, beat him well about the head with the fowl once or twice; this you may be certain will be sufficient to prevent his ever touching a fowl. The great injury a dog receives by being allowed to kill fowl, is, that it commonly makes him hard mouthed, and apt to *break* his game.

(To be continued.)

REGIMENTAL PACK OF HOUNDS, &c. &c.

A SUBJECT has been brought forward in the public prints, and to magisterial investigation, which we are sure will excite much conversation, and particularly in that part of the country in which the cause originated. Certain proceedings lately took place at Guildford in Surry, for protecting the game on the manors and other landed property, within 10 miles of that place.—The first intimation was, by the publication of the following advertisements:—

"Guildford Bench Club, Dec. 22, 1804.—It having been proposed to form an Association, for the purpose of mutually protecting the game, on the manors and landed property, within ten miles of Guildford, against poachers and other trespassers thereon;

"*Resolved*—That a meeting be held on Saturday, the 5th of January next, at two o'clock, at the White Hart, in Guildford, to consider of the means of carrying this purpose into effect, and that the noblemen, gentlemen, and yeomanry within the said district, be invited to attend at such meeting.

"*Resolved*—That the above resolution be inserted in the County Chronicle. J. Martyn, Secretary."

The next public communication, was the advertisement annexed:—

"At a meeting of the noblemen, gentlmen, and yeomen, proprietors or occupiers of manors or lands within fifteen miles of Guildford, in the county of Surry; held at the

White Hart Inn, in Guildford, the fifth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and five.

GEORGE HOLME SUMNER, ESQ. in the chair.

"*Resolved*—That an association be formed, for the purpose of mutually protecting the manors and properties of subscribers to the same, against poachers and other trespassers on such properties, for the destruction of game.

"That the undersigned do agree to subscribe the sums respectively set against their several names, for the purpose of prosecuting poachers, receivers, and carriers of game, and also trespassers in pursuit thereof, and do deposit L.20. per cent. in part of such subscriptions.

"That the subscription shall not be less than five guineas.

"That a committee be appointed, to consider of such regulations as may be necessary for the purpose of carrying the above objects into effect; and that such committee do consist of the following subscribers; three of whom shall be competent to act in all cases relative to this Association; viz.

The Right Honourable Lord King.
The Honourable Arthur George Onslow.
George Holme Sumner, Esq.
John Webbe Weston, Esq.
Colonel Gooch.
Samuel Thornton, Esq.
The Rev. Samuel Man Godschal.
George Barrett, Esq.
James More Molyneux, Esq.
Mr. Morris Birkbeck.
Thomas Page, Esq.
Captain Pierrepont.
John Peyto Shrubb, Esq.

"That Messrs. William Haydon and Son, of Guildford aforesaid, be appointed treasurers; and Mr. John Smallpeice, also of Guildford aforesaid, clerk of this Association.

G. Holme Sumner, chairman.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

His Royal Highness the D. of York	10	10
Rt. Hon. Ld. Onslow	10	10
Rt. Hon. Ld. King	10	10
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Wm. Currie, Esq.	10	10
Sir F. Evelyn, Bart	10	10
Thomas Page, Esq.	10	10
G. H. Sumner, Esq.	10	10
Colonel Gooch	10	10
Captain Pierrepont	5	5
Rev. S. Man Godschall	10	10
Rev. G. Walton Onslow	10	10
J. P. Shrubb, Esq.	5	5
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Mr. Gabriel Ryde	5	5
Mr. Richard Sparkes	5	5
Mr. George Chandler	5	5
Mr. John Butcher	5	5
Mr. M. Birkbeck	5	5
Geo. Barrett, Esq.	5	5
William Haydon, Esq.	5	5
Messrs. George and Job Smallpeice	5	5
John Martyr, Esq.	5	5

"N.B. Subscriptions will continue to be received by Messrs. Haydon and Son, treasurers to the said Association for furthering the above purposes, and where the subscription paper is left for the signature of such persons as may be desirous of becoming members of this Association."

After the appearance of the above report of these proceedings in the public prints—the following paragraph, as an article of intelligence, was inserted in the County Chronicle, of the 22d of January—

"A petty session was lately held at the town hall, in Guildford, Surry, which was attended by more gentlemen of property and respectability, than we ever remember to have seen assembled on such an occasion,

occasion, in consequence of complaints having been preferred against certain officers of the 14th regiment of light dragoons, now quartered at Guildford, for shooting, and hunting with a pack of harriers belonging to the officers of that regiment, over the properties of gentlemen in that neighbourhood, and not producing their certificates, and refusing to give their names when in pursuit of game, having been duly required so to do. The charge having been fully proved against two of the officers, they were convicted in the full penalty of the law, which, in consideration of the more moderate conduct of one of the gentlemen, was mitigated to him. A good deal of explanation took place between the lieut. colonel commanding the regiment, and the magistrates on the bench; in which the lieutenant colonel avowed, that he had countenanced the establishment of a regimental pack of hounds, for the purpose of diverting the officers from their favourite, and, as he conceived, more offensive, pursuit of shooting; from the gratification of which, he had been involved in so much trouble and dispute with proprietors of lands neighbouring the two last quarters, he had quitted. The lieutenant colonel's reasoning on this point did not appear very satisfactory to the court, particularly as the experiment seemed to have so entirely failed in producing the object proposed: and the chairman, after advising the discontinuance of the trespasses so much complained of, either with hounds or guns, took occasion to call the attention of the lieutenant colonel and the regiment—every officer of which were said to be present—to the persons who composed the court; among whom he would see the representatives of Lord Onslow, Lord King, Sir Fred. Evelyn, and of almost every proprietor of land within ten miles of Guildford; whose sentiments he was sure he spoke, when he told the lieutenant colonel that they were unanimously resolved to submit to no trespass or intrusion of the nature that had been practised, from which the law would protect them; and if any similar were again attempted, they were determined to enforce the utmost rigour of the statutes against the offenders, whatever might be their rank or situation in life."

This article disclosing the chief object of the Association, we shall subjoin a few words to put the case in a fair and honourable point of view, between the officers and the owners of manors, &c. in the neighbourhood of Guildford. On the part of the latter, they certainly have the strong arm of the law in their favour, as the following clause in the Mutiny Act expresses—

44 *Geo.* III. *cap.* 19. § 63.

"And, for the better preservation of the game in or near such place where any officers or soldiers shall at any time be quartered, be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if, from and after the said twenty-fourth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and four, any officer or soldier shall, without leave of the lord of the manor, under his hand and seal first had and obtained, take, kill, or destroy any hare, coney, pheasant, partridge, pigion, or any other sort of fowls, poultry, or fish, or his Majesty's game, within the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and upon complaint thereof, shall be, upon oath of one or more credible witness or witnesses, convicted before any justice or justices of the peace, who is and are hereby impowered and authorized to hear and determine the same; that is to say, every officer so offending shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum

of five pounds, to be distributed among the poor of the place where such offence shall be committed; and every officer commanding in chief upon the place, for every such offence committed by any soldier under his command, shall forfeit the sum of twenty shillings, to be paid and distributed in manner aforesaid: and if, upon conviction made by the justices of the peace, and demand thereof also made by the constable or overseers of the poor, such officers shall refuse or neglect, and not within two days, pay the said respective penalties, such officer so refusing or neglecting shall forfeit, and he is hereby declared to have forfeited his commission, and his commission is hereby declared to be null and void."

With respect to the military character, our sentiments and wishes go with those of Mr. Cumberland, in his excellent comedy of the "Wheel of Fortune."

"*Henry*. If books do not serve for a resource, and ancient history is too remote, we can find heroes in modern times; and you shall fight over your battles as often as you please.

"*Temp*. That is very pleasant, I confess, for there I can come on a little; but then I grow warm with the subject, and Emily snubs me for swearing; which you know, Mr. Penruddock, every soldier is privileged to do.

Penrud. "I did not know it was amongst their privileges; but this I know, they cannot, in my opinion, have too many; and heartily I wish they had more and better than what you have named."

As to the point or policy of the distinction, whether the officers of a regiment should individually shoot, or collectively keep a pack of hounds for their amusement? we most decidedly think that a greater outrage could not be offered to the neighbourhood of regimental quarters, than by the adoption of hounds. An officer may, upon application, receive permission to shoot, and restrict himself to the manor on which he has leave (in that way) to sport; but what is to restrain hounds from pursuing their game? and go where they may the huntsman must follow, even into the pleasure-grounds and gardens of some lord of a manor, who gave no permission for hunting, nor ever expected to be assailed by such violent noisy intruders. Besides, as these military gentlemen are many of them of respectable and honourable families, will they, or can they bring from any of their relatives, proprietors of estates in other parts of the country, a certificate that they (their relatives) would permit a regimental pack, as it is called, to sport on their manors? Certainly not; and therefore an indulgence their own friends would not grant, ought not to be expected from others.

We shall only add one remark, which is, that having no private communication on the subject, it strikes us that the gentlemen of the Bench Club at Guildford, have acted in the most honourable and constitutional way: they have resorted, with moderation and candour, to the laws of the country; and to punish a violation of those laws, of which they had just and reasonable cause to complain.

Recent habits have brought the practice of making application to the Commander-in-chief, in petty disputes where officers are concerned; but the Guildford Club, it appears, pursued the straight line of legal investigation. We do not hear that they applied for the interdiction of the Commander-in-chief, a practice more frequent than necessary, in our humble opinion; there will always

always be cases that require such application, but to make it in trivial matters is degrading to the military character, and depriving gentlemen, merely because they are soldiers, of their birthright as Englishmen.

CANTERBURY RACES.

A Sporting Trial in the Court of Common Pleas, Jan. 26, 1805.

EMDEN *v.* BAKER AND HODGES.

THIS was an action brought against the defendants, who were stewards at the Canterbury races in 1803, to recover the sum of L.50. the value of a plate then run for, and which they refused to give to the plaintiff, alleging, that his mare was not entitled to run, she having won a plate at Tunbridge in the same year, which was contrary to the rules of the race.

Serjeant Cockel, on the part of the Plaintiff, stated, that the defendants were appointed stewards, for the purpose of regulating and deciding all differences which might arise at the races which were held at Canterbury. It appeared, in the public papers, that there was a piece of plate to be run for, by a certain description of horses. Mr. Emden, seeing this, went down there, with his little mare, called Gipsey, and having paid the fees, she was duly entered, and every necessary form gone through to entitle him to run her. Five horses started the first heat, but Gipsey led them all, and arrived first at the post. The next to her was a horse called Gift, and the next to him a colt got by Pegasus; the other two were distanced both by Gipsey and Gift, but the Pegasus colt was only distanced by Gipsey, being within a very short distance of the second horse, Gift. When they were preparing for the second heat, the objection was started that Gipsey had won a plate of L.50. at the Tunbridge races in the same year, and therefore was not qualified to run; but, notwithstanding this objection, the groom was weighed, and Gipsey ran the second heat with Gift, and was again victorious. The learned serjeant concluded by saying, that a still stronger point in his favour was, that the Pegasus colt, distanced by Gipsey, did not, nor would not be allowed to run the second heat, though, if it had been the received opinion, that Gipsey was disqualified, then the colt would have run, and had a right to insist on running, as he had not been distanced by the second horse, Gift.

Henry Crozier deposed, that he was clerk of the course at Canterbury in 1803, and that there was a plate run for by Gipsey, Gift, the Pegasus colt, and two others. In the first heat, three of them were distanced, and in the first and second Gipsey was before Gift.

On his cross-examination, he said, that after the first heat, he had heard it objected by the stewards, that Gipsey had won a plate at Tunbridge, but that they having gone away from the scales, the groom was weighed, and Gipsey won the second heat. He also said, he had heard Mr. Emden acknowledge, that he had won a plate at Tunbridge, which was advertised as worth L.50. but that it was not worth L.20.

Upon this evidence, Serjeant Best contended, that the plaintiff should be non-suited, as it was a condition at the Canterbury races, that no horse should run, who had, in the same year, won any plate to the value of L.20.

The court was of opinion, that the plaintiff should be non-suited.

UNFOR-

UNFORTUNATE SKAITERS.

SUNDAY morning the 13th instant, some hundreds of skaiters repaired to the Serpentine river, in hopes of finding it sufficiently frozen to enable them, without danger, to enjoy their favourite amusement. On examining the ice the general opinion was, that it was by no means safe to venture upon it. At three o'clock, however, about twenty persons were daring enough to make a trial, and for some time skaited without any accident befalling them; this encouraged others, and about four o'clock, at least fifty persons were on the ice, when it gave way nearly at the same time in two different places. One person was immersed in the water, not far from the boat-house, on the north side of the river, who, after a hard struggle, succeeded in reaching the shore. At another place, on the south side, opposite the barracks, two youths were plunged over head in the water; one of them was so fortunate as to get his head above the ice, and to be able to reach his arms upon it, so that it supported him; but such was his critical situation that he dared not make the least struggle for his further deliverance, lest he should break the ice a second time, and accelerate his destruction. Some of the guards viewing his perilous situation, procured a ladder, to which they tied a rope, and this they shoved along the ice, till within the reach of the young man, who was so benumbed with the cold, that it was with great difficulty he could place himself upon it; which at length having done, he was dragged on shore over the ice, without suffering any other injury than what might be expected from the cold.—The fate of his companion was less fortunate; he had never been seen since his first disappearing in the water, and the time that had now elapsed was nearly half an hour, and no doubt was entertained of his having got under the ice. A boat, however, was brought round with all expedition, from the boat-house—which was done by keeping it close in-shore, where no ice appeared—and when opposite to the place where the unfortunate youth was supposed to be, the soldiers broke the ice all the way to it, and there found him a lifeless corpse. He appeared to be about twenty-two years of age, and, from his manner of dress, was supposed to be a mechanic. The body was taken immediately, to the receiving-house, and every means prescribed by the Humane Society was tried. A physician was sent for, but the young man was gone beyond the reach of human aid.

CHAMBERS *v.* CAULFIELD.

A Crim. Con. Cause revived in the Court of King's Bench.

FRIDAY, JAN. 25.

MR. DALLAS moved for a rule to shew cause why there should not be a new trial in this case. This was an action for *crim. con.* which was tried at Westminster, the sittings after last term, of which we gave a full report in our Magazine for December last. The plaintiff obtained a verdict of 2,000l. damages.

The learned counsel moved upon two grounds. The first was, that, in point of law, the verdict should have been for the defendant, and the next, that the damages were excessive. He observed, that Mr. Erskine, for the plaintiff, had proved his case, by giving in evidence, circumstances of adultery having taken place in the month of August, 1799.

A deed

A deed had been entered into between the parties, which gave the wife a privilege of separating from her husband, and, in pursuance of it, she did separate from him, and they had lived separate and apart for some time previous to the act of adultery proved: to support this, he cited a case in the Term Reports, of Weedon v. Timbrell, where it was held, that after such separation as appeared in this case, no action for criminal conversation could be maintained. On the second point, of excessive damages, he observed, that the acquaintance of the defendant with the family of the plaintiff commenced only six months previous to the time the act was charged; and that the plaintiff, by cruel and brutal treatment of his wife, has disgraced himself; and, therefore, he contended, that, upon these grounds, if the damages were not merely nominal, at the least, they ought to be extremely small.

Lord Ellenborough—"You will be so good, in arguing this case, to consider the grounds on which Weedon and Timbrell was decided, but most particularly as to this point, whether a deed of separation can preclude the husband from bringing an action, in case the person of his wife should be violated? I wish this point to be argued to its foundation. Take a rule to shew cause."

QUALIFICATION TO KILL GAME.

Court of King's Bench, January 25, 1805.

MR. ABBOTT moved for a writ of *certiorari*, to remove a conviction of justices against a gentleman for a penalty on the game laws, he not being qualified, as the conviction stated. He said, that the object of removing this conviction, was to stir the question, whether a person who was of a superior station to an esquire, had a right to kill game? although he had no landed estate—because an esquire had. This gentleman was of a station superior to that of an esquire, being a major-general in the army.

After a good deal of discussion, the Court held, that the law, as laid down in Jones and Smart, and in other cases, ought not to be disturbed, which was, that the eldest son and heir-apparent of an esquire is qualified to kill game; but that the esquire himself, or any other person is not so, unless he has L.100 a-year estate in land; and therefore the motion was refused.

COCKING.

ON Wednesday, January 16, a main of cocks was fought at the Green Dragon Inn, Newport, Isle of Wight, between Pedder and Matthews, when, by the superior feeding of the former, five battles were won out of six. Matthews's cocks were supposed to be of the first rate, but it was remarked by the best judges present, that they came to pit in a weak state. Many of the respectable farmers of the island were present, and after the diversion, several good songs were introduced. In this extraordinary contest, it is to be remarked, that the third battle—lost—would most certainly have been won by Pedder, but fighting by candle light against a light coloured cock, was the only reason that his losing it can be attributed to—his peculiar mode of feeding being in this, as well as in every other battle, clearly discernible.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

EPIGRAM.

OCCASIONED by Miss Bell H——y's elopement from Oxford with her Footman, at the time a gentleman, called by the wits of the university Dr. Toe, from his peculiar manner of walking, was paying his addresses to her—

'Twixt Footman John and Dr. Toe,
A rivalship befel,
For which should be the happy beau,'
And bear away the *Belle*:

The Footman gain'd the lady's heart—
And who can blame her?—No man:
The *whole* prevail'd against *its part*,
'Twas *Foot*-man versus *Toe*-man.

A BARBER at Portsea, has the following curious inscription over his door:—"Chins operated upon without laceration or incision, by Simon Fraser, Shaver to the Philanthropic Society."

AN Irish Almanack for next year makes Trinity Term begin on the 1st of June, and end on the 20th of May!——Michaelmas Term is to commence on the 6th of November, and end on 28th of October.

MADAME FRERE, the wife of the Marshal of the French Empire, declared that the coronation of Bonaparte was a "dirty business," and that she would "wash her hands out of it."——Madam Frere is a *clearstarcher*.

A FRENCH gentleman being in a tavern, called for a gill of wine, which being brought in a glass, he observed, that the quantity was very small, and that in France it was always the custom to bring liquor in a *measure*. "It may be so," said the landlord, "but we do not wish to introduce *French measures* here."

POOR ROBIN, among his other "wise laws," at the conclusion of his calander for 1805, makes the following sage remark—

"Another year is pass'd away—
"Look back; alas! 'tis *but a day*."

To which he adds the following exhortation to *good living*—

"So eat and drink, and make good cheer
"For Christmas comes but once a-year."

AMONG the late numerous arrivals at Bath are Mrs. Hare and Mr. Courser. They both put up at the Greyhound.

THE bad quality of the Irish *silver*, says one of the London papers, is not surprising, when it is considered that half of it is *brass, old iron*, and *other metals*.

EXTRACT from an advertisement in a provincial paper—

"Wanted immediately a journeyman in the *grocery* business to make *candles*.

BONAPARTE going to his coronation with eight Hanoverian horses, stolen from the King, verifies the Yorkshire proverb—"That it is safer for some men to steal a horse, than for others to look over the hedge.

A NEW gallows was set up a few days ago in Newgate Street, the appearances of which are very favourably spoken of; though no person could be prevailed upon to give it a *fair trial*.

ONE

ONE of the kings of Spain deputed a very young man as an ambassador to the court of Rome. His holiness, upon the ambassador's introduction, was highly offended, and asked him, whether the king of Spain could not have found an elderly man in his extensive dominions to depute as ambassador, rather than send a beardless boy?—"Holy father," answered the ambassador; "had the king, my master, had any conception that so much merit consisted in a *beard*, he would have sent a *goat* to wait on your holiness, instead of *me*.

THE following *Jeu d'Esprits* on late musical festivities, &c. at the upper and lower rooms Bath, have been, and still continue to be, the cause of much mirth to the votaries of the *beau monde* at that place:—

Two musical parties to Bladud belong,
To delight the old rooms and the upper;
One gives to the ladies a supper—no song,
The other a song and no supper.

The ladies complain,
Of the musical strain,
At the old rooms, but not at the upper;
At the new one is found,
The sweet concords of sound,
At the old, you but pay for a supper.

Which of the two parties, in their arrangements to please their visitors, were in the right, the following lines, perhaps, may in some measure serve to exemplify:

Orpheus, we're told,
By the poets of old,
Could play on his harp such sweet ditty,
That the stones of themselves
Danc'd a galliard at once,
And settled in form of a city.

But ye musical Sirs,
Not one of us stirs,
Though your Handel's you play, and Correlli's;
If you'd please, you must treat
With much wine and much meat,
And so touch our hearts through our bellies."

HUMOROUS Specimen of Orthography.—A countryman, musing on a taxed cart standing at the back of one of the inns in a town in Suffolk, read it literally thus:—"A most odd Act on a Taxed Cart." The real designation was—"Amos Todd, Acton, a Taxed Cart."

AN honest fellow, in a village in Norfolk, lately presented himself at church, with a young woman, for the connubial blessing; when, lo! upon the inspection of the licence, instead of the necessary instrument to enable the clergyman to perform the ceremony of marriage, it appeared to be "from W. Stokes, Esq. clerk of the peace, *to kill game!*

AN ACROSTIC.

B EN toil'd for years against the tide,
I n silent wish to mend his fare;
S ince Labour all his wants denied,
H ope gave poor Ben a *lott'ry share*.

BADINAGE.

"THE silly world think, my lord, that we are a very *fond couple*—ha! ha! ha!"—"And that your ladyship's *bloom* is *natural*—ha! ha! ha!"—"And that your lordship is a *wit*—ha! ha! ha!"—"By retailing, my lady, your second hand *bon mots*—ha! ha! ha!"—*cetera desunt*.

LINES ON MR. FOOT, THE SNUFF MANUFACTURER OF DUBLIN.

When a man is dispos'd to bestow a sound licking,
Nine times out of ten he commences by kicking;
Where applied shall be nameless—though what's applied *to't*,
I need hardly mention—you know 'tis a FOOT;
But here is a FOOT, who, though curious the case is,
Presumes to aspire to the king's subjects' *faces*;
Unmolested proceeds—nor cares who opposes,
Whilst two-thirds of the empire he leads by the *noses*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

CHRISTMAS BILL OF FARE.

THE following is the bill of fare for Christmas 1804, at James Anderson's, Bush Tavern, Bristol:—1 bustard, red game, black game, 1 turtle of 120lb. 1 land tortoise. 72 pots turtle (different prices), vermicelli soup, British turtle, giblet soup, pease soup gravy soup, soup saure, soup and brouille, muttonbroth, barley broth, 3 turbots, 4 cods, 2 brills, 2 pipers, 12 dories, 2 haddocks, 14 rock fish, 18 carp, 12 perch, 4 salmon, 12 plaice, 17 herrings, sprats, 122 eels, salt fish, 78 roach, 98 gudgeons, 1 dried salmon.—*Venison*, 1 haunch hevior, 5 haunches doe, 5 necks, 10 breasts, 10 shoulders.—42 hares, 17 pheasants, 41 partridges, 87 wild ducks, 17 wild geese, 37 teal, 31 widgeons, 16 bald coots, 2 sea-pheasants, 3 mews, 4 moor hens, 2 water drabs, 7 curlews, 2 bitterns, 81 woodcocks, 149 snipes, 17 wild turkies, 18 golden plovers, 1 swan, 5 quists, 2 landrails, 15 galenas, 4 pea hens, 1 peacock, 1 cuckoo, 116 pidgeons, 121 larks, 1 sea-magpye, 127 stares, 208 small birds, 44 turkies, 8 capons, 19 ducks, 10 geese, 2 owls, 61 chickens, 4 ducklins, 11 rabbits, 3 pork-griskins, 11 veal burrs, 1 roasting pig, oysters stewed and colloped, eggs, hogs puddings, ragg'o'd feet and ears, Scotch collops, veal-cutlets, haricoed mutton, maintenon chops, pork-chops, mutton-chops, rump-steaks, joint steaks, pinbone-steaks, sausages, Hambro' sausages, tripe, cow-heels, and knotlings, 5 house lambs.—*Veal*, 3 legs, and loins, 2 breasts, and shoulders, 2 heads.—*Beef*, 5 rumps, 3 surloins, 5 rounds, 2 pieces of 5 ribs each, 7 pinbones, Dutch and Hmbro'd beef.—*Mutton*, 8 haunches, 8 legs, 8 necks, 11 loins, six saddles, 5 chines, 5 shoulders.—*Pork*, 4 legs, 4 loins, 4 chines, sparibs, half a porker.——COLD.—1 boar's head, 1 baron of beef, 2 hams, 4 tongues, 6 chickens, hog's feet and ears, 7 collars brawn, 2 rounds beef, collared veal, collared beef, collared mutton, collared eels, collared pig's head, Dutch tongues, Bologna sausages, Paraguay pies, French pies, mutton pies, pigeon pies, venison pasty, sulks, 430 minced pies, jellies, crawfish, pickled salmon, sturgeon, potted partridges, pickled oysters, lobsters, 52 barrels of Pyfleet and Colchester oysters, Milford and Tenby oysters, 4 pine aples.

THE Chester Harriers had perhaps as hard a day on Friday the 18th inst. as the sporting annals of this country can record. A bag fox was turned out at Common Wood, in the parish of Holt, at a quarter past twelve o'clock, and in five minutes afterwards the hounds were laid on the scent, and ran him to ground at Pickhill; he was bolted, and, running near Wrighton, took along the banks of the Dee, which crossed to the Gwernhayled covers, and from thence crossed the country to the Duke's covers, near Ellesmere; crossing Penley covers he made for Whitchurch, near to which he was headed, and turned off to Bettisfield Park, in Flintshire, where he was again headed: running past the Droitwiches, he again turned; and, in consequence of night coming on, the hounds were called off by the New Mills, near Whitchurch.

Whitchurch. The whole chase is computed to be upwards of forty miles, as the crow flies, and with scarcely a check. Out of 50 horsemen who were in the field when the fox was turned off, only fifteen saw the conclusion of the chase.—The Chester gentlemen were then above twenty miles from home, but the distance did not prevent their returning the same evening.

COURSING.—At the last Malton Meeting it was made a rule, that should "the state of the weather not permit the Meeting to take place the first whole week in February, it should then take place the next week ensuing; and if the weather should not then permit, that the time should be prolonged till the second Monday in March; and that all the matches made for the February Meeting, should be liable till that time.

SALE of Thornville Royal.—Monday, Jan. 28, this well-known property of Colonel Thornton, and which once belonged to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, was sold by Mr. Farebrother, at Garraway's coffee-house. The superb mansion, pleasure-grounds, parks, &c. &c. together with the estate particularly attached to it, Thornville Royal, sold, in one lot, for L.163,800; the twenty-eight other lots sold for L.62,650 5s.: total, L.226,450 5s. The room was scarcely ever known so crowded before. We cannot state the purchaser's name with certainty; but it is generally supposed that the estate was bought for the Marquis of Stafford.

A FEW days since, Sir Charles Bampfylde, Bart. of the 1st Somerset regiment, rode a match against time, on his Irish poney, of 13 miles in an hour, on the Gosport road, which he lost by half a minute only.

CAUTION to all persons who keep horses.—The cause of the fire in Queen-street, which broke out in the stables, and destroyed four horses, appears to have been, upon the strictest inquiry, the fall of the lanthorn. It is a general practice to suspend the lanthorn by a cord, which passes over a pulley, near the centre of the stable; this cord will, in time, lose its tenacity, by the heat and smoke of the candle and steam of the horses, and is not an effectual security. The lanthorn should be fixed against the wall, and out of the way of all litter, which would, in all probability, preserve the lives of those useful animals, and prevent similar accidents in future.

ON Friday, the 28th ult. James Woods, of Monewden, in Suffolk, was convicted before Thomas Methold, Clerk, in the penalty of L.5 for having used a gun for the destruction of game in a wood belonging to the Earl of Dysart. Not being able to pay the penalty, he was committed to the house of correction in this town for 3 months. At the same time Nathaniel Wade, of Monewden, farmer and carrier, was charged with receiving several hares, for which he paid 1s. 6d. each to James Woods, and to several other persons. The informer failed in proving the above offences to have been committed within 3 months, so that Wade escaped punishment. In the course of the inquiry, Nathaniel Wade allowed, that he had frepuently purchased hares, but not within three months previous to the information, which practice he was induced to pursue by the encouragement of several persons in Ipswich, who were in the habit of buying them.

IN the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, Jan. 28, the King v. Maurice.—This case stood in

the crown paper from last term, and when called on, no one appeared for the prosecution, of course the defendant's counsel prayed that it should be struck out. The court, however, desired to know the nature of the prosecution, and was informed that the affidavits filed imputed to the defendant gross misconduct as an attorney of that court. It was stated that he had been in the habit of watching the arrival of game at the Bell Savage Inn, from the country, and when an opportunity offered he proceeded against the parties for keeping game in their possession contrary to the statute. His next step, after bringing his action, was to endeavour to effect a compromise, and when the *Qui Tam* informer was asked after, he invariably said he was dead, or not to be found, which was the same thing.—The court thought it was precisely one of those cases which ought to keep its place in the paper, and directed that the attorney for the prosecution should be written to for his reasons for not following up the prosecution.

NORWICH, Jan. 19.—As Major Petre was returning from Gunton to Suffield, on Tuesday night, he met a large gang of poachers, of which he informed Lord Suffield's game keepers, who went out with some of the servants, &c. in search of them. They came up with them just after one of the party had been wounded by a spring gun—when in hopes of rescuing their wounded comrade, they fired on the keepers and wounded four men. A desperate battle then followed; his Lordship's men fighting with their sticks, and the poachers with their guns. Three poachers were taken, and the rest ran away, most of whom have, however, been since apprehended. Mr. Sharpe was sent for from North Walsham, who extracted a great many shot from his Lordship's men, as well as from the poacher who was wounded by the spring gun. One poacher had also an arm broken, and the third is terribly bruised in the head. The gang came from Aylsham, who, it is feared, have been connected with others at Cawston, &c. and by whom, it is supposed, many houses and farm-yards have been robbed; and we hear that many farmers and others intend to subscribe for the benefit of those men who have so bravely exerted themselves in ridding the neighbourhood of such a nuisance.—Too much cannot be said in praise of Lord Suffield's servants, workmen, and neighbours, who, on the first intimation from the keepers of the poachers being out, with the utmost alacrity got up, and assembled at the place appointed, and though unarmed, and in face of the guns which were fired at them, made a stout resistance against the cowardly banditti.

ON the 18th inst. a pitched battle was fought in a field near Henley upon Thames, between James Shelton, a pork butcher, and Neville Soundy, a porter, the battle lasted an hour and 35 minutes, during which they had 99 rounds, and never closed but once. Neither of them fell without a knock down blow. Shelton had two ribs broke the second round, notwithstanding which he fought with the greatest resolution. They were both so terribly beaten, and neither being willing to give in, the spectators parted them without declaring which was the victor; the stakes —one guinea each—were consequently withdrawn. They were both about 30 years of age, and there was no advantage in skill, very little of which was displayed on either side. Shelton was seconded by Charles Warton, a tallow chandler, and Soundy, by James Hill, a butcher.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE BLIND BARGAIN.

SUNG BY MR. EMERY.

Tune, O Miss Bailey.

I BEG you'll not alarm yourselves, I don't mean to distress you,
By talking of our comedy, it's not the fashion, bless you!
For th' epilogue to have to do wi' what has gone afore it;
And if you want the play again, you're welcome to encore it.
Any day, you choose to say, you're welcome to encore it.

Our authors here strange stories write, for brass, in hopes o' selling 'em,
And being quite asham'd themselves, set other folks a-telling them;
The've called me Giles, and made me talk as seem'd to them expedient,
When they know my name's John Emery, who am your most obedient.
Ladies and gentlemen, I am, &c.

They've made me tell a vast o' things I've seen i' London Town too;
And yet there's full as mony tricks in parts that I've been down to;
And being lately in the North, as well as other places,
I call'd on tailyer Stitch at York, and ax'd him to th' races.
Oh! what a deal I've heard and seen, and all about, &c.

But Bill, who is a clever lad, as ony at his trade be,
Says he, "I can't go now, you see, I'se working for a lady."
"Why, aye! you've trimm'd her jacket well; but tho' they all are dressy belles,
What the deuce can lady's want wi' leather inexpressibles?
What the deuce can ladies, &c.

To Brummajum I went and saw, believe it if you can, Sirs.
No counterfeit, a little boy, who acted like a man, Sirs;
Don't take my word, for here you soon may see his clever phiz, Sirs,
Then let each one that's not a judge bring one wi' him that is, Sirs.
Oh! what a very clever, pretty little rogue he is, Sirs.

I've been to Dover, where I thought wi' Frenchmen to ha' spoke, Sirs,
But heard their guns begin wi' noise, and only end i' smoke, Sirs;
They seem to hold us vastly cheap, but let 'em come and try us, Sirs,
They'll find but a Blind Bargain, if they cheaply think to buy us, Sirs.
They'll find but, &c.

But yet no matter where I've been, you'll always find it true, Sirs,
That none of us are sorry to come back again to you, Sirs;
Your faces we're right glad to see, and proud when we can cheer 'em,
And for your hands I'll no' but hint, we're quite as glad to hear 'em.
Oh! we're very glad to see, and quite as glad to hear 'em.

THE

THE FOX HUNT.

LET those who, like Somnus, exist but to sleep,
On their pillows with indolence lie,
Whilst we, sons of morn, soon as Sol 'gins to peep,
O'er the echoing hills swiftly fly:
Sly Renard before us in terror speeds on,
Through the valleys he quickens his pace,
And starts as the huntsman he hears sound his horn,
Or the pack in full cry join the chase.

Hark forward! we cry, which sweet echo repeats;
As we scour o'er the verdure-clad plain;
Each nerve now we strain as Sir Renard retreats,
Who doubles and crosses again:
Tally ho! still we sing, and pursue his career;
But his strength now to cunning gives place,
He skulks to some garden, or hovel, in fear,
And thus gives a check to the chase.

But here soon discover'd, our dogs end his life,
Whilst his brush home in triumph is borne;
Where we spend what is left of the day without strife,
And recount the lov'd sports of the morn:
Then to crown ev'ry bliss, Bacchus gives us his vine,
With its juice we fill bumpers apace,
And drink with delight to each woman divine,
And "the next coming" joys of the chase.

Jan. 3, 1805. J. M. L.

WHAT SHALL I WRITE ABOUT?

"WHAT shall I write about?" full oft I cry.
"Oh! any thing," says fancy, in a minute.
"But *any thing* is *nothing*," I reply;
"Pray *something* name, or I dare not begin it."
Then I look wise, like Dame Minerva's owl,
Whilst Fancy, hoping still to save my bacon,
Tells me to try, nor thus to sit and growl,
And kindly hints the subjects to be taken.

"Try gentle love, to poets ever dear,
Coin some fine name, as Tinatuistilinda;
Swear some fine oath, and rave on ghastly fear,
Then softly say your heart is turn'd to tinder.
[Fame;
Or sing of war, and sound the trump of
Describe the soldier rushing on to battle;
Ten times ten thousand kill, you'll gain a name,
Drums, trumpets, volleys, carnage, cannon's rattle.

"Or let thy pen proclaim the joys of peace,
Call her shy stranger, in thy soften'd ditty;
Say that her presence would our cash increase,
And raise the stocks, but sink the sigh of pity.
[to please,
"To Bacchus, should not peace appear
Pour the Anacreontic loud and sprightly;
Protest that wine alone can give you ease,
And that you drown your care—and senses—nightly.
[song,
"Let hunting, shooting, fishing, fill your
And swear there's nought on earth can equal sporting,
That you to love have been a dupe too long,
And never more intend to go a courting.
[of rules,
"Turn Roscius with your pen, in spite
And write a play about "The Land we live in;"
Should it be damn'd, then print, and shame the fools,
And swear that to such critics you'll not give in.
[done,
Enough, good Fancy, prithee now have
You talk as though my muse could boast of thunder;
Me write a play! oh, fie! you talk in fun,
But should I ever try, 'twould be "The Wonder."

And

And, among all the pretty things you've nam'd,
Not one I fear would e'er produce a dinner:
Your *love* and *war* for filling are not fam'd;
Beef better suits a hungry rhyming sinner.
Jan. 14, 1805. J. M. L.

TO NOSINA.

THY nose is a beautiful red,
It vies with the rose's bright bloom,
Refulgent it lights thee to bed,
And shines through thy chamber's drear gloom.

With thee 'tis perpetual day,
No night near thy nose can obtrude;
Its beams chase night's shadows away,
From the house where thy forefathers stood.

Thy ways would be terrible dark,
Did thy nose fail to light thee along;
I've stole from its splendour *one* spark,
To cheer the dull notes of my song.
Kingsland. J. M.

TRANSLATION
OF
DR. JOHNSON'S GREEK EPITAPH
UPON GOLDSMITH.

Τον τάφον εἰσοράεις Ολιβαρίοιο' κονιαν
Ἀφρόσι μὴ σεμνην, ξεινε, ποδεσσι πατει;—
Οἵσι μέμηλε φύσις, μίτρον χάρις, ἕρλα παλαιων,
Κλαίετε Ποιητην, Ἱστορικὸν, Φυσικὸν—

STAY, traveller, nor pass regardless by,
Where Oliver's lamented reliques lie;—
You, who the deeds of early times explore,
" Eye nature's walks," sweet poesy adore;
Here, from life's various occupations torn,
Th' historian, nat'ralist, and poet, mourn.
TROILUS.

THE ROACH.

The pitiful Petition and ludicrous Lamentation of an unfortunate Roach, who was hooked by an Angler, and, in the Struggle to get loose, lost one of his precious eyes.

OH! hear a one-eyed Roach's pray'r!
Ye tender-hearted fishes;
My tale will fill your hearts with care,
Oh! grant my modest wishes!

For as I gaily skimm'd the stream,
A worm appear'd before me,
Of fateful hooks I did not dream,
But one conceal'd soon tore me.

I struggled hard, and got away,
But left one eye behind me;
And now must ever rue the day
And hook, that did half blind me.

By painful anguish close confined,
Unable now to ramble,
I starve, unless some feeling mind
Attends to my preamble.

In tender mercy bring to me,
Some maggots, or some paste, Sirs,
For I'm quite hungry you may see;
So prithee make good haste, Sirs.

And should returning health again,
But wait upon my wishes;
I'll do as much when you're in pain,
Ye tender-hearted fishes!

Though much I fear, to health restor'd,
The finny folks will joke me,
A *cock-eyed Roach* will be the word,
And that will much provoke me.

But most I dread the female fish,
Who'll quiz me as I go by;
And, leering, they will cry out, " pish!
" He's like old Uncle Toby."

And should Roachina of the Lake,
Where weeds bespeak her dwelling,
Her one-eyed lover now forsake,
My grief will be past telling.

But when convinc'd that she's untrue,
I'll leave my native river;
And never cease my fate to rue,
Till death shall say, forgive her.
PISCATOR.

THE DEVIL's THOUGHTS.

FROM his old brimstone bed, at the break of the day,
A-walking the Devil was gone,
To visit his snug little farm upon earth,
And to see how the stock it went on:—

He flew over hill, over mountain and dale,
Over river, lake, forest, and plain,
And, backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail,
As a box-lobby lounger his cane.

You'll ask me, perhaps, how the Devil was dress'd?
Why, faith, in his holiday best—
His coat was well stuff'd, and his pantaloons blue,
With a hole for his tail to peep thro'.

A lawyer he spied, who was killing a viper
On a dung-heap piled up near his stable;
And the Devil was pleas'd, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and the murder of Abel.

A doctor of physic, upon a white horse,
Rode by, on his trade and vocation;
And the Devil he thought of his excellent friend,
Death, described in the Saint Revelation.

A cottage he saw with a double coach-house,
Full of ton, full of taste and gentility;
Oh, the Devil he grinn'd, for his favourite vice
Is the pride that affects an humility.

He next popp'd his horns in a bookseller's shop,
Quoth he, "we are both of one college;
For I myself once, in a cormorant's shape,
Got perch'd on the branches of knowledge,"

On Governor Aris he called, and inquired
How he managed a solitude cell—
The Devil he smiled, as it gave him a hint
For improving confinement in hell.

Down a river was gliding, with wind and with tide,
A pig with delightful celerity;
And the Devil was pleas'd, for he saw all the while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought with a smile
Of England's commercial prosperity.

At last General ********'s carbuncl'd [face
He met in Pall Mall, and with much consternation
His way back to hell decided to take,
For the Devil conceiv'd by a natural mistake
It was General *Conflagration*.

NEW PARODY ON SHAKESPEARE.

I DO remember a lottery-office keeper:
His glaring capitals at yonder window
Were day and night exhibited
In selling tickets: he insures success;
For many a rich-drawn prize hath noted him;
And o'er his door a grand transparency
Of Fortune on her golden wheel is hung,
And Plenty's copious horn, and like device
Of courage-raising Hope: within are seen
Jews, brokers, bankrupts, gamesters, country squires,
Clerks, servant-girls, old musty batchelors,
School-boys, players, stage-coachmen, and prentice lads:
An eager motley crowd:—then to myself I said,
An a man lack'd a thousand pounds, or must to goal,
At this said lucky place he'd buy a chance—
Oh! this same thought doth but foreruu his ruin.

Jan. 2, 1805. J. J. B.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1805.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An untitled rhapsody, with a political sting tacked to its tail, cannot be inserted.

Tom Brown, whose originality is doubted, on the Willow-tree, is also left at the Publisher's for the revisal of the Author.

J. M. is informed that the Ghost of My Grandmother's Shirt is unintelligible, and inadmissible of course.

J. M. L. is advised to attend to what is hinted to J. M.—The *compound* appearance of this *simple* character is too flimsy to escape being seen *through* very clearly.

Several poetical favours, that have the merit of being pretty, dated Kingsland, appear in the present number.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1805.

VIEW OF QUORNDON-HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

An Engraving.

QUORNDON-HALL, Leicestershire, till lately the hunting-seat of Hugo Meynell, Esq. that prince of fox-hunters, who purchased it about fifty years since, of Laurence Earl Ferrers. Quorndon-hall is neither very large nor magnificent; it is built in a plain neat style, retaining, apparently, every convenience for a family residence. Within it is enriched, as may be expected, with some good paintings of horses. Mr. Meynell is a descendant of an ancient family in Derbyshire, and who, in the early part of his life, had a seat in the British senate; but he returned thence to gratify a mind formed by nature for very different pursuits—the sports of the field. Even at an advanced period of life, when men generally feel their passions for favourite amusements upon the decline, he is equally anxious and animating to all around him. Who can view him following the staunch pack, and not be sensible of the justness of this remark? The chorus of the hounds and horn, and the sweet echo, to him are pleasures far beyond those of the tinkling cymbal, or the voice of the lute. In the year 1791, Mr. Meynell gave a splendid treat to some of the first nobility in the kingdom, at Quorndon-hall. On the first day of hunting, his noble visitors attended him to cover near Stanford in Nottinghamshire, where there was an assembly of about 300 horsemen, and ladies in carriages; among whom were the Duchess of Rutland, Marchioness of Salisbury, Countess of Essex, Countess Talbot, Countess of Sefton; the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earls of Essex, Talbot, Stair, and Winchelsea; the Dukes of Bedford, Devonshire, and Grafton; and besides many more visitors of distinction. These noble visitors were his guests at Quorndon-hall for about ten days. London every day poured forth her abundance to enrich his tables with the choicest viands and fruits; and the neighbourhood of Quorndon afforded peace and pleasure to the brilliant circle of his friends.

The hunting-stable at Quorndon-hall is said to be 290 feet long,

which has a noble appearance at night, being lighted up with an immense number of patent lamps, which gives it the appearance of a street in London. These stables are filled with the finest horses in the kingdom. The kennels are large and spacious, and contain a sufficient number of hounds to hunt four or five days every week. During the hunting season, Quorndon, and the towns near, are filled with gentlemen sportsmen.

Quorndon-hall, with the hounds, &c, has been lately sold to the Earl of Sefton, who now resides there. All the gentlemen belonging to this hunt wear a scarlet uniform. Small houses in Quorndon have been let to noblemen and gentlemen at the rent of L.200 per ann.

N. B. The water, in the print, running before the house, is the river Soar.

BERKELEY FOX-HOUNDS.

THE almost unprecedented variations in the weather, during what is generally considered the very best part of the hunting season, has so deranged our usual regularity in the recital, that we are under the necessity of deviating, in some small degree, from the correct rotational order in which they were originally intended. To this may be attributed the procrastination of the following, which should of course have made its earlier appearance. On Saturday the 5th ult. these hounds took the field —availing themselves of the temporary thaw between the frosts— threw off at Ryslip, after a short but exhilirating *drag*, and speedily unkennelled in the park wood. The fox made two trifling turns; but the hounds working close up to him, he broke covert with the most undaunted fortitude, crossed the common for the copse, in which he made three rings; then returned to the park wood, where he did the same; but finding the hounds pressing closely upon him, he took the alarm, and instantly broke away; re-crossed the common, and reaching the covert, went through it in a direct line, without a turn or check: breaking on the opposite side without interruption, he crossed the chain of inclosures to Batcher-heath coverts, from thence to Moor-park, passed through and over the intervening country to Grimstones. Adhering to the coverts, he proceeded to Pinner-hill, where he made a direct double, and returned nearly in the direction he entered; made for Sandy Lodge and Moor Park. Here, having gained somewhat upon the pack, he seemed to have acquired a renovation of spirit, and crossed Batcher heath, through the coverts, for Mr. Ross's small woods, where he crossed the ice on the canal, and passed over the floating meadows to Money-hill; but being accidentally unluckily *headed*, he turned to the right, and made for the Willow Beds near Rickmansworth, where they ran most handsomely up to him, and killed him, in true sporting-like style, after an excellent chase of three hours, to the admiration of a numerous field.

STOCKPORT HUNT.

ON Saturday, February 9, the Stockport hounds had one of the severest chases in the memory of the oldest fox-hunter.—At nine in the morning a fox was turned out on Cheadle heath, and in five minutes the hounds were laid on. Renard, being a stranger in that country, made the best of his way:

way: he took a head to Highgrove, through Gatley, Withinshaw, Baguley, and across the country to Hale, when, by a double, he was very near putting an end to the pursuit; but in half an hour the hounds recovered the scent, and pursued to the river Bollin. The fox skirted its banks a considerable way, and then crossed the stream. The dogs dashed in all together, and the chase was severe. There being no ford, nor any landing-place on the opposite side for the more adventurous, the gentlemen were obliged to ride round by the bridge at Ashley, and the fox having made a turn, brought them all in. He was forced through the covers of Ashley, leaped the high rails of Tatton Park, and thus left half the pack. He next made for Mere-heath and Tabley, where, after many doubles, and crossings in the park, he earthed. The place where the chase ended was full eighteen miles from Cheadle-heath. It was calculated that the ground ridden over could not be less than sixty miles; and, to the credit of the Stockport Hunt, every horse was up at the last.

KELLY HUNT.

ON the 10th of last December, the hounds of Arthur Kelly, Esq. of Kelly, Devon, went eight miles before they threw off; they then killed a brace of strong hares, one running two hours, and the other one; and in going to turn out a third hare, they unkennelled a fox, which, after a chase of more than 30 miles without a check, they killed in a field near the five-mile stone, on the Exeter road, from Okehampton. They had then 23 miles to Kelly, where they and the huntsman arrived about nine o'clock, all well. Every hound that went from Kelly was at the death, and returned home afterwards.—The huntsman is supposed to have ridden 100 miles.

DISPUTES ON THE GAME-LAWS.

LORD ROUS, *v.* SIR H. SMYTH, BART. AND OTHERS.

IN our Magazine of August last, we mentioned three causes of considerable importance to the sporting world, wherein Lord Rous was plaintiff, and Sir Henry Smyth, Bart. William Gill, Esq. and William Henry Digby, Esq. were defendants, for a trespass committed on his Lordship's manor, near Wangford. As there were several points which the defendants' counsel objected to at the trial, these gentlemen, we have authority to state, do not consider the verdict given at Bury as final or decisive, and therefore mean to move it to the Court of King's Bench, for the decision of that court.

An action of trespass, we understand, ought to be brought within six calendar months of the time the trespass was committed; whereas that wherein Mr. Digby was implicated was not brought forward until considerably after that period; and when brought, the trespass was said to have been committed on the 25th day of October, 1804, which period had not then arrived, and therefore the defendants' counsel found it, of course, difficult to plead to it.

ROBERTS *v.* STOUGHT, AND *vice versa*.

IT perhaps may be amusing to the reader, as well as interesting to the public, to be acquainted with the circumstances attending the above cases, which are—That Major-general

jor-general Thomas Roberts, of Chadlington, Oxon, in the month of September last, thought proper to exhibit an information before the Rev. Cha. Western, of Kingham, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for that county, against Mr. Charles Stought, of Chadlington aforesaid, for having killed a partridge without being duly qualified; Mr. Stought afterwards appeared before the Magistrates at Chipping-Norton, in pursuance of a summons granted for that purpose, and proved himself to be amply qualified, by being seised and in the actual possession of a freehold estate of upwards of L.100 per annum, *free from all incumbrances*. The Magistrates being perfectly satisfied with Mr. Stought's qualification, Mr. Stought then thought it but justice to call upon the General to prove *his* qualification, and accordingly exhibited an information against the General before Francis Penyston, Esq. a magistrate of the county, for killing a partridge without being duly qualified; and the General being summoned, appeared by his attorney, and not being able to prove his qualification by land, or otherwise, insisted on his qualification as being *an Esquire*, whereupon the Justice determined he was not so qualified, and on the authority of the case of Jones *versus* Smart, convicted the General in the penalty of five pounds. The General not being satisfied with Mr. Penyston's determination, on the 25th of January last applied, by his Counsel, to the Court of King's Bench for a writ of *certiorari*, to remove this conviction, on the ground, that the General being an Esquire, or person of superior degree, had a right to kill game, *although he had no landed property*; but after a good deal of discussion, the Court held that the law, as laid down in the above-mentioned case of Jones *v.* Smart, had decided the question against the General, and therefore the motion was refused. The General has since paid the penalty.

LIEUT. COL. GIBBON, *v.* MR. THEOBALD.

In the court of King's Bench, on the 4th inst. Mr. Wilson moved for a rule for a criminal information against Lieut. Col. John Gibbon, of the East Middlesex militia, for sending a challenge to John Meadows Theobald, Esq. of Claydon, a respectable acting magistrate and deputy lieutenant of Suffolk. The affidavit of Mr. Theobald stated, that he had, like many other gentlemen, been at great pains to preserve his game, but he had suffered some inconveniences by the establishment of a military garrison in the neighbourhood at Ipswich, under the command of Lieut. Gen. Lord Charles Fitzroy. Mr. Theobald, in December last, was informed that Col. Gibbon had been shooting on his preserved grounds. He went to remonstrate with him, but not finding him at home, he applied to Lord Charles Fitzroy, who merely replied, that the law was open to him. Mr. Theobald requested he would mention the matter to Col. Gibbon, as it was far from his wish to proceed harshly. His Lordship promised he would. Nothing farther passed till January, when Mr. Theobald happening to be coursing, he perceived three gentlemen shooting on his preserved ground. He went up to them, and informed them of the trespass they were committing. One of the gentlemen asked, by what authority he presumed to accost them? The prosecutor made answer, that his name was Theobald. "O ho!" exclaimed Col. Gibbon, "then you are the very man I want to see—Pray, Sir, why did not you come to

to me, instead of going to Lord Charles Fitzroy to complain, you blackguard?"—Mr. Theobald returned, "What do you mean by calling me a blackguard, you dirty-looking fellow."—The defendant rejoined, "Sir, I am Col. Gibbon, of the East Middlesex militia, and I will meet you here to-morrow with a brace of pistols."—Hard words were used on both sides. At length one of the gentlemen said he did not know how the business could be settled, except in the way Col. Gibbon had proposed; and that therefore they had no alternative but to meet the next morning. Mr. Theobald did not think himself bound to accept the invitation, but had preferred to apply to the court for that redress and protection to which he was entitled.

Lord Ellenborough said—"Take a rule to shew cause."

To avoid unfair conclusions, and to shew how a plausible statement may be erroneous, or at least wanting in a material point, viz. if not the *truth*, *the* WHOLE *truth*, on a subsequent day of the term, cause was shewn against the rule; when the court, after hearing Mr. Erskine, Mr. Garrow, and Mr. Littledale, for Lieut. Col. Gibbon, and Mr. Wilson in reply, stopped Mr. Wigley, who was counsel on the same side, reprobated the conduct of Mr. Theobald in the strongest terms, and ordered the rule to be discharged.—We are not precisely acquainted with all the circumstances of the meeting of Lieut. Col. Gibbon and Mr. Theobald, but have reason to believe that the affidavits of the former, went to prove that the language and manners of Mr. Theobald, were more provoking and insulting than those of Lieut. Col. Gibbon: and hence the decision of the court was so pointedly directed against Mr. Theobald.

SINGULAR NOTICE OF A LOST DOG.

THE following extraordinary notice of a lost dog was stuck up in several places about Queenhithe a few days ago.

"Whereas Humphry Blewwick has lost his dog from Andover a Friday last; and whereas he was at whome just afore the London waggon came out; his measter thinks he have followed the waggoner to town, as he was mortally fond of un.—He was a devil after ony kind o'game, and the only dog o'the wurld after a rat or a fitchet. He coud set a most ony thing; knew how to quarter his ground, and to carry his head in the rite place. He is sumthing between the pineter and tarrier breed, and if any body has taen him, and will bring him to Andover, or to any of the west country bargemen at Queenhithe, there shall be no more zed about the matter, and perhaps sumthing to drink in the bargain."

HORSES TO MATCH—LAW CASE.

BADDELEY *v.* BROWN.

THE plaintiff in this case is a potter at Birmingham, and the defendant a merchant, residing on Fish-street Hill.

Mr. Erskine stated, that the defendant had applied to the plaintiff to purchase for him a horse of very superior make and shape, to match one he already possessed. The defendant was unaccountably minute and curious in his description of the horse he wanted; he was to have a short body, sound bone, firm joints, and a spot in his forehead; in short, so many other qualities were described and set forth, that,

that, said the learned counsel, a man might be ten years searching before he could trace, amidst the incongruous mass of atoms, so rare an animal. However, he at length succeeded; but when he acquainted the defendant with his good fortune, the latter replied, that he had purchased for sixty guineas the horse he wanted. Still he had no objection to take the horse the plaintiff had bought for him, on condition that he delivered him free of expence in London. The defendant added, that the plaintiff might draw upon him for the original price of the horse. The plaintiff did so; but the defendant would neither accept the bill nor the horse.

After the case had proceeded at some length, Lord Ellenborough was of opinion, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited, as the conditions offered by the defendant were, that the plaintiff should deliver the horse in London, free of all expence, other than his original value; he had not done so, and had subjected himself to a non-suit.

IRISH TRAVELLING.

AN Irishman, who slept lately at the Lion Inn, in Wolverhampton, was going by one of the morning coaches to ——, but by mistake getting into the Shrewsbury coach after he had dined, which was standing by that he had just quitted, was brought back to the same inn in the evening. He frequently remarked on the road, how much the country resembled that he had passed through in the morning; but when introduced into the same room where he breakfasted, in which there was a handsome print of the projected iron bridge over the Thames, he broke out in the following exclamations.—"O! and to be sure, now I never saw but one picture before of that beautiful bridge, and that was where I slept last night, and to be sure the room was very much like this, and the paper, by my soul, was the very same pattern; and if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I should have sworn it was the same room.—*(Enter Waiter.)* Arrah, Mr. Waiter, and you are very much like the other waiter too; have not you a brother now, in the same capacity as yourself, that lives at that comical place Wolverhampton?" "Sir, this is Wolverhampton; you slept here last night." "O! by the powers, and I thought this must be the same place.—By Jasus, now, but it must be confoundedly *round about* to go through one town twice; but perhaps it is a better road; so Mr. Waiter, please to let me know when this same coach is ready, for I want to get to my journey's end!"

ANECDOTES.

WHEN the wife of Hiero, King of Sicily, was taxed by her husband that she never told him of his stinking breath, which one had newly upbraided him with, "I thought," answered the Queen, "that all men's breaths had smelt so." An excellent testimony of chastity, in that the wife never came so near any man, as to discern if his breath was sweeter or stronger than that of her husband.

AN Irish gentleman was lately asked, "What was the news of the day?"—The answer was, "Indeed my dear, there is nothing *afloat*, but that some of our ships are *gone* to the *bottom*.

SHOOTING

SHOOTING DIRECTORY;

By R. B. Thornhill, Esq.

(Continued from our last, p. 217.)

SOME young pointers begin to hunt earlier than others; many are so long before they even take the smallest notice of game, that their owners often give them away as useless: but frequently dogs thus disposed of, turn out to be good ones; and it is generally remarked by sportsmen, that those dogs that remain so long without shewing any inclination to notice game, and are the most difficult to break in, are always the best when they once begin to hunt, and become staunch.

When your young pointers, or dogs, begin to hunt, and you perceive they know their game, you had better hunt them by themselves: it is easier to stop them than when in company, as, when other dogs are in the field with them, it makes them more eager and capricious: they will, by symptoms of waving their sterns, shew you that they have got the scent; but care must be taken not to stop them too soon, as it will be necessary to allow them for some time to chase the game, previous to stopping them, particularly if it were long before they began to notice them. It is not by any means difficult to stop any kind of dog after game, especially a well-bred pointer or setter. You will find by experience, that when a young one chases his game, and begins to know what he is about, he will sometimes, on coming up to it, make a sudden stop, and then run in on the birds. At this time, therefore, it will be the most proper to begin to stop him; and you must not only exert yourself, but take every advantage you can in favour of the dog, such as taking the wind, and hunting him against it: and it will be a capital plan to take an old steady, staunch one with him. If the old dog finds the game first, let the young one spring it if you can; and, in hunting, take care not to allow either of them to go out of the field before you; or, in sporting terms, *break field*. When you cast him off to hunt, either to the right or left, as your judgment and experience will decide, walk slowly, making the dog cross you backwards and forwards, hunting across the field from hedge to hedge, every now and then advancing yourself sixty or a hundred yards, always keeping the wind in his favour; and when you wish him to cross, make use of your hand: the less noise you make the steadier he will hunt, and will constantly look for the signal; whereas, if you hunt him with your voice, he will hear you, and scarcely ever turn to look for you.

In this manner hunt the field regularly through, and you will be certain of finding birds, if there should be any there. There are some young pointers that stop naturally, and require little trouble or breaking; but if your young dog, or old one, finds birds or game, and the young one attempts to chase—if you think he is advanced to that stage of his education when he ought not to do so—bring him back to where the birds or game was sprung, and make him lie down, calling out *toho!* and checking him with rough words: if, after several times taking this trouble, you find him obstinate, you must correct him with the whip, and the degree of correction must be entirely adapted to the disposition of the dog, of which you will probably by this time be able to form some judgment: but remark, that a dog which does not bear the

whip, is easily cowed, and this often makes young ones blink their game, and a dog that blinks his game can be of little use to any sportsman: this is most frequently caused by beating dogs severely, who become so frightened, at the very sound of your voice, as to make them lie down. What we call blinking, amongst sportsmen, is when a dog finds his game, and he is spoken to, he draws off, and runs behind you; and often, without being spoken to, on finding the game, comes in close to your heels. Gentle means will be found always to have better effect than harsh. A sportsman should be very cool, especially in breaking young dogs; he will find himself always more successful in being so; and let every sportsman be cautious not to throw a stone at his dog; or to let any circumstance induce him to flog him with any instrument but a whip.

When your young dog finds game, which you will easily perceive, go up to him, walking slowly, but never run; for, if he sees you run, it is natural for him to follow the example, and then he will spring the birds: when you get up to him, and think you are near the birds, if they lie and your dog stands, walk round him, moving closer to him until you spring them: if he should then chase, he must be corrected as before described; by which, if he is of a good breed, you will most likely succeed in stopping him. If you find you have not conquered him, you must, when he next points, head him if possible, and holding up the whip to him, and smacking it, call *down, toho*. If all this does not avail, you must have recourse to the *trash cord*, which is made as follows, and to be used as afterwards directed. Get a very large thick leather collar, with a strap and buckle, to fit the dog's neck; then run two large nails through the leather on each side, and cover the heads of the nails with pieces of leather stitched over them to the collar: the points, on the inside, are to be blunted, and the length of them to be about an inch, that they may press against the dog's neck: there must be then a large hook, called a D, put over the collar, so as to admit of its slipping round it; then take about thirty or forty fathom of strong cord, to one end of which fasten a spring swivel to catch in the D of the collar, and to the other a slip knot, putting the collar on the dog. When you are going to cast him off, let him run with the line on the ground at his pleasure, procuring a strong peg or stick with a notch in it, to fasten the slip knot of the line round: thus equipped, when your dog points, make up to him, and getting hold of the cord, slip the knot round the peg, at the same time closing him, on which, if he should make a run in, and the cord is in your hand, just as he is at the end of it, give it a smart pull: this, joined with the force with which he is running, by the time he arrives at the end of the line, will give him a severe shock, and throw him, and the nails will enter his neck. A very few lessons of this kind, will prove the service it will be of to him. If he should not run in, and you can close him, leave the line on the ground, and sticking the peg fast, with the slip knot round it, walk up to him: you will then have an opportunity of walking round him, and springing the birds; or, if you choose, also, of drawing a net, which is necessary to make every dog staunch. If you can have your dogs broke in a mountain, or to grous, they will have a superior advantage over all others, in point of range and goodness.

Young

Young dogs are very apt to rake; that is, to keep their noses too long on the ground, scenting and puzzling, which is a very bad custom, and injurious to them; when you must have recourse to a puzzle pin, or peg, which is to be made in the following manner:

If dog-wood can be obtained, it is the best to make this peg with; a hoop stave is also excellent; the length should be about ten or twelve inches; the part which comes under the dog's jaws should be about two inches broad, with a strap of leather like a very light collar, running horizontally through it, and the pin should run taper to the end, with a gradual turn up, two holes being bored through it, under the part where the dog's tusks come over, so that a string of white horse-hide leather may be run up through them, placed over his tusks, and tied underneath. With this collar fastened on the dog, he may hunt, without the smallest detriment to his sense of smelling, and it will make him throw his head up well, and draw his game better: besides, if he is inclined to mouth it, he will be prevented by the checks he will receive from the pin, when he forces it against the ground.

When you take young dogs out, you should always have some person to flog them, if they do not come to you when called; which will be much better than doing it yourself, as they will be the readier to come to you for protection; but if, on the contrary, you are in the habit of correcting them yourself, they will always slink away, being afraid to come near you; as a dog knows, as well as his master, when he acts right or wrong, and you will find it difficult to get at him for correction, after doing it two or three times.

Always keep a young pointer to his work, and be very strict with him, just as he is getting staunch; for the first season he is shot to generally determines either his being very good, very indifferent, or a bad one: it entirely depends, at this period, on the master, who cannot be too careful, and good-tempered. Half the sporting dogs in this country are ruined at this crisis; and, as Mr. Taplin justly observes, "young dogs having imbibed the principles upon which they are to act, have nature and their instinctive impulse, to point out their practice when brought into the field." Juvenile gunners frequently spoil young dogs, by keeping them under as little restraint as they wish to be kept themselves, and too often let them break away out of all reasonable distance, till they acquire a habit of inattention and disobedience, of which some are with great difficulty, if ever, divested.

It is a very bad custom to use young dogs to hunt in company, until they have acquired the method of beating and finding their own game; for the consequence that generally follows, by their being too frequently hunted in company, is, that they acquire a method of following, and attending on old ones, well knowing they will be sure to find game first, and of course contract, by this way, very bad habits. A pointer cannot be too fast, if his nose is good; but many of the very swift dogs are sometimes apt to run over the game; whereas a dog that is steady and even rated, and that does not, perhaps, hunt altogether so fast, will make sufficient amends for his want of swiftness, by hunting more carefully; not passing by, or running in upon the birds. With one of this description, under good command, and hunted by the hand only, a tolerable shot will kill more game,

than a first rate one, with three brace of dogs, and a clamorous set of attendants.

In breaking young dogs, the compiler recommends making them always *clap*, or stand their ground, on first finding their game. It is not right, if the birds move, that the dog should attempt to do so, until his master comes, or desires him; for if he does, if the birds do not lie well on that day, when they see the dog following them, they will run, until at last they are forced to take wing: and, on the contrary, if a dog stops or *claps*, supposing the birds are disturbed and run, they will soon stop again, not finding themselves pursued; for it may be remarked, and it is an incontrovertible fact, that if a dog rakes, and follows the birds, with his nose close to the ground, they will instantly take wing.

However, to conclude this subject, a well-bred pointer will point naturally, and will only require practice and attention from his master in his first season.

MR. SAMUEL STRETCH, AN ECCENTRIC MISER.

ON Thursday, Nov. 15, 1804, at Madeley, in Shropshire, died Mr. Samuel Stretch, aged 72. We understand he was a native of Market Drayton, in that county, and that the early part of his life was spent as a private in the army, in which capacity he experienced some service, in fighting the battles of his country.

For a length of time he resided in an obscure dwelling at Madeley, into which, it is said, he has not for many years admitted either male or female; and, from the best accounts we can give, it was indeed a dwelling of complete wretchedness. It was about fifteen years since he purchased a load of coals, a part of which were left at the time of his death. His chief employ was to go about to the adjacent towns, carrying letters and small parcels, and doing errands for his neighbours.

His person bespoke the most abject penury; he usually appeared in an old slouched hat and tattered garments, scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, with a ragged bag hung over his shoulder, in which he mostly carried a little parsley, or some other kind of herb, the produce of his garden: these he generally offered as a present at the different places where he had to do business; and, when accepted, he took care to deal them out with a very sparing hand. This shew of generosity, together with his eccentric address and conversation, usually produced him a tenfold return.

On searching his tattered satchel after his death, it was found to contain old bones and shoe soles, pieces of paper, &c. which articles he usually collected in his peregrinations. His stock of linen consisted of two old shirts and a pair of sheets: in his hut were found several articles of silver plate, &c. His death was occasioned by a violent cold, brought on by his falling into a ditch in a state of intoxication, on his return from Newcastle the Saturday preceding.

By his penurious disposition he had amassed a considerable sum of money, exclusive of a loss of L.500 which we understand he experienced a few years ago, a part of which he has left to purchase an additional bell for the church at Madeley, and an annual salary for it to be rung every night at nine o'clock during the summer months, and eight during the winter; a chandelier

chandelier for the church; a bell for the use of the free-school; L.5 per ann. towards the organist's salary for that place, and a like annual amount for the Drayton organist; a further sum to be applied to the enlarging and repairing the Madeley alms-houses, and clothing and educating two poor children, until of a proper age to be put apprentice; and to his relations, two shillings and sixpence each.

He has nominated six executors; J. Crewe, Esq. of Crewe-Hall; the Rev. Offley Crewe, of Muzon; the Rev. B. Stoer, of Madeley; the Minister of Drayton; Mr. Wilkinson, of Madeley Manor; and Mr. Taylor, of Madeley Heath.

MARKET OF FROZEN GAME, &c.

AS soon as the winter is fairly set in, the Russian farmers kill all but their breeding stock of cattle, pigs, and poultry, and place it in the air to freeze. Fish and game they also freeze in great abundance. This circumstance is particularly favourable to Russia, as by it they save all the expence of winter feeding, and have cheaper and better carriage for bringing it to market. It is brought from the remotest provinces, and large supplies arrive at St. Petersburgh, even from the Frozen Ocean in the north, and from the borders of the Caspian sea in the south. The great market at St. Petersburgh begins just before the Christmas holidays; the frozen provisions are, upon an average, about 30 per cent. cheaper than if fresh killed; and it would be difficult even for a nice epicure to perceive the difference. Pork, fish, and game, suffer least by freezing. Having purchased your winter or weekly stock, you take care not to expose it to any warmth, and just before cooking, you thaw it in cold water. The market covers several acres of ground; and, from the piles of animals, birds, and fish, with their several skins, feathers, and scales on, it presents a most ludicrous appearance. A market of this kind can only exist in countries in which the winters are remarkably cold; but it is surprising, that, when we are so well acquainted with the effects of congelation in retarding animal putrefaction, more ice-houses (which are cheap edifices) are not erected; for what utility, in the midst of summer, might not be derived from a stock of ice in preserving meat fresh, and in preventing the produce of the dairy from becoming rancid: what benefit would it not be to the farmer to be able to cool the atmosphere of his dairy, by throwing in quantities of ice; and how easily would he convey it, in a perfect state, to the greatest distance, by packing it up in frozen water! a circumstance which, in this age of improvement and luxury, cannot, we should suppose, be long overlooked. One of the first comforts in the northern countries is, the facility of preserving a great quantity of ice in ice-houses or cellars, during the whole summer. Not a single family, in the cities and villages, is without such a convenience, which serves not merely for cooling liquor at table, but principally for preserving beer, ale, and all sorts of fresh provisions, during the summer season. In the months of January and February, when the ice has acquired the greatest thickness, the stock is laid in, and the whole cellar is floored over, or rather filled with cubical pieces from three to four feet diameter, all the interstices are filled up with lesser pieces, and on very cold days the doors are left open, that the frost may consolidate the whole mass. They

They sometimes surround a closet in the cellar with ice, in which they put the provisions, and which they can lock up.

EXTRACT FROM

THE BLIND BARGAIN.

For an account of which, see our Magazine for November, p. 70.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter GILES WOODBINE.

Miss Gurnet.

WELCOME home, boy.

Giles. Thank ye, aunty, koindly.

Miss G. Well, how have you been amused?

Doctor. Ay: isn't London a rare place, Giles?

Giles. Icod!—it be a queer one; —and somehow you see, I cannot say ought about it; for my head was all the time in such an odd wizzy wazzy state, that I cannot for the soul of me, make out whether I saw St. Paul's in the city or in the Panrama, or Westminster-hall in Moorfields or the new pantomime.

Miss G. Why surely you weren't out of your senses?

Giles. Ees: I were though; and rather loik'd it!—But what should come to pass,—the Londoners had heard as how I was a tidy hand at cricket, so they sent for me to play in grand thousand guinea match—between one Squire Long-hop and my Lord High-home-and-easy;—and I have but one hit you knaw —but that be a lapper all round field to be sure;—and I have but one koind of bowl—but that be dead sartin to knock down my wicket or my man—so I did pretty hobbling —I got his lordship a hundred notches—and I broke so many shins, bats, and fingers, that he won thousand guineas; and then he offered I five out of them—but he! he!— I told him I didn't come to town to get money—I came to see sights and curiosities—and therefore, if his lordship had no objection, I'd go home and take a bit of dinner with him.

Doctor. Dine with his lordship!

Miss G. And did he consent?

Giles. Ees sure—a chuckl'd woundily at the thought on't—and who should I meet there but her ladyship, and a pack o' your tip-top stylish lasses; at first I was pos'd a bit, and thought the curst French dishes had poison'd me—but after a glass or two o' somewhat like sham cyder, I found myself and the lasses all smiling and ogling at each other;—and just then, and be hang'd to un, my lord nodded to my lady, and away she went wi' all my sweethearts—but that would'n't do for I—icod!—I follow'd *them*!

Doctor. Follow'd the ladies!

Giles. Ay: that I did—but some of your busy butterfly chaps brought I back again—fin'd me bumper after bumper, and ax'd how long I had made my escape from one Pidcock—I do think they call un—in Exeter Change?—I told them I pretty well guess'd what they meant; but that I was neither born a beast, nor would I stay with them and make myself one!—and says I,—"If Lunnun and fashion do teach folk to turn young women out of company, give I nature and cheek by jole, as long as I do live:"—and here I be nearly as I went; for if transplanting the tree have a little damaged the top on't, rot me, but the trunk and the core be as tight and as sound as ever.

Miss G. Now this is following my advice—I made him what he is —two years ago I took him from his father's farm.

Giles. So you did, aunt, and tutor'd I wi' a pack of such nice hard words,

words, that ever since I's felt *inspired*—or more properly speaking, *conspired* wi' love and gratitude: but yet one shouldn't find fault wi' poor feyther, he did want the needful, you know.

Doctor. Nay; not so much but he could afford to leave you a nice snug farm in the forest.

Miss G. Ay: the one that Villars rents: and that's well thought of, since his lease has long expired, I beg you'll get another tenant.

Giles. Why; Mr. Villars do pay as punctual—

Miss G. No matter, I have good reasons for removing him and his wife.

Doctor. So have I, and therefore turn him out directly.

Giles. Hauld, hauld, I's always ready to take advice, if I think there be aught good in it: but somehow Mr. Villars and I do often sport, fish, and cricket together; and when I did set out for Lunnun, his sweet lady did take her dear boy Henry in her arms, and bid him kiss and wish me safe home again. I tell you what, the topic shall have fair play; but if my mind don't change consumedly, I had far rather give them the farm, than turn them out on't; for I might sleep o' nights without having it here *(putting his hand to his pocket)*, but dommo if I could, without having it here *(putting his hand to his heart)*; and now I'll go in, and drink both your better healths in a glass o' real cyder, for I's plaguy hot and weary wi' journeying.

Miss G. Go, Sir, but dare not to refuse me.

Giles. Well, well, I'll do my best; but I say, when do sister Soph come back from Lady Davenant's in Oxfordshire; I suppose Alderman got her invited, and I take it very pretty o' uncle that is to be: *(going up stage and looking in at door)*—there it be—there be the old fireside, and nation glad I am to clap eyes on't; and now, when I so well know the blessings o' home myself, how can you wish me to turn other people out on't—'tis the Englishman's castle, and whoever do invade it, is no better than a housebreaker, and as I be not in that line at present, so I hope I never shall be. Here, Joey! Davy! "When Johnny Bull sets out for France, &c.

[*Exit singing into house.*

SCENE III.

Enter TOURLY.

Tourly. Pheugh! *(fanning himself with his hat)* this is pleasure is it?—the gig is quite settl'd—and for the horse—look—there he stands staring to know what trick you'll next play him.

Jack. I play him!—'slife!—who was driving?

Tourly. Both!—we were both driving.—And I must say, if the tour hasn't prov'd pleasant, 'tis the consequence of your coming into these cross roads, to hunt after old castles—old paintings—and wild prospects!—when to the traveller of sense, there is no castle like an inn—no picture like a sign—and for the beauties of nature!—give me a good larder, Jack—oh! there's food for contemplation.

Jack. Ay: to the sensual and unlearned mind—but had you studied as you ought—

Tourly. I did—I was once the best scholar in all Brazen Nose, and you know very well I gave it up solely from good breeding.

Jack. Good breeding!

Tourly. Ay: and so ought every man that passes time with town ladies and country gentlemen—for 'tis the height of rudeness to talk Greek and Latin in their company.—But what's to be done?—here we are without money—without a conveyance

conveyance—without—only take notice—no more visiting at private houses.

Jack. Why, Sir?—didn't my friend, Mrs. Effort of Plenty Hall, entertain you two whole days with the greatest hospitality?

Tourly. Yes: with such hospitality that I thought every hour would be my last!—for Mrs. Effort was so afraid of being thought stingy—and so many of the dishes were of her own making, that she actually cramm'd me till I could'nt cry, "Hold—enough!"—think of the soups, jellies, custards, pies, puddings, ale, syllabubs, and hot punch, that she nightly forced down my throat—and, when almost suffocated, I ask'd for a cool chamber and a mattress—curse me, if I didn't find myself in a warm feather-bed, close to a roaring fire, and a hot warming-pan left sticking at the bottom of it—and these are the joys of travelling!—Oh: had I a house of my own—would I leave it for bad inns—bad roads—and bad hospitality?

Jack. Why did you leave Oxford then?

Tourly. Why?—there's gratitude!—wasn't it to amuse you? to help to drive from your mind certain scruples about a certain love affair? and let me manage—only let me manage, and I'll shew you—look—that house there!—it may belong to some honest fellow who will advance cash——hush!—somebody's coming!—now for it—now see if my management——

Enter DOCTOR PLIABLE.

Doctor. Pretty treatment! and a pretty life I've led lately—first my brother dies, and leaves me a parcel of bad debts—then this——

Tourly. Sir! *(bowing)* that white house yonder—pray—doesn't it belong to a gentleman of the name of Tomkins—Tomkins——

Doctor. No, Sir—it belongs to a profligate of the name of Villars.

Jack. Villars!—what, the man who married Sir Edward Analyse's daughter?

Doctor. The same—and a charming husband he makes her—in addition to other intrigues, we suspect that he has just decoyed away a young lovely——

Jack. Indeed!—Mrs. Villars is my relation—and if he dare to wrong her——

Doctor. Your relation!—give me leave to ask you, Sir—is your name Analyse?

Tourly. It is, Sir—Jack Analyse of Queen's College, Oxford—and my name is Charles Tourly of Brazen Nose.—We are travelling for amusement, and nothing on the road has given us so much gratification, as the pleasure of seeing you. *(Bowing very low.)*

Doctor. (doing the same.) And I'm sure gentlemen, I'm equally gratified to see you. You are Mr. Analyse—and you are Mr. Tourly—both of Oxford?

Tourly. Yes, Sir—yes—and I see—*(to doctor)*—I see you'll make much of us.

Doctor. I'll make all I can of you, gentlemen—for my brother, who was a wine-merchant at Oxford, amongst other bequests——

Tourly. Left you some excellent port.

Doctor. No, he left me this joint note of yours for ninety-two pounds—now I have often dun'd you in vain by letter—therefore instantly discharge it—or else—look!—be kind enough to conclude your journey in the county goal. *(Pointing to back scene.)*

Tourly. Curse all parties of pleasure, say I.

Jack. Curse your bad management, say I.

Doctor. What! it isn't convenient?

eat?—very well—then I shall go directly to my attorney—and in the mean time I advise you to go directly to Mr. Villars, and ascertain whether he don't love more women than one—so—things are mending again—I shall not only get Villars into a curst scrape, but perhaps touch ninety odd pounds I little expected.—Gentlemen, I beg—oh—no—no—certainly for once I leave company without making any sort of apology—ha! ha! ha!—travelling for amusement!

[*Exit.*

Jack. (after a pause.) Charles!

Tourly. Jack!—what road will you take now?

Jack. Why—first the road to Villars.

Tourly. What!—more hot water! meddle between man and wife!—adieu!—I'm off for Oxford.

Jack. How! leave me! separate at such a moment!—Well! if you will be so unfriendly—farewell, Sir.

Tourly. Farewell Jack!—yet stop—stop—you'll want my advice now—without my management, I know you'll get into a thousand more of these infernal scrapes—so have with you, boy!—and don't despond—for come what will, we can write our tour.

Jack. So we can—and one advantage in modern travels—many buy them.

Tourly. Yes: and another advantage in modern travels—very few read, and nobody believes them. But they won't do without drawings—even Milton and Shakespear won't sell without engravings—so look—I have brought my crayons—and by way of frontispiece, I shall take you bowing to the doctor—he pointing to the county jail, and I laughing at both your long faces—it will do—though not ourselves, we shall amuse other people, my boy.

[*Exeunt.*

A RAMBLE
FROM
Salisbury through the Villages to Wilton.

The Déjeuné—The Villages—Beauties of Wilton House—Tabulæ Antiquæ—Invention of Oil Painting—Wilton Town—Harnham Hill—Longford Castle—The Green-house—and a set down at Salisbury.

The vales of Italy may still delight,
And Gallic manners make the boy polite;
But if the beauties of your native land,
You never warmly strove to understand,
The gems you gather from a foreign stock,
Are only pebbles of a barren rock.
Leave then, my friend, less favour'd states, alone,
Till you have learn'd the value of your own.

THE DEJEUNE.

I WAS disturbed this morning by the sound of the trumpet, General Goldsworthy's dragoons were in the market-place, taking a farewell of their friends and relatives for the last time, before their embarkation to the continent; their orders were, with all possible speed to join his royal highness, the duke, at Ostend. The scene was particularly affecting, the young women hung on the necks of their husbands and their sweethearts; the old were embracing their sons; and the little children weeping to part with their fathers. The men in a moment were commanded to mount, and they as soon disappeared; while the lamentations of the afflicted were only overcome by the clangor of the trumpets. The sight was too much for a man of my feelings. I turned my back on the instruments of slaughter that were to follow the troop, and after many unpleasant reflections on the horrors of war, entered the woodbine-covered, and quiet abode of Mr. Wilmot, near West Harnham, who presently covered the table with all that was sweet and comfortable, and I sat

down to my déjeuné; where, as I soon forgot the terrors of the battle in the contemplation of one of those fine landscapes which made Gainsborough so celebrated on the canvas, and which seldom fails to give sublimity to the songs of our pastoral poets; and having sufficiently refreshed, I took my way through a long train of

AQUATIC VILLAGES

Once of celebrity, but now only remarkable for a fine range of stables, where horses for the chase and the race are kept in a state of training by skilful jockeys in some of the finest downs in England. These villages, Bemmerton, Netherhampton, and Quidhampton, are particularly dull; I saw nothing living in my way, but a herd of gipsies preparing the kettle for the meal, and patching, to the sound of rustic songs, the half worn sides of the farmer's sauce-pans. So contemptibly mean are the parish churches here, that it is difficult to discriminate the house of God from a hay-stack; and yet, —a thing worth remarking—though the temples of worship are so poor, the houses of the priests are particularly elegant, capacious, and surrounded with all things comfortable and pleasant: I do not mention this as a thing reprehensible, priests in all ages were attached to the best situations, and so long as they take as much care of the altars as they do of themselves, they have my hearty good wishes. Quitting these watery stations, I presently reached the finely cultivated grounds belonging to the Right Hon. the Earl of Pembroke, and found myself before the gates of

WILTON HOUSE.

It was one of the abbies abolished in the reign of Henry VIII. and that monarch presented it to his favourite, Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; since when, it has undergone so many alterations, and received so many improvements, that very little of the original is to be discovered.

The progenitors of the present noble earl had been great encouragers of the sublime arts, and, at at an early period, shewed their fine taste, by employing Holbein and Jones to improve this their divine mansion; however, it was left for Earl Thomas to raise it to a degree of magnificence and splendor beyond any thing of the kind at home, and to vie with the most celebrated in foreign nations. The approach gives a stranger, at first sight, a wonderful idea of the grandeur of the whole, and no sooner does he enter the great hall, than he is fascinated with the finely disposed assemblage of Greek and Roman antiquities. I could employ my pen a month in their praises, but the confines of this paper forces me to correct my ecstacy. Here are many valuable pictures, but the Pembroke family, by Sir Anthony Vandyke, has the pre-eminence, it is of itself a school for an artist; but the greatest rarity I was permitted to examine is,

THE TABULA ANTIQUÆ OF RICHARD II.

A well preserved representation of King Richard II. in his youth, and at his devotions; it is painted on two tables constructed to fold, to preserve it from common accident and from the severities of time. The king is represented kneeling by his three patron saints, crowned, and in a robe covered in allusion to his mother's arms, and his own name of Plantagenista: on the ground is strewn lilies and roses; eleven angels, crowned with white roses, seem to direct all their attention towards Richard; and on two brass plates, at the bottom of the picture, is engraved,

INVENTION

INVENTION OF PAINTING IN OIL, 1410.

This was painted before, in the beginning of Richard II. 1377. Hollar engraved and dedicated it to Charles I. and called it "Tabula Antiquæ of King Richard II. with his three Saints and Patrons, St. John Baptist, and two Kings, St. Edmund, and St. Edward Confessor."

This picture was given out of the crown by James II. to Lord Castlemain, when he was ambassador to Rome, and bought, since he died, by Thomas Earl of Pembroke.

The invention of oil painting, was long before the above dates, and is of greater antiquity than is generally asserted. Hubert Ab-Eyk practised it in Italy, where the art had been no secret for centuries before this Hubert communicated the theory with instructions to his brother John at Bruges, in 1370, who was the painter of this Tabula, and who practised it in Normandy, and finally in England at Richard's court; and after him Old Giovanni Bellini who also learned it of Hubert. I thought it right to reconcile these contradictions as far as I could with the gentleman who attended me, but I believe to very little purpose. The delicious regale I received at Wilton House, was only damped by the great expence I was at in obtaining it. The moment I rang at the garden gate, I was ushered to a kind of tool-house on my right hand, where I was requested to write my name in a folio and pay one shilling, this man conducted me to the great court, where I was delivered over to a gentleman very polite, who shewed me the antiquities and received half a crown. I was next taken under the care of a third person who introduced me to the pictures and other rarities. This gentleman told me to look with attention on a picture, where the hostler was under trial for robbing the stable of the oats; the judge was a horse, and all the jury were horses; but I was the ass, for after some severe strictures on dishonesty, he took from me another half-crown; I was then shewn out of the house and again delivered to the gardener, who having shewn me all that fell under his care, held out his hand for another shilling I could not help observing that all these exactions put it out of the power of most travellers to visit Wilton House, and that in foreign countries gratifications of this nature were obtained in a way far more liberal. In extenuation he answered, that his lord had forbidden the taking vails from his visitors, and that they served for small wages; that all the money received in this way was put into a box, and once a quarter equally divided; and were it not for that the place would not be worth keeping. I answered, I could not give credit to a tale so injurious to the reputation of his noble master, and that it was at best but making a puppet-shew of a gentleman's palace, whose liberality was too well established to encourage impositions in his dependants.

Gratified with the sight of so many incomparable beauties within and without Lord Pembroke's princely mansion, I left them with regret, and entered the

TOWN OF WILTON,

Once the principal place of the county, of great magnitude, exceedingly populous, and full of the most valuable manufactures. It held the *cathedral* of a bishop, and its boundaries encompassed twelve churches; but now so reduced below its former consequence, as only to admit of one, and that so humble, so mouldered without, as not to retain a single beauty to recommend it to notice. However, the door

door being wide open to receive a corpse about to be buried, I entered, in expectation of objects more gratifying to one of my inquisitive disposition; for, whatever may be my pursuits in a strange place, I never forget to sing with Milton,

> But let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloister's pale;
> And love the high embowed roof,
> With antic pillars, massy proof,
> And storied windows, richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light.

But here I found as little to engage my attention, except about the altar, where there is a bust of the late Earl of Pembroke finely executed, and a marble sarcophagus, which once contained the remains of Lady Charlotte sister to the present. The body was preserved in spirits, and placed in a coffin of glass, which used to be shewn to strangers, till delicacy caused it to be removed to the vault beneath. On the front of the marble appears this singular epitaph:

> Lie still sweet maid, and wait th' Almighty's will,
> Then rise, unchang'd, and be an angel still.

In the church-yard I observed a custom I had never seen before in any part of my rambles, the graves are neatly lined with brick work, and then white-washed with a shining material from the top to the bottom, which gives them a very pleasing appearance; but this is only for those whose relatives can afford to pay for the labour.

The town, at present, is so exceedingly dull, that scarce a living object presents itself but to inform the traveller of its almost annihilated commerce, and the want of those comforts which make the poor man smile: I had a conversation with one of the inhabitants on this subject, who assured me that the kersey and carpet trade was, of late, become so low among them, that where one hundred pair of hands were wont to be employed, five were more than sufficient to do the business.

As I quitted these scenes of melancholy, where the tabor never moves the feet to sprightly measures, I could not help reflecting, in a serious way, on the mutability of all things. "Farewell!" I cried, as I turned my back on the town; "farewell, poor Wilton! the blood-stained hand of War has driven thy manufacturers from the loom, and the iron whip of unrelenting Power, thy peaceful peasantry far away! Thy matrons die beside the idle distaff; and the forlorn widow by her useless spinning-wheel, sits sighing for the idol of her affection, the child of her bosom! The pale-faced maiden hangs her head, once rosy as the morn, weighed deeper by despondency; she weeps the object of her love, but he is lost, alas! for ever, on the carnage-covered plains of the continent!" After a walk of three miles over the downs, I attained the summit of West Harnham, and sheltering in the shadowy side of a clump of trees, I remained some time to enjoy a beautiful view of the whole city of Salisbury; then taking the upper road that leads to Burford, in about an hour entered my Lord Radnor's park, at

LONGFORD CASTLE.

The whole is laid out into one extensive grass farm, covered with flocks of the most valuable consideration; it was to me a charming sight to behold these fleecy creatures indulging themselves beneath the broad shade of the Spanish chesnut trees, planted here by his lordship's ancestors, in great abundance; and time has brought them to so high a degree of perfection, that they seem, at this moment to flourish in all their native luxuriancy.

Longford

Longford Castle stands about two miles east of the city of Salisbury, upon the winding of a swift current formed by the waters of the Avon and the Willy, wreathing from hence through the level land in figure not unlike a silver serpent, till lost in the salt wave at Christ Church. The mansion is of a hollow triangular form, with a round tower at each extremity, the one appropriated for a place of worship; another incloses a valuable library; and the third, elegantly adorned with tapestry, furnishes apartments for the subordinate ladies of the household: the whole exhibiting a very pleasing appearance to a traveller on the high grounds, enriching the landscape with a jewel, without which it would be flat and uninteresting. Admission to the interior of the castle is to be obtained upon seeing the housekeeper, who is a person of great civility, and perfectly well qualified to gratify the curious inquirer. In one of the parlours are a number of good family pictures by Hudson, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The colouring of those pictures is still as brilliant as enamel. Sir Joshua has a portrait in the same room, the tints of which—though the attitude is graceful—are all flown, and the cheek of the British beauty changed to the sickly skin of the Gentoo: here are several other pictures of this master; particularly one of Lord Folkstone when a boy, covered with a hard varnish and starred all over like a cracked looking-glass. An original trait of this great man is hardly to be discovered, his *whites* are all *yellow*, his *reds* are all *black*, and every part disgusting to a person of taste. Surely Sir Joshua could have no retrospect to posthumous reputation; that sacred love of fame, which is so discernible in many, could never once mingle with the beauties of his fancy; this knight must have been, in the prosecution of his art, what most mercenaries are in their trading occupations, without a single idea abstracted from accumulating money. What a pity Sir Joshua omitted to make alchymy a study, and that he trusted so much to the colourmen of Long-acre!—we had not then seen his divine productions fading like dying dolphins. Sir Anthony Vandyke was not beneath this sort of attention, he prepared for himself, and knew the power of every tint; his fine picture at Wilton House is an incontrovertible proof of this great and indispensable principle, as is the following anecdote: The late Sir Walter Blacket had his likeness finely painted by Sir J. Reynolds, and paid 200 guineas for the picture. It was conveyed to the family mansion at Newcastle, and there placed with the baronet's ancestors; but it had been there but a very short time, before the females of the family were terrified with a sudden alteration in the visage, and even in the dress of this admired picture. The tints which gave animation to the countenance, with the colouring of the drapery, disappeared, and left on the canvas, only a natural but elegant outline, when nothing less than death was foreboded from this extraordinary phænomenon. Sir Walter being in London, an express was immediately despatched, with whom the baronet returned in perfect health, to the great joy of his friends and his family; he laughed heartily at the incident, but, in justice to the painter, wrote the following epigram, and in letters of gold inscribed it on his 200 guinea picture:

The art of painting clearly was designed,
To bring the features of the dead to mind,
But this damn'd painter has revers'd the plan,
And made the picture die before the man.

For the sake of our rising artists, and

and for posterity, it is much to be lamented that our ingenious countryman, for the love of riches, should so undermine the temple of his fame. Vandyke did not accumulate gold; Sir Joshua died worth fifty thousand guineas.

Beside many other good pictures, my Lord Radnor has a pair of inestimable Clauds, morning and evening. Woollet has copied them, and the public may be gratified.

Among other rarities, my lord has a steel chair, the greatest artificial curiosity I ever beheld. It was a present to an emperor two hundred years ago, it retains a brilliant polish in all its parts, and has upwards of two thousand figures, representing historical facts from sacred and profane records, the whole is so finely chased, as to equal the best works of Parberry or Moser. After viewing the interior beauties of Longford, it was recommended to me not to omit

THE GREEN-HOUSE;

And through the favour of Mr. Curtis, one of his lordship's gardeners, I was presently introduced to one of the finest Hortulaniary collections I had ever beheld; the whole was scientifically arranged, and every exotic in the highest degree of perfection the art of Adam could aspire to. With the most obliging condescension, I was made acquainted with their names and properties: among other uncommon plants, appeared the yellow cotton of India; the pods were all bursting, some yielding to the eye their full load of golden treasure; and these, I was assured, my lady, for her amusement, spun into thread for the needles of industry. Fruit of almost every kind I beheld, in size uncommon and of the finest flavours, none of which, if left alone to the nursing hand of nature, could ever attain, with us, the smallest degree of beauty or perfection.

It has often struck me with admiration, that an island so highly favoured by providence, in other respects, as great Britain, should be so barren of native vegetable productions: nearly all that is valuable we owe to the art of man, for we have nothing indigenous but the common grass of the field; and, as some say, the crab-apple.

Nor are we less bound to distant countries for our finest fruits, flowers, &c.—jessamine comes from the East Indies, the elder-tree from Persia, the tulip from Cappadocia, the daffodil from Italy, the lily from Syria, the tube rose from Java and Ceylon, the carnation and pink from Italy, &c. &c. For these inestimable blessings, we are still obliged to the ingenious husbandman and the gardener; yet I find nowhere upon record that their merits have been attended with such rewards as they were entitled to possess; while the contrivers of vain pleasures have been, and continue to be, elevated to every post but the right one. It has been observed, that "the man who teaches a quarter of barley to grow on a barren acre, deserves more of his country than the hero who depopulated an empire."—If this be a true maxim, the whole amount of the national debt of England is insufficient to make amends to the heirs of those who supplied the land with the first comforts of life. and that for ever. And now, thanking my kind conductor, to whom I am indebted for the above information, I quitted Longford Castle, taking my way towards Salisbury through meadows full of refreshing streams, whose sides are decorated with bloom, yielding fragrance equal to the vales of Italy.

T. N.

ON MILITIA OFFICERS.

GENTLEMEN,

A SHORT time since, being on a sporting excursion in a western county, I was surprised at meeting my old university acquaintance Jack Five-bar, as I could not but think we had been at least a hundred miles asunder. Indeed I did not know him at first accosting, as he approached slowly to me with a distantly-familiar air, and a "Sir, your most humble servant," instead of springing upon me like a greyhound, and clapping me on the shoulder like a bailiff, squeezing my four fingers in his rough palm like a nut-craker, and then whirling my arm to and fro like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How dost do?—I am glad to see thee"—and a hearty damme at the beginning and end of it. Jack, you must know, by being a militia captain is become a fine gentleman, so fine a one indeed, that he affects to despise what he never knew, and asked me if I had not, as well as himself, forgot all my *Greek*. However, Jack would insist on my accompanying him, and, as being an old college chum, I was introduced to his brother officers, and these I found, like my friend Jack, had, in some measure, cast off their slough and put on the martial gentility with the dress. I could not but observe, and to the honour of the militia be it spoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficients in them, as any of the regulars; I mean those arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country in time of peace.

First, with respect to dress. The red coat, the cockade, the shoulder-knot, and the sword, have metamorphosed our plain country squires into as spruce beaux as any on the parade at St. James's. The short frock, striped waistcoat, buck-skin breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob-wig or cropp'd head of hair, has sprouted to a queue; the boots are cast off for silk stockings and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold hilted sword with a flaming sword-knot.

Another necessary qualification of a soldier is cursing and swearing; in which exercise, I assure you, our militia gentry are very expert. It is true, they had some practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not disciplined in discharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may indeed swear like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or push with a sword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice I supposed was introduced among our regiments, that they might familiarize them to the most shocking circumstances; for after they have intrepidly damned one another's eyes, limbs, blood, bodies, souls, and even their own, they must certainly be fearless of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another absolute requisite in the character of a good officer, and in this our militia are not deficient; indeed, they are kept to such constant duty in this exercise, that they cannot fail being expert at it: no veterans in the service can charge their glasses in better order, or discharge them more regularly at the word of command.

Intrigue is as essential to a soldier as his regimentals, you will therefore imagine the militia do not fall short of the regulars in this military accomplishment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder. Some they besiege by secret sap and undermining, and some

they take by assault. I suppose they think it an indispensable part of their duty, or perhaps, considering the great loss of men we have sustained by sea and land, they are desirous of filling up the chasm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The last circumstance which I shall mention as highly necessary in an officer, is, the spirit of gaming. The militia officer was undoubtedly possessed of this spirit in some degree before, and would back his own horses on the turf, or his own cocks in a main or a bye battle, but he never thought of risking his whole patrimony on a single card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have suffered more by a summer's campaign, than if their estates had been over-run, pillaged, and laid waste by the invader; but what does it signify, whether the timber is cut down and destroyed by the enemy, or sold to satisfy a debt of honour to a sharper?

Your's, &c. C. S.

HOW TO MAKE EXCUSES.

Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?
Shakespear.

MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW no talent in the application of which some gentlemen more excel than that of *excusing*: and when I tell you that I am a tradesman, obliged, from the nature of my business, to give credit, I hope you will not doubt that experience has qualified me to speak upon this subject, and to speak feelingly.

There are only two kinds of debtors—those who *cannot* pay, and those who *will not* pay. The first have excuses *ready made*—the latter are *obliged* to *make* excuses. The first may be *sometimes* dishonest—the latter are never *very* honest. The first destroy hope at one blow—the latter protract its torments till it expires from weakness. The first is an *acute distemper*, that kills in a few hours—the latter is a *chronic distemper*, worse than death. In a word, Sir, *inability* is tolerable, because *they* cannot cure it—*unwillingness* is painful, because *I* cannot shorten it.

In *forming excuses*, according to the common practice, the following rules are observed:

1st. That the *same* excuse shall be as seldom repeated as possible.

2d. That the excuses be as various and *plausible* as possible.

3d. By way of maxim—every kind and degree of excuse deserves to be tried, because there is much less inconvenience in postponing a debt than in paying it; and the advantages of *giving words* and *parting* with *money* are all on the side of the former.

To exemplify these rules, Mr. Editor, permit me to state a case. Z. Y. owes me a bill. I send it in, we shall suppose, the 1st of July. Now mark the excuses in succession!

July 1. "O! this is Mr. Mercer's bill—call again any day next week."

July 9. "Not at home."—"When will he be at home?"—"Any time to-morrow."

July 10. "Has a gentleman with him"—waits an hour—"O! ah!—this is the bill—ay—hum!——look in on Monday."

Monday. "Not at home—gone to the Post-office."

Thursday. "Leave the bill, and I'll look it over."

20. "There seems to be a mistake in the bill; I never had *this* article—take it back to your master, and tell him to examine his books."

24. "Just

24. "Just gone out."

29. "I am busy now; tell your master I'll call on him as I go up town."

Aug. 16. "Bless me! I quite forgot to call. This bill is not discharged—bring me a receipt any time to-morrow or next day."

17. "Gone to Yarmouth, and won't be home till next month."

Sept. 12. "What! did not I pay that bill before I went out of town?—Are you going farther?"—"Yes.—"Very well; call as you come back, and I'll settle it."——Calls, and he is gone to dinner at Blofield.

16. "Plague of this bill!—I don't believe I have so much cash in the house—Can you give me change for a L.20 note?"—"No."—"Then call in as you pass to-morrow."

18. "Not at home."

25. "*Appoint a day!* Damme, what does your master mean? Tell him I'll call upon him, and know what he means by such a message."

Oct. 14. "What! no discount!"—"Sir, it has been due these two years."—"There's your money then."—"These guineas are light."—"Then you must call again; I have no loose cash in the house."

And here ends the payment of L.9:14:6, with three of the guineas light.

But these are only a sample, after all, of the many excuses I must receive; and the most mortifying part of the business is, that such debtors are really those who can pay, but by various delays obtain the use of the money, and in some cases tire out the patience of the creditor. I must say, indeed, that they are remarkably civil; they give me the prettiest words—they send their compliments and their kind love "to Mrs. Mercer and the dear little ones"—but, plague on them! they won't send the money.

As my fellow-shopkeepers labour under the same hardships in these respects as myself, I hope you will not refuse this humble statement of our case; and if it produces the payment of any one bill which I am now hunting after, you will merit the hearty thanks of, Mr. Editor, your constant reader,

TOBIN MERCER.

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

THE English language, it appears, is making some progress, though not "*pari passu*," with the Dutch, in Surinam. The following curious specimens of our national orthography are extracted from the Surinam Courant, of the 16th of August last:

"ADVERTISEMENTS.—For sale.—By Isaac Abendanon, in Sarramacco Street, Mans-Shoes, Beaver Hatts, fine shaving Boxes, Sugar Almond &c. in Bottels. Hoops for Sugar Hogsheads, Boat Oars, Boots, Suspenders, Paper, Brandy, Gin, and Danish Beer in Bottels and Juggs."

"F. DE GRAAF, a Smith in Iron Works, habitant up the Stoenbakkers Grogt beside the Zwarte Hoven Brug Street, him self recommends in the favour of the Gentlemens, and inhabitants of tho e Colonie, he shall him self acquainted from his Works at civil and exact manner."

"SINCE a few days about, him self absented from the Underwritten a Negro Girl, callod Jansie, and marked AK. every men is requested, for no keep or ceal him, but

but to will restore him law, ful Master, who shall pay the usual reward. Every men take care for dammage."

"THIS evening at nine o'clock it struck me to the very heart, that it was pleased to God Almighty to call up from this world my, dear and tenderly beloved husband J. Valckenaar, Doctor of Law, in his life-Time First Counseller Fiscal of his Colony and to give him the eternal Bliss, as I trust in him I am grieved as much again because our six underaged Children are losing with him a careful Father. A. M. van der Mey. Widew Valckenaar."

"A SILVER RING is lost in the Street of Combe, being settled with five Diamants Stons I request every men, who find or have any Notice of themselves for deliver them at A. Wenman."

"FOR sale.—Coffee Bagg, by Barent Ezegiel."

"FOR sale.—By the Subscriber —— Best Jamaica Rum by the Gallon, Hollansh Gin, Coniac Brandy, Anisette, best Hyson Tea, Red Oaker, Man and Woman Shoes, Soal Leather, Calf-skins, China Tea sets, a variety of Watches, an elegant curricle with a good pair Horses, a good Hostler, an elegant Hand Organ, a Piano Forte, a Lot of Ground in Domine-street Cow Knie, wit a good House, Negro Houses, Chaise-house, Stables and a Good Garden; a quantity of Nankeens and other Dry goods——alle which will be Sold on the most reasonable terms by Aron Joseph."

"The Free Sybille van van Hout, request all inhabitants of this Colony, no to give Credit to her Son N. R. van Rieben, because she no will be responsible for him."

THE LINEAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

(Continued from page 69 of our Magazine for November.)

LETTER IV.

DEAR COUSIN,

YOUR query,—"Will not the mere poet of art, when he has exercised his genius in his own affairs, and is become vain with any happiness and success in his poetical attempts to beautify and illustrate those of his private concerns, be then tempted to make inroads upon the province of the real poet?"—is very pertinent; for most men, and all women, become vain upon any success attending their attempts. We are not therefore to be surprised should the former infringe on the rights and prerogatives of the real poet. But should this prove to be their case, then the latter will have nothing more to do than to act like the celebrated painter, Apelles, who, when the shoemaker found fault with a famous piece of his, mended it, thinking that the shoemaker must have a just conception of proportion in that part of the painting which belonged to his trade; but when Crispin next day presumed to find fault with the legs and body, Apelles contemptuously exclaimed—"Cobler, stick to your last." Now, should the partial poets break the boundaries of their avocations, then let the real poets cry—"Mechanics, stick to your own avocations; in whatever has an immediate relation to those several arts, we shall be directed by you, as you ought to understand those concerns

concerns better than we; but leave us to judge and to exercise our own profession." Having answered your query, I wave every other matter, and shall proceed with my narrative.

That poetry is an arduous undertaking, is allowed by every one. It is locked within prescribed boundaries, and tied up to rigid rules; and the poet must neither break the first, nor transgress against the last. Yet the poet is allowed to take liberties, and has granted him some enfranchisements. The ancient poets are all open to his inspection; he may read, copy, translate, or imitate them as much as he pleases; nor is he, that I have ever heard, ever hanged, or tried by a court-martial, for stealing their finest thoughts, their noblest sentiments, their best lines, or their most harmonious numbers.

Since the real poets have their assistants, the partial poets must, assuredly, have theirs. But what assistants can those be? The partial poets know but little or nothing of the language in which the ancient poets left their works; of course they can neither borrow nor steal from them; no, not so much as improve their judgment, increase their ideas, elevate their sentiments, or harmonize their numbers, from perusing them. What assistants, therefore, are the partial poets to take as guides in their confined poetical enterprises? Why they may, on any pressing occasion or urgent necessity, have recourse to the old English poets, and borrow from them all the information and assistance that they are capable of affording them: they may imitate their numbers and manners; nay, more, they may paraphrase particular passages, and apply it to their own purposes. Our immortal bard Shakespear's inimitably fine and sublime soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," hath been paraphrased, and converted, or perverted, which you please, to every purpose and subject in life; to duelling, to gaming, to war and invasion, to eating and drinking, to hunting of every description, and to almost every event or occurrence in political and domestic history.

Seeing, therefore, that many real poets, as well as dabblers in the divine art, have taken this liberty, the partial poets certainly may each select suitable passages from the old English bards, paraphrase, and apply them to answer their respective arts and occupations. For instance, should the milliner be at a stand to diversify her subject, a circumstance, I grant, that we cannot readily believe will ever occur, seeing how copious a fund of words and articles she has at her command, and which are, many of them, so mutable, so fluctuating, and ever changing as the seasons revolve; yet, to diversify her subject, to evince her skill, and to display the universality of her genius, she may paraphrase or turn the above inimitable soliloquy, as she probably has many a cap and bonnet, into a new form, work it up a tasteful pattern to answer her design, and gratify her fashionable and genteel customers.

To dress—or not to dress—that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the body to suffer
The rude inclement skies, the boist'rous north,
And sultry south, the west, and chilling east;
Or to take thimble, needle, thread and wax,
And, with industry, parry them.——To dress—be fine—
No more, by dress to say we end
The thousand wants and longings female pride
Is ever heir to—'Tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished.—To dress—be fine—
Be fine—perchance to run in debt—and then
The rub of tradesmen's bills—hard ruthless race of men,
Who ne'er forget to dun the beauteous fair.,
This should give us pause—Here lies the source
Of gowns, of hats, of caps, which linger long
With widows, sprightly maids, and buxom wives;
For who would wear the old and faded gown,
The oft-patch'd petticoat, the darn'd hose,
The cap old fashion'd, the sun-burnt hat,
The muslin frayed, and slipper down at heel—
But that the dread of pitiless bumbailiff
Puzzles the will, and makes us bear those ills
Much rather than be haul'd to that sad bourne,
Height prison, durance vile, whence few return—
But who would sicken, groan, and sweat beneath
A cumbrous load of garments, wanting taste,
While fathers, lovers, guardians, are at hand!
Let's practice syren's arts, sing, wheedle, cry,
'Till loos'd the close-drawn string of leathern bag,
Or stocking old, then purchase every charm—
Be elegant to day, gaudy to-morrow,
Majestically grand and grave the next;
For who can bear a sameness still in dress?
Cloaths worn and faded are a dreadful curse;
Than lovers old, ten thousand times they're worse.

From the milliner we naturally pass to the jeweller, who, if he has the least poetical genius, must make a very tempting figure among the partial poets; and a poetical publication of the many valuable beauties and elegancies of his repository must fire the female breast with the ambition to ornament ears, neck, bosom, arms, and fingers, with the rich and brilliant articles of his boutique. Jewels are to dress, what flowers are to leaves; they are the same foils to dress as diversified flowers to a green pasture, or those which are tastefully dispersed among leaves and branches, and that complete the taste and beauty of the bouquet. So the jeweller puts the finish to the milliner's art, and sends the beauty, perfectly finished, to the assembly, the opera, or the court.

Of all the amusing and eccentric advertisements of the partial poets, the most extravagantly pleasant may be expected from the pens of the disconsolate, solitary old bachelors; men who, having mispent their youth and manhood, squandered their patrimony, loaded their bodies and minds with a thousand pains and weaknesses; who, growing wiser and considerate; and who, seeing nothing before them but gloomy horrors and a dreary prospect, at last think of taking a wife, to share, or rather to ease them of an enormous load; to bring pecuniary assitance, to watch over their sleepless nights, nurse them in sickness, patiently endure every oddity and provoking perverseness, and numberless eccentricities that possess the mind of the bachelor during these diurnal fits of gloominess. All this is expected from a wife, besides her entire management of all domestic concerns, servants, &c. &c.

Do not, my dear, in this place imagine that I have been laughing, or aiming at shewing my wit, or giving scope to a satirical vein, at the expence of the poor old bachelors: no; I do assure you that I never was more serious in my life, and aiming at truth and justice only. Indeed, to be ingenuous, I must declare, that I dare not to laugh

or shew my wit on this occasion; because it is said, that laughing is catching; and the gracious Powers above, I hope, will preserve Sophia from ever feeling the forlorn condition of ancient celibacy.

Besides the old bachelors, there are others who sometimes make public their wishes to engage with some faultless female, and who must come with every good and extraordinary recommendation. Some who have had bad success with a first engagement, and being freed by death, wish to venture the second time, hoping for better luck; whilst others, who have been blest with good wives, but not without a fault or two, either in temper or conduct, these, being at liberty to make another choice, think to get a helpmate with more good qualities than ever was known in any human being, either male or female; and not having any knowledge of such nonpareil in the circle of their acquaintance, they make their extravagant desire public, believing that there are eight or ten such nonpareils in England, and probably one or two in the city of London; they flatter themselves that one of the small number will fall to the venturer's lot, as every one who ventures in the lottery hopes to gain the twenty or thirty thousand pound prize; and were the first prize a plum, every one would hope to be the fortunate man ordained by Heaven to grasp it as a reward for his many excellent virtues; so unreasonable are these lords of the creation.

But women, my dear, you know, are reasonable beings; for, whenever a woman condescends to express a wish, in the public papers, of entering into the holy estate of matrimony, she is always reasonable in her demands: and it is evident that a man will content her for a husband—she does not dare to let the public see that she would arrogate to her own self a man faultless, and of such a passively patient temperament, that he will ever be silent, deaf, dumb, and insensible to all negligencies and errors, irritability and turbulence.

These partial poets, as before observed, cannot very easily fail of being pleasant and highly entertaining, as their wants will admit of humour, and allow of freedom of fancy and imagination. For instance, the old bachelor, when quite vanquished by the gloomy horrors of long procrastinated celibacy, is come at last to the resolution of taking a wife; but at the same time resolves to be very prudent and circumspect in his choice, and being grown a little superstitious, as most men are who have been habituated to retirement and privacy, he resolves to fling himself in fortune's way, who though she be blind, is not deaf; consequently the blind goddess may hear and pay due attention to what he says; so down he sits to his pen, writes a copy of an advertisement, wherein he gives a full detail of his views about the holy estate, and then enumerates the many rare and choice virtues, qualities, accomplishments, &c. which the fair one must evidently possess to render her a suitable object to aspire to the high honour of answering his publication.

To give a specimen or sample of what may be looked for under this fanciful and sporting department of the recent divine influence, must not, cannot be expected, at least not from my pen. This department admits of more fancy and invention to elevate the imagination to a conception of more excellencies, virtues, domestic qualifications, &c. than "youthful poets fancy when they dream." All attempts, therefore, at anticipation must fall short,

short, and can never hope to draw a tolerable semblance of that which is to arise from the mantling imaginations of the parties or actors themselves. The artist must sing his art, and offer the produce of his genius. The mercantile class can sing only the useful, fancy-pleasing, and gust-giving articles of the repository, warehouse, and shop; and but seldom, if ever, add more to the catalogue than they are known actually to possess at one season or other, though not at all times: but whoever wants and advertises for a wife, may give himself as many virtues, make himself as famous for uncommon and wonderful excellencies, as the quack doctor will ever give to his patent nostrum; and he may require in the fair one, who alone can hope for the honour of being preferred, as long a list of great endowments and necessary virtues, just as the quack will give of weaknesses, pains, defects, maladies, &c. &c. &c. to which the human frame is liable. This being the case, you will not expect a line from my pen on this head, but give me leave, for the present, to bid you adieu. Your's unchangeably,

SOPHIA HEMISTIC.

A SILENT GAME OF WHIST.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE heard it often asserted, "That although silence is a necessary requisite in the game of whist, yet granting that the company are as silent as the grave during the round, no sooner is the last card played, than every tongue, as if compressed before against its will, rushes forth with astonishing rapidity, bearing before it, and carrying down with it, the reputations of wives, widows, bachelors, and virgins, in one torrent of destruction."

It was my lot, very lately, to be a witness of a scene, which proved that some snug parties do not wait for the round being over to talk the news of the day. I was invited to Mrs. Ape'em's rout. Mrs. Ape'em is a lady in the city, who prides herself on a close imitation of the manners of the quality, and gives routs to larger companies than her house can contain. But it is not my business, at present, to delineate her character, so much as to transcribe, for your use, the small-talk at one of the card tables. Not being myself concerned in any set, I had the more opportunity of observing others, and, by the assistance of my pencil, unseen and unobserved, I am enabled to send you the following dialogue:—

Mr. Tattle. (*dealing*) So then, ladies, you profess you don't know any thing of Mr. Spruce's affair with Mrs. Stately—the most comical affair—he! he! he!—by gad its my opinion—sure I have not misdealt—

Miss C. I have thirteen.

Mrs. C. And I.

Mrs. G. And I—its all right Mr. Tattle—Mrs. Stately was always one of those kind of people one does not like, so close and so reserved—what's trumps?

Mr. Tattle. A diamond.—The true state of the matter, I believe, was, that—that's your trick partner—there was an *absolute* necessity for the marriage—nothing less could do, I assure you, for you are to know that——

Miss C. Mother! you have played twice.

Mrs. C. No, child! count the cards—I think the widow is more to blame than he; I hate such demure sluts—I never thought she would come to any thing——

Mrs. G.

Mrs. G. Yes, yes! there was Miss Sprightly our neighbour, you know what a hurry she was in to get a husband—that's my trick, Sir, —and what did she get, after all?

Mr. Tattle. He's got nothing, I believe. *(all laugh).*

Mrs. G. Lord! Mr. Tattle you are so comical—a knave—but he was only a clerk at fifty pounds a year—for my part, I believe she bought his wedding suit for him, and paid the parson out of her own pocket—a diamond, if you have one.

Mrs. C. There's some widows very fortunate—sure never was a hand like mine, nothing above a three in it—my poor dear husband used to say—O, I beg your pardon, Ma'am, you trumped the hearts——

Mrs. G. I trumped them!—not I indeed, it was a spade—there is a pretty story too, I find, about your neighbour in Leadenhall-street.

Mr. Tattle. O, yes! a pretty *commence* there too!—but it is no more than I expected—now for the odd trick!—take it partner.

Miss C. O, Lord! don't talk to me, you never saw such a hand—I don't think Mr. Cane so disagreeable a man as some people do—to be sure, Miss Biddy Flirt might have done better.—No, Ma'am, you don't get that, there's the king, for you.

Mrs. G. Lord! who could have thought you had the queen!—Mrs. Clackit, you don't mind your hits—I like that pattern of your handkerchief vastly—where did you get it?

Mrs. C. Of our linen draper at the corner—I always buy of him—a monstrous civil man.

Mr. Tattle. Yes: the man's well enough—Mr. Irish you mean—but what think you of his wife—take up the trick, partner.

Mrs. G. Oh, she! a great, fat, uncivil swab—I hate the sight of her—and yet, forsooth, they keep their carriage!—fine times, indeed, when rag-men keep their carriages!

Mrs. C. O fye, Mrs. Go-between, you are too censorious!—for my part, I think the woman is well enough—to be sure she is fat —but she can't help that you know —and really I have never found her uncivil—to be sure one does not expect much from such kind of people—and as to her character—you have seen Tom Neatly the shopman?

Miss C. Yes: a prodigious handsome fellow!

Mrs. C. I say nothing—that's not your trick, Mr. Tattle.

Mrs. G. Nor I—but this I will say, that——

Mr. Tattle. O come, that's neither here nor there—Mrs. Irish is a very *prudent* woman you will all allow. *(a general laugh.)*

Miss C. By the bye, they tell me, that, that affair we were speaking of the other night, is not yet made up between Mr. and Mrs. Flare it.

Mrs G. No:—nor likely to be —the man must be a fool—you have got the knave, Mr. Tattle—a man must be a fool not to see with his own eyes.

Miss C. Yes, yes: I believe the matter was very plain, before they went to Margate—Lord, Sir, why did you take her queen?

Mr Tattle. Ma'am you shall see —now you talk of going to Margate—has any of you seen Miss Popple lately?

Omnes. No.

Mr. Tattle. Oh then—probably you may see *double* soon. *(a laugh.)* Yes, yes, fine doings in the *alley*—I thought it was not for nothing she preserved that situation.—But, however, that's no business of ours.

Mrs. G. What! has she had a slip too——

Mr. Tattle.

Mr. Tattle. A slip! aye, a tumble too. They say, in the neighbourhood, that she already *waddles* out of the *alley*—*(a laugh)*

Mrs. C. Aye, you are so witty, Mr. Tattle—I protest there is no standing against you—whose ace is that?

Miss C. Now for it—I'll bet you half a crown we have it—I knew *Miss* Popple long ago—and never expected better from her—she was always too sentimental for me—then she us'd to dress so——

Mrs. G. Yes: I believe some part of her dress is not paid for yet—I saw a mercer's bill once, for fourteen pounds eleven shillings and sixpence—and I dare say it was not the only one—my trick, Sir.

Mr. Tattle. There, two by honours, and three by cards—Miss Popple has done for herself—shall I mark the game partner?

Miss C. Who deals?—O mother, it is your turn now—and they say the fellow she keeps company with is a journeyman taylor.

Omnes. A taylor! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

Here, Mr. Editor, my account ends, and is very much at your service. I am your's, &c.

Bob Shortland.

SAGACITY, &c. IN HORSES AND DOGS.

MR. EDITOR,

IF you think the following instances worth inserting in your admired Magazine, you may depend upon them for truths. A friend of mine, who is possessed of an old favourite horse, was one day riding him from Doncaster to Rotherham. Going home in company with a gentleman of that neighbourhood, their conversation turned on their favourite steeds, when Mr. H. was of opinion, that the old horse could not carry him over the hedge by the road side, which was higher than himself; Mr. S. the owner of the horse, was of the contrary opinion, and accordingly they exchanged horses for the trial. The old horse, with a weight not less than between sixteen and seventeen stone, was set at good speed at the hedge, but unfortunately, when come to take his spring, his fore feet slipped and they nearly came down; Mr. H. laughed. The animal immediately turned round, run at the hedge on the opposite side of the road, which was higher than the other, and cleared it in a moment; no doubt, not less to the satisfaction of himself, than to the astonishment of the rider. Reader, don't you suppose the horse was conscious of his credit?

A FRIEND of mine has a greyhound of no small celebrity, and was coursing a few seasons back; the dog run a hare single handed, and raced her so hard, that she had not time, it seems, to run through an opening at the bottom of some paling, when she and the greyhound made a spring at the same moment at the top of the pales, which was very high; the dog seized her at the instant she touched the top of the paling, and in the momentary scuffle he slipt between two broken pales, each of which run into the top of his thighs near his lisk; in this situation he hung till the horsemen came up to him, when to their great surprise, he had the hare fast in his mouth, which one of them took from him before they released him.

A RECRUITING serjeant that had been in Scotland between two and three years on duty, received orders to come to England; the serjeant's wife it seems was willing to leave her room in a decent state, and therefore one day set to cleaning it. In

In removing some sand, earth, and rubbish, at the bottom of a cupboard, on the ground floor, to her agreeable surprise she found, carefully deposited, twenty-pence halfpenny in halfpence, which they were confident was hid by the little dog, as they used at times to play tricks with him with halfpence, which were frequently lost, but never till then could they give any account of them. The dog was very attentive while the woman was cleaning out the place; and when she took up the money, he wagged his tail and snapt at her fingers.

THE following is an undoubted fact:—A friend of mine who is used to travel every six months for orders in business, has used his old horse to partake of a pint of ale and a penny loaf at a particular public-house on the road; in one of his rounds, he was considerably later than usual in the evening, and thinking to pass the house in a hurry, struck the old horse into a gallop: still, when he came opposite the house, he stopped short, nor could all the beating, coaxing, nor resolution induce him to go on. Old constant had never passed by without his usual allowance; of course it was brought him in a dish, and he made an end of it with such despatch, that before the rider could receive change for a seven shilling piece, the old road-beater had set off at full speed, and the rider received the change the six months following:

VETERINARY IMPROVEMENTS.

A PRACTICAL operator of some celebrity, having lately performed castration upon a high-bred and most valuable horse, the property of a gentleman of large fortune, made his occasional visits, to observe the progressive recovery of his patient, when, at the expiration of a few days—which he intended to be his terminating visit—he proclaimed the horse in a state of perfect safety, and out of *every chance* of *danger*; but so uncertain is the ambiguous page of prediction, that in a few hours after this information, the owner had the mortification to despatch his groom to the doctor with information, that the horse had not travelled long in the road so infallibly pointed out for him, but had become suddenly defunct; or in less sublime language—that the horse was *just dead*.

ANOTHER of rather more singularity is, the adventure of one of the red-coated retinue, who having been some years most honourably and profitably employed under the banners of royalty, has occasionally amused himself with the emoluments arising from equestrian speculation; and for some years, in succession, enjoyed an almost uninterrupted series of success: but, as Fortune seldom bestows her favours without the lights and shades of fluctuation, so he recently encountered the reverse. Being infected with the fashionable furor of veterinary investigation, he confidently proceeded to display his proficiency in the art of nicking upon four fine horses upon sale, probably from the flattering hope, and expectation of deriving considerable advantages from the sale of them, amidst the brilliancy of the establisment where he is so happily employed, which, among the vicissitudes of indignant fate, became completely abortive, for the four destined victims patiently resigned their lives within a few hours of each other.—So true it is, a shoemaker should never go beyond his last!!!

On Friday, the 8th inst. a reverend divine arrived in town from Suffolk, and, upon his arrival, it was found that one of his horses was exceedingly lame in the near hind fetlock, from some injury sustained on the road. A vulcanian practitioner was called in, who, with his prime minister—the operative assistant—concluding, in the utmost extent of their sagacity, that it must have been from some puncture at the bottom of the foot, proceeded, with both buttress and drawing-knife, to absolute devastation. At the heel they penetrated to the posterior of the coffin bone, sinking a well of more than two inches, and by way of going to the bottom, as well as bleeding in the toe, cut away all the outer sole, separated the artery, laid all the membranous mass open to the external air, and reduced the poor maimed victim to a state of the most deplorable misery. The animal being irreparably deprived the use of his limb, and the parties, starting and standing aghast, wished better assistance to be obtained; a well-known practioner of some celebrity was called in, who, upon accurate inspection, finding the hasty and inconsiderate interposition of art, had committed greater depredation than the utmost efforts of nature to restore—or regenerate in twelve months—he recommended to the reverend owner, the loss of his life, as the only alternative to be adopted; which was immediately ordered, that he might be relieved from a state of the most incredible misery. To our sporting readers, this may prove the probable danger likely to follow; when those who know little of anatomical structure of parts, and never condescend to recollect, that more mischief may be ignorantly, or madly committed in five minutes, than can be repaired, by both art and nature, in ten months; this, I say, may prove, how seriously necessary it is to advert to the old sporting axiom, "Look before you leap;" for want of which, many an excellent horse is brought to the hounds.

Benefits of the Chase—Excellence of old British Dogs—&c. &c.

MR. EDITOR,

TO trace to their earliest origin the prevalence of sports in which we take delight, and endeavour to derive some authority for the pursuits in which we ardently engage, cannot but always be truly grateful to the liberal and ingenuous mind. And entertainment must always be found by every man, in the examination of the various modes and ways, in which the very remote ages have followed up diversions which are to himself the source of high gratification and pleasure. Such then must be, necessarily, the sensations of every sportsman, when he casts his eye back upon the transactions of his ancestors, and finds, in the earliest periods, the chase always regarded, no less by the monarch than the subject, as a pursuit in the highest degree beneficial, useful, and agreeable.

Hunting was followed by the early Britons with the most sanguine eagerness; they considered it as an indispesable and necessary employment for every person who was to mix in the bloody tumult of war, and trained their sons to support with firmness the toils, the dangers, and fatigues of hunting, that when their country demanded their services in her cause, they might not shrink under the still severer discipline of a military life. By an early initiation in such manly and invigorating pursuits, the British youth acquired that

that courage, that strength of body, that swiftness, and dexterity, which enabled them to weild so skilfully each hostile weapon, and become so truly formidable to their country's foes. Nor was this the only real benefit—independent of pleasure—which accrued to these early nations from the pursuit of hunting: by this means they freed their country from numberless highly dangerous and noxious animals. Of what essential utility was the encouragement which King Edgar gave to the diversion of the chase, in exacting from his subjects, instead of the annual tribute, which it formerly had been customary to pay in cattle and money, three hundred wolve's heads yearly! which occasioned so great a havoc to be made amongst those destructive and ferocious beasts, that their numbers were in a very few years amazingly lessened, and the whole race was gradually extirpated.

Cambria's proud kings—though with reluctance—paid
Their tributary wolves, head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.
SOMERVILE'S *Chase.*

By hunting, in days of yore, each young hero laboured to obtain the smiles of the fair object of his love; they pleased their charmers by signalizing their valour and perseverance in the chase; and were proud to offer up their trophies at the feet of their respective mistresses, who greeted the high-spirited victors with smiles of approbation and encouragement on receiving these honourable, and sometimes dearly bought testimonials of their love and courage. The hoary Ossian frequently alludes to this custom—"Lovely daughter of Cormac," exclaims a British prince; "I love thee as my soul.—I have slain one stately deer for thee.—High was his branchy head, and fleet his feet of wind."—Even the fair sex themselves, and those too of the highest rank and most remarkable beauty, are celebrated as often mixing in the chase, and piercing the wind footed hart with unerring arrows.—"Comhal was a son of Albion—the chief of an hundred hills.—One was his love, and fair was she!—the daughter of mighty Conlach.—Her bowstring sounded on the winds of the forest—their course in the chase was one, and happy were their words in secret."—Long spears, javelins, and bows and arrows, were the chief instruments which the ancient Britons made use of in the chase. With the latter their dexterity in aiming at the devoted victim was truly astonishing. The custom of shooting deer with bows and arrows is of very old standing, and was still used some centuries after the time we are now speaking of. No one is ignorant of the usual *insignia* and pursuits of Diana; and as a proof that they were used infinitely later, we have only need to search the records of English history—Shakespear, in his beautiful comedy of "As you like it," has given us a charming scene, where Jaques is represented in the forest moralizing upon a wounded deer, which had come to drink at a small rivulet near him with the arrow still sticking in his side, and the blood gushing from the wound. Nor were dogs wanting to assist them in finding and securing the game they pierced, amid the immense and trackless forests which at that time covered so large a part of Britain. I shall again quote the wildly romantic Ossian, for a description of a royal hunt, which is given in the boldest and most enchanting language:—"Call," said Fingal; "call my dogs, the long-bounding sons of the chase.—Call

white-breasted Bran, and the surly strength of Luath—Fillan and Fergus blow my horn, that the joy of the chase may arise; that the deer of Cromla may hear and start at the lake of Rors.—The shrill sound spreads along the wood.—The sons of healthy Cromla arise.—A thousand dogs fly off at once, gray-bounding through the divided heath. —A deer fell by every dog, and three by the white-breasted Bran." —The British dogs, at that time, employed by the native huntsmen, excelled, in a very high degree, in fleetness and the powers of smelling; their fiercenes, prodigious strength, and high spirit are no less worthy of our admiration. They approximated more to the old Irish greyhound than any other breed of animals at present in existence: it is well known how serviceable these latter-mentioned dogs were in destroying the wolves that infested England, and that they were transported into Ireland for the purpose of rendering the same service to the inhabitants of that country, which they had before accomplished for their British masters. Foreign nations highly admired, and purchased, at large prices, numbers of the dogs anciently used in Britain. It is a positive fact, that these famous dogs were no inconsiderable articles of commerce in the exports of those rude ages. As one instance in proof of this assertion, I shall quote an ancient author.—

Quod freta si Morinum dubis refluentia Ponto
Venerés, atque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos,
O quanta est *merces* et quantam impendia supra!
But if the coasts of Calais you visit next,
Where the firm shore with changing tide is vext;
And thence your course to distant Britain steer,
What store of dogs, and how exceedingly dear*!

These dogs were not, however, confined to one kind alone, some of them which were particularly large and savage are mentioned by Shabo, —l. 4. p. 200.—as being made use of even in the field of battle by the Gauls and other of the continental nations: they were trained to fly at the throats of the enemy, and so severe was their bite that immediate death was the consequence; and they were so pertinacious, that it was totally impossible ever to make them loose their hold, if once they had firmly gained it, till the poor victim was a corpse. Other kinds were used for fighting with wild beasts and bulls in the Roman amphitheatre; this is proved by a line of Claudian's,

"Magnaque taurorum fracturi colla Britanni."

"And British mastiffs break the brawny necks of bulls."

There was still, it seems, another sort much smaller, which appears to answer to our beagles. I shall content myself with another short quotation, from Appian—I have given a translation instead of the original Greek, the same passage may be found mentioned in Camden, Britan. v. i. p. 140.

"There is a kind of dogs of mighty fame
For hunting; worthy of a nobler frame:
By warlike Britain's painted sons they're bred,
Are beagles called, and to the chase are led;

* Though exceedingly dear instead of *exceeding dear* spoils the poetical measure, grammatical propriety demands the word to be used adverbially. Many good writers still err, as above, in placing the adverb.

Their

Their bodies small, and of so mean a shape,
You'd think them curs, that under tables gape."

These dogs, however, though poor as to their external appearance, are reported to have been in great estimation in the field, and there were very few, if any, which excelled them in fleetness of foot, and in the exquisiteness of their scent. So highly were all these different kinds of dogs esteemed amongst the Celtic nations, that several severe laws and penalties were enacted, and inflicted upon those persons who were found guilty of having stolen any of them. There was one most ludicrous law passed with regard to them, an extract from which is given here in Latin, from Pelloutier. "Si quis canem præsumserit involare, jubemus ut convictus coram omni populo posteriora ipsius osculetur*."

Nor did the commixture of the ancient Britons with their frequent invaders, the Danes, tend at all to diminish their predilection for the sports of the field, but seemed, on the contrary, rather to increase it. The Anglo-Saxons, the Danes, and the other British nations, constantly paid the greatest attention to these amusements, and the country they lived in abounded, most plentifully, with every kind of game which could solicit their pursuit. Hawking began about this time—A.D. 450—to be introduced, and this, together with hunting, amply filled up all the time they could spare from the avocations of war. Indeed to be skilled in such accomplishments they not only deemed in the highest degree honourable, but even an absolutely necessary part of the education becoming a young man of noble and distinguished birth. We find their greatest kings and princes invariably brought up in this manner. Alfred the Great was actually instructed in the art of hunting before he was taught to read. This is celebrated by his historian Asser, who speaks, in proud and rapturous language, of the consummate skill he had attained in all the diversions of the field. Nor does Malmesbury, the historian of Edward the Confessor, pass unnoticed the extreme fondness which this prince displayed for the exercises of hawking and hunting.—"There was only one diversion in which he took the greatest possible delight—viz. to follow a pack of fleet hounds in pursuit of their game, and to cheer them with his voice; or to attend the flights of hawks, taught to pursue and catch their kindred birds. Every day, after divine service, he took the field, and spent his time in these beloved sports."—The prodigious number of very severe laws which were enacted in those days, to guard against the stealing and killing of dogs, sufficiently proves what high favourites they were with the nobles and great men at that period. Hawks too, were no less highly esteemed by them. These highly-favoured birds were constantly carried with them in all their journeys, and to resign his hawk was an action more derogatery to the honour of a gentleman than almost any other concession he could make. From the forest and game laws of Canute the Great, which are still extant, we may learn the precautions which were taken by the great for the

* With deference to our correspondent, we will give the sense of this ludicrous dog law in English—"If any one presume to steal a dog, being convicted of the fact, we command that he shall, before all the people, kiss that part of the animal which shall be nameless." EDITOR.

preservation

preservation of game, and magistrates and officers appear, by these laws, to have been appointed in every county, for the express purpose of attending to the punishment of all trespasses upon the royal forests. Thanes, bishops, and abbots, were permitted to sport within the limits of the king's chases, but if an unqualified person were detected, not only in hunting, but even in disturbing the game, the penalties and punishments, incurred by such offenders, were in the highest degree arbitrary and severe.

In France, all game properly belongs to the king; and, in some parts of Germany, it is death for a peasant to be found hunting in the woods and forests of the nobility. In England, in the early periods we are now contemplating, every freeholder had the perfect liberty of sporting upon his own territories, provided he came not into the forests belonging to the monarch. This was also the ancient law of the Scandinavian continent, from whence, not improbably, Canute the Great derived it. By one of Canute's laws, if any gentleman or inferior thane killed any stag in the king's forests, he was degraded and deprived of his arms; if a ceorl killed one, he was reduced to slavery; and if a slave killed one, death was the punishment of the offence. After the Norman conquest, the regulations concerning game, were, owing to their excessive fondness for the diversions of the field, rendered infinitely more rigorous by the kings. It was maintained, that the right of pursuing all beasts which fell under the denomination of game, belonged to the king only or such as were appointed by him, inasmuch as the king is the ultimate proprietor of all the lands in the kingdom. And this the Norman monarchs took good care to exert to the very utmost. Immense tracts of country were depopulated for the purpose of making royal chases, and to kill any of the game within the precincts of these extensive forests, was as penal as the death of a human being. John of Salisbury, speaking of the violent passion entertained by the princes of the Norman line for the chase, tells us, "In our times, hunting and hawking are esteemed the most honourable employments and most excellent virtues by our nobility; to spend their time in these diversions, they think is the supreme felicity of life. They prepare for these sports with more anxiety, expence, and bustle, than they do for war; and pursue wild beasts with greater fury than they do the enemies of their country."—The fondness for field diversions was not confined to the laiety alone, so universally was it diffused; the clergy participated with eagerness in the pleasures of the field, and spent a considerable portion of their time in hunting and hawking. Walter, bishop of Rochestor, took such extreme delight in these exercises, that even at the advanced age of eighty, he gave himself up to them with the greatest ardour, and constantly conferred on these pursuits, that time and attention, which were more properly due to his more serious avocations and duties. Nor were the fair sex exempted from the general enthusiasm for these rural diversions. It was no uncommon thing to see the most beautiful and delicate women displaying their elegant forms on the back of a fleet courser, braving all the dangers of the chase, though the snowy arms with which they reigned in their exulting steeds, seemed formed for other and more suitable purposes than the management of a horse. Of hawking, also, they were no less extravagantly

gantly fond, and many of them excelled in that art even the stronger sex. A royal hunting almost equalled in splendor and expence a royal tournament. In the time of Edward III. A.D. 1363, when the kings of Scotland, France, and Cyprus, were in England, these kings, together with all the English nobility, were invited to a royal hunting by Edward. We can have no conception of the magnificence of such a hunting, unless we form a just estimate of the greatness of the retinues attending upon all these distinguished personages, and their extreme fondness for the sport. The forests of Schyrewood, Rogyngau, and Clyne, together with many other woods and chases, were the scenes of this glorious sport, and we have reason to suppose that it lasted for a very considerable time. In Scotland, every baron was, by law, obliged to hunt the wolf four times a year at the proper season, attended by all his tenants: every sheriff also, together with all the barons and freeholders of his county was obliged to have three great wolf-huntings in the year. This, however, was not merely for amusement but for necessity, as Scotland was still infested with these ferocious animals. The Scottish monarchs hunted frequently in the Highlands in a style of eastern splendor and magnificence. Many of the lairds, attended by immense crowds of their vassals, accompanied them in these expeditions—

"In troops
The busy hunter train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference, full many a league
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd."

SOMERVILE'S *Chace*.

The Earl of Athol constructed, for the reception of James V. the queen his mother, and the pope's ambassador, a palace or bower of green timber, with turrets and portcullis, and furnished it with whatever was proper for a royal abode. The hunting lasted for three days, in which time there were taken 600 deer, besides a great number of roes, wolves, and foxes. This number appears immense, but we shall more easily believe it if we consider the mode of hunting, which was to surround entirely an immense district and to drive the game into a very narrow circle, to be shot at leisure by the arrows of the king and his nobles. The earl's hospitality was estimated at the daily expence of L.1000; which is equivalent to more than L.3000, at the present day. This prodigious assemblage of people was, however, put an end to afterwards, as it was found, that under the pretence of hunting parties, the vassals were often collected for highly dangerous and treasonable practices.

In the present times, hunting still continues a favourite amusement; but hawking has given way to the fowling piece, though in the 15th and 16th centuries, and even later, it was scientifically cultivated as a liberal art. Treatises were written on the diet and discipline of the falcon; the genus was discriminated like social life, and a species appropriated to every intermediate rank from an emperor down to a peasant. In fowling also, the long bow was employed, a sport which required considerable dexterity: archery was no less a celebrated female amusement; and it is recorded that Margaret, on her journey to Scotland, killed a buck with an arrow in Alnwick Park. The bow, however, is now, for field sports at least, entirely laid aside, and the fowling-piece, a far more sure and fatal weapon, has usurped its place. Our setters and pointers too, now

so excellently trained and instructed, add infinitely to the pleasure of shooting. In fine, in spite of the cavils of the pedant, and the mistaken prejudices of the philanthropist, field sports must always be esteemed and considered amongst mankind, as being in the highest degree useful, beneficial, and agreeable. *Venandi Cupidus.*

CHARGES OF CRUELTY IN SPORTING.

THOUGH it has been the fashion lately to say so much on the cruelty of field sports, that any attempt to vindicate them from the charge is likely to give no favourable opinion of the humanity of the apologist, yet having myself, as a man very fond of reading, found so much advantage from the exercise attending this species of amusement, I am tempted to say something, at least, in extenuation of these terrible objections.

I know it is an obvious question, to those who urge this plea, "What! are you so irrational that you cannot take necessary exercise, without such an incitement?"—I frankly own I am. The spring, the summer, and the autumn, have natural charms enough to draw us out; but the dreary hours of winter—and they begin earlier, and continue longer, in this climate, than the time allotted to them in Rider's Almanack—have no great allurements of their own. As half mankind would be starved, if it were as disagreeable to take food, as it is physic, so half the literary world would have their health ruined, if they had no inducement of pleasure to lead them to exercise. A tasked ride round a down, or to a particular tree, is not sufficient to keep the body in vigour. Not gentle exercise alone, but moderate fatigue is necessary; and fatigue without amusement is neither a palatable nor a salutary medicine, and will never be taken habitually by a person strongly attached to literary pursuits—the illiterate must find employment out of doors; or, if taken, will not have the desired effect. The student who rises from any literary labour in which he is earnestly engaged, will find it pursue him after he gets on horseback, unless it is counteracted by some other object that engages his attention: and this never will be done by the beauties of nature, though in their most attractive state: they will be lost on the man engaged in a work of science, and will only more inflame the imagination of the poet who

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks."

Therefore without active amusement as well as exercise, relaxation of mind, which is so materially conducive to health, can never be perfectly obtained.

Persons of high rank may derive a peculiar advantage from the diversions of the field; for, in following them, they are placed in a thousand situations where they must depend solely on their own personal exertion. It was said of some ancient prince, that thing in which he most excelled was riding, because his horse would not flatter: the same is true of the dog, the gun, and every implement of sporting.

The diversions of the field have also their use in training men to arms. They make fatigue familiar, and teach men to brave the fury of the elements. They give dexterity in the use of fire arms; and hunting is an excellent school for light cavalry. That every bold rider is a man of general courage, will not be asserted; but only pre-

judice

judice will deny, that he who has been in the habit of taking dangerous leaps for his amusement, will be more likely to charge an enemy with alacrity, than one who has only been trained in a riding-school. Xenophon insists strongly on the advantages of hunting to military men. The chevalier Folard says, also, that hunting gives an intelligent officer a thousand opportunities of considering different military positions. The knowledge of a particular country is always most accurately gained by it. Indeed it was a consideration of this kind that induced the great patriot, John Hampden, to serve as a volunteer with the cavalry at Chalgrave field, where he fell, though he was a colonel of foot. This appears from an account of his death, in the author's possession, which says, "He voluntarily offered himself to command the detachment, being a person well acquainted with those countries through which Prince Rupert was to pass; for he had been a great sportsman in his time, and had often traversed those countries as such."

However, the objection to sporting, as to its cruelty, must rest on one of these foundations—either as being cruel to the animals who are the objects of it; or, as encouraging a cruel disposition in those who enjoy it.

As to the first, I have no defence to make against those who choose to adopt a Pythagorean diet; or even those, if any there are, who, contented with the slaughters of the shambles and the poultry-yard, would exempt the edible inhabitants of the fields and woods from violent death; a partiality, by the way, that would bear hard on the vegetable food of the disciple of Pythagoras. But those humane philosophers who, though they never take the field in person against hares, pheasants, or partridges, receive their slaughtered bodies with great complacency from their sporting friends—or buy them of poachers—seem to have no pretence for bringing the charge of cruelty against actions they themselves encourage, being, to all intents and purposes, what the lawyers call accessaries after the fact, in these ferine murders.

The second objection arises from the impression made on the mind of the pursuer, which may produce a habit of cruelty. A man who has never experienced the pleasures of the chase, may consider them in the light of killing our own meat for our amusement; but the mind of the sportsman is so taken up with the enthusiasm of the pursuit, or the dexterity of his aim, that the animal itself is no part of his consideration. There is many a bold hunter, and many a sure shot, who must be hardly pressed by hunger before they would put a barn-door fowl to death with their own hands. This may seem strange; but we are all more the slaves of habit and imagination, than the free followers of reason.

On these points I rest my apology, which will at last be superfluous to sportsmen, and unconvincing to those who are not sportsmen; for, to be quite candid, I must add, that the dying quarry is sometimes placed in such circumstances, especially to the courser and shooter, as must be painful to the man of humanity. This is well illustrated by the different observations of Xenophon and Arrian on the death of the hare. Xenophon, who describes hunting the hare by hounds, and who must have followed on foot among the woody mountains of Greece, and consequently could be seldom in at the death, enumerates that circumstance as one among the extatic pleasures of

the chase, of which he speaks in the warmest terms. Arrian, who was a courser, and pursued his sport in an open country on horseback, and was consequently often with the greyhounds when they killed the game, agrees with Xenophon in all his praises of the diversion, except the death, which he says is rather disgusting than pleasing. Indeed he carried this to an excess; for he says he could not help sometimes beating his dogs when they killed a hare that had run well; though he allows, in another place, that they should be encouraged and caressed on such an occasion; and it is not less surprising that Somervile should select that particular circumstance in the death of the hare, that renders it most painful to the man of humanity:

" ———— Round inclos'd
By all the giddy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath."

J. J. B.

SPORTING ARTS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE constantly increasing accumulation of scientific efforts for the promotion of perfection in the graphic art cannot be unknown to you, as is sufficiently demonstrated by the judicious and impartial remarks the public always receive from your useful and entertaining publication. Amidst the general applause bestowed upon many literary productions recently issued and constantly emerging from the press, as the long list of veterinary disquisitions, the "Sporting Tours," "Sporting Dictionary," the "Sportsman's Cabinet," and others too numerous to particularize, it may, with your permission, not be thought inapplicable to anticipate a work of art which is so soon to appear before the public. Representations of racing transactions upon the turf, have always been high in attraction, and considered objects worthy preservation, by the most distinguished sporting amateurs in the kingdom. Gentlemen of this description will, in all probability, derive some degree of gratification from the united efforts of Marshall and Cookes, whose abilities as artists, though not of many years initiation, are already known to the superior classes of society. Under the patronage of whom will appear, in the month of April, a pair of sporting prints of the first size and description, representing the distinct portraits of Hap-Hazard and Muly Moloch, those fine and favourite horses, the property of the Right Honourable the Earl of Darlington, by whom Marshall was engaged to make a journey to Raby Castle, in the bishopric of Durham, where the paintings were taken from the life. These are not delineated in the usual style of unattracting simplicity, equally unattended and unadorned, but embellished with the correct and appropriate portraits of well-known subordinates, who appear in their official capacities, attendant upon each horse, both before and after the race; painted by Marshall, and engraving by Cookes, in the line stroke. They are twenty-four inches by eighteen; and will be ready for delivery on the 22d of April, at three guineas the pair, or proof impressions at four, for which some few will be reserved. From the well-known sterility attendant upon former works of this description, it is but natural to conclude, that

in

in the present more enlightened era, these productions will, from their peculiarly distinguishing traits of novelty, lay some claim to public approbation. Upon a supposition that this announcement may prove acceptable to your sporting friends, I transmit it for that purpose, and beg to remain, gentlemen, your friend and constant reader, APELLES.

ON THE

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL NOTES OF BIRDS.

MR. EDITOR,

TAKING up an Universal Magazine for January 1803 the other day, I happened to cast my eye upon some anecdotes of the lives, manners, &c. of the animal creation, in which a gentleman attempts to prove, that birds have no innate or natural song, but, on being taken from their parents at an early age, brought up by the hand, and not permitted to hear any other bird, they having no natural song of their own, will catch any sound or noise—he does not say within the compass of their voice or note—they happen constantly to hear, and make that their song. For my own part, though I admit that birds brought up in the manner above mentioned, will, and frequently do, catch many harsh and uncouth notes —such as the creeking of a smoke-jack, door-sign, or spinning-wheel —yet I cannot subscribe to his opinions in other respects. I wish I could; but must beg leave to differ from him, as I think I can prove, from thirty years close observation and attention to singing birds, that they, having a natural propensity to sing, will, though they never hear any sound or noise whatsoever that they can any way imitate, make to themselves a song agreeable to, and distinguishable from, their several species; though I will not say it would be exactly like the wild ones of the same species in the field; for I know for certain in some sorts it would not, but in others it would; as for instance a thrush or woodlark, though they never heard the natural song of their parents, yet they would naturally sing like them when they came of mature age, and to be perfect in their song; so also would a bulfinch and goldfinch; but the linnet, sky-lark, canary, and blackbird, frequently differ very materially from their parents in their wild state; yet not so much but that a connoisseur in singing birds could readily tell when he heard them sing, though he did not see them, of what species of birds they were. For myself I can say that I believe I have been at as much pains with singing birds for these last thirty years, perhaps, as any man in the united kingdom, having taught almost all sorts of singing birds to pipe tunes, which they would go through in as perfect a manner as I or any other man could do them; for I flatter myself there are very few men in the kingdom that can imitate the sound or note of singing birds in the manner that I can. Yet I always find, though I take my birds from the nest, at a very early age, and never let them hear any thing but what I whistle to them, it is impossible to beat some of them out of their own innate or natural song, though I bestow ever so much pains with them; whilst others will readily learn exactly to pipe the tune I wish to inculcate. And to obviate an opinion that birds will catch the wild notes of their parents whilst nestlings, I will here set down my method.

If I have a mind to teach a nest of canaries—for I can teach three or four birds at a time as well as one—I generally breed them myself, and choose the last nest in the season, for these two reasons: the last being late in the season, it frequently happens the old birds are just bordering upon moulting-time, and therefore the cock never sings at all from the time they are hatched to the time of my taking them away—for I always rear them by the hand, that they may be familiar—so I am certain they cannot learn any thing from him; the other reason is, they come of age for teaching just at a time when there is short days, and, consequently, long nights, and plenty of candle-light, by which light I generally teach them. And though this is the method I constantly practise, yet, as I have before hinted, some of them, in spite of all my exertions, will whistle nothing but what comes natural to them; which has made me conclude, they not only have an innate natural song, but some of them, like the human species, have twice the understanding and abilities that others have. Now, as I have no occasion, nor indeed inclination, to teach any more birds, having now got a linnet that sings the Roast Beef of Old England, which, with a little of my assistance, has taught a canary to do the same; besides a lark that performs also Foot's Minuet, together with a great many of its own natural notes, and which will, at any future period, teach me others; and having no wish that so curious and pleasing an art, which I think I have brought to the greatest perfection, should be lost, and which many of my brother bird-fanciers have been desirous of learning of me in vain, I have some thoughts of spending my next leisure hour in writing down the whole history of my art, for insertion, if this meets with a favourable reception, in the Sporting Magazine; until when I remain, &c.

J. POWELL.

THE HONEY-MOON.

A NEW COMEDY.

Drury-lane, Jan. 31.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Aranza	Mr. Elliston.
Count Montalvi	Mr. Bartley.
Ronaldo	Mr. Bannister.
Balthasar	Mr. Wroughton.
Jacques	Mr. Collins.
Surgeon	Mr. Mathews.
Peasant	Mr. Purser.
Juliana	Miss Duncan.
Eugenia	Miss De Camp.
Volante	Miss Mellon.
Hostess	Mrs. Sparks.

THE scene lies in Spain or Portugal, the author has not told us positively which, but there is nothing of novelty in the plot. The Duke of Aranza becomes enamoured of Juliana, one of the daughters of Balthasar, whose equality is not sufficiently defined: she is drawn as proud, wayward, and capricious, impatient of controul, and exacting obedience from her future lord. To curb this impetuous spirit, the duke, after the marriage ceremony had been performed, removes her, under pretence of taking her to his castle, to a lowly cottage, where, exercising an honest artifice, he informs her that he is no duke, but a poor and needy man. The high spirit of the lady, ill brooking this falling off of her taste, becomes rebellious, and the duke, in the exercise of his privilege, has recourse to the harsh expedient of putting his *better half* under

under constraint; or, in more homely but intelligible language, locking her up. From this, after having previously contrived to communicate her disappointment and situation to her father, she is liberated by the husband; and she, with his consent, is allowed to go where she pleases. The first use she makes of her liberty is to hasten to the duke's palace, for the purpose of obtaining redress. She is here introduced to the presence of Jacques, one of the duke's domestics, who, during the absence of his master, assumes all his state and authority. The duke enters in humble guise, and a scene of recrimination takes place, in which Jacques acts as arbiter; who at last decides, that Juliana should return with her husband to pass the honey-moon with him, at the termination of which, if she did not acknowledge herself satisfied, a divorce should be granted to her. The duke, in the course of that time, effects an alteration in her sentiments and disposition, and happily moulds them to his will. Her father repairs to the cottage, and claims satisfaction for the imposition practised on his daughter, and insists on carrying her to the duke. Her obedience to her husband predominates over her duty to her parent, and she refuses to go, except with his concurrence. This she obtains, and Balthasar and his daughter repair to his castle when the denoument takes place, and Juliana finds that she has really wedded the rightful Duke of Aranza, and that all her mortifications were but a trial of her obedience and affection.

This is the principal incident; but there are some minor occurrences subservient to it, which conduce to the completion of the story. Juliana has two sisters, one of whom, Volante, is beloved by Count Montalvi, friend to the duke, and the confidant of his secret; the other, Eugenia, conceives a violent passion for Captain Ronaldo, a nominal woman-hater, but possessing in reality an ardent and romantic passion for the sex, and to whom she attaches herself in the capacity of a page. Dismissed from that employment, she manages to put herself in his way attired as a female, and after the necessary explanations, and mutual avowal, attachment takes place. In the sequel, Montalvi and Ronaldo are united to the sisters of Juliana, and the comedy terminates.

Without being so unjust as to deny that this novel, or rather revived style of comedy, was received with considerable and merited applause, we feel it our duty to declare, that it possesses not the least originality in point of plot, incident, sentiment, or character. The author, is entitled to the praise of possessing reading and ingenuity enough to *compile* with judgment and with taste. There is not one of the prominent characters in the play which has not its prototype either in the comedies of Shakespear, of Beaumont and Fletcher, and even of Farquhar. Aranza is copied from Petruchio, and Ronaldo is a heterogenous mixture of Benedict and Duratéte, in the comedy of "The Inconstant." Juliana is a kind of second hand Catherine; and the disguised page is one of those whining love-lorn damsels, one of whom are generally to be found in the comedies of the earlier ages. Without possessing, therefore, the least originality in the essential constituents to dramatic composition, we still think it but just to observe, that the Honey-moon is a rational and pleasing comedy, and a happy imitation of the times of Beaumont and Fletcher.

A dance being introduced in one

of

of the scenes, Elliston and Miss Duncan shewed so much address in it, that they procured an *encore*. Bannister, Miss Mellon, and Miss De Camp, deserve many thanks from the author. The play was unanimously applauded throughout; but there appeared to be a band of friends in the house, who went very near to provoking some displeasure by their zeal. This comedy has been published; and as the prologue intimated, it appears that the author, a Mr. J. Tobyn, is no more.

THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

A MELO DRAMA.

Drury-lane, Tuesday, Feb. 12.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Donald Maclean ..... Mr. H. Johnston.
Dugald Maclean ..... Mr. Raymond.
Campbell ..... Mr. De Camp.
Sandy ..... Mr. Bannister.
Argyle ..... Mr. Dignum.
Lady Maclean ..... Mrs. Powell.
Moggy ..... Mrs. Harlowe.

THE story, which is laid in Scotland, is very simple in its construction, Donald Maclean is the Laird or chieftan of his clan. Dugald, actuated by ambition and avarice, arrives to inspire his brother with the most jealous suspicions of his wife's fidelity, and finally prevails upon him to send her out to sea under the care of a wretch who has consented to become his instrument, and who, in pursuance of his instructions, leaves her upon a barren rock, which is overflown by the sea at high water, and where, it is supposed, she must infallibly perish. In the mean time, he prepares poison for his brother, in the hope of succeeding, by means of his death, to all the honours and possessions of his house. By mistake, however, he takes the poison which he had prepared for his brother and dies, after ineffectually attempting to stab Donald. Sandy, a fisherman, whom Dugald had faithlessly endeavoured to persuade to aid him in his crime, finding that some one has been taken to the rock, and suspecting who it is, immediately launches out his boat in a tremendous storm, accompanied by one of his sons, and succeeds in rescuing Lady Maclean from her perilous situation. Donald, in the interim, gives out that his lady had died suddenly, and orders her funeral to be prepared, to which he invites all the Campbells. The latter come armed, headed by Campbell, the brother of Lady Maclean, in disguise, who had previously arrived in that part of the country, having been saved from shipwreck by Sandy. Campbell discovers himself, and after reproaching Donald with the suspicious circumstances attending his sister's supposed death, challenges him to single combat. They are about to fight, and the clans to fall upon each other, when Lady Maclean rushes in—a reconciliation takes place between her and her husband, as well as between all other parties, and the piece concludes.

It will be easily seen that these materials are capable of being worked up into an interesting drama, but we cannot say that the author has made the most of them. Some of the situations are certainly by no means deficient in interest; but the character of Dugald is so much overcharged, as to throw a shadow over the piece. In the scene where Dugald is brought in dying—and in that state, instead of expressing the slightest contrition, attempts to stab his brother, at the same time expressing

pressing only rage and disappointment that his crimes had been fruitless, intermingled with curses upon his brother—the author has evidently mistaken the horrid for the pathetic. The scene was revolting to the feelings of the audience, who were generally disgusted, and expressed their disapprobation by repeated hisses. Notwithstanding this, however, the piece is, in many respects, well managed, although the idea of introducing a child to tell tales against her mother, is by no means a happy one.

The performers did great justice to their respective characters, and contributed, by every means in their power, to the support of the piece. There are two songs in it, which are allotted to Dignum, but which might as well be left out, as they have no connection with the piece, nor any merit in themselves. The music is trivial, and the audience seemed to think that there was rather too much of the bagpipe.

Some of the scenery is very beautiful, particularly the sea during a violent storm, at the end of the second act, when the scene very happily drops, leaving the audience in suspence for the fate of Lady Maclean, for the purpose of attempting whose deliverance Sandy has embarked.

Some disapprobation was manifested during the performance, but when Mr. Johnstone came forward to announce it for a second representation, the storm raged with so much violence that all his efforts failed in endeavouring to make himself heard. However, the piece having undergone some judicious curtailments, has since been repeated alternately with other pieces, and is much more favourably received than at first. Mr. Holcroft is generally taken for the author.

TO MARRY, OR NOT TO MARRY.

A NEW COMEDY.

Covent Garden, Saturday, Feb. 16.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Danberry ..... Mr. Munden.
Sir Oswin Mortland .. Mr. Kemble.
Mr. Willowear ..... Mr. Farley.
Mr. Lavensforth .... Mr. Cooke.
Amos ..... Mr. Brunton.
Lady Susan Courtly . Mrs. Glover.
Mrs. Sarah Mortland . Mrs. Davenport.
Hester ..... Miss Shuttleworth.

THE FABLE.

IN the early part of his life, Mr. Lavensforth had been governor of a British settlement, but, impeached in the senate by Sir Oswin Mortland, was obliged to quit his country, leaving his only child—Hester—in the care of a Mr. Ashdale, whose name she bears, and by whom she is brought up.

Mrs. Sarah Mortland, having seen this young lady at a ball, is much prepossessed in her favour, and gives her a general invitation to her brother's house. Solicited in marriage by a man she could not love, whose addresses, seconded by the authority of her guardian, she was compelled to yield to, Hester sought, by flight, to avoid the hated match, and availed herself of Mrs. Sarah's invitation. That Lady, knowing the aversion of her brother to the company of strangers, particularly to that of the ladies, is much embarrassed, and, in relating the cause of Hester's flight to her brother, she endeavours to excite his pity, and succeeds.

Mr. Willowear—Hester's lover—having discovered her asylum, waits upon Sir Oswin, requesting him to return the young lady to her guardian, which the baronet promises to do, if Hester cannot clear up her conduct to him.

In

In this interview with Hester, Sir Oswin is captivated by the simplicity of her manners, and feels a warm attachment for the young fugitive, who, on her part, is no less prepossessed in favour of Sir Oswin; and when Mr. Willowear waits upon him again, he persuades that gentleman to relinquish all hopes of Hester, and to pay his addresses to Lady Susan Courtly, whom Sir Oswin's uncle—Lord Danberry—is pressing him to marry.

Mr. Lavensforth, about this time arriving in England, lives secluded in a cottage. He is acquainted by Mr. Ashdale with the circumstances of his daughter's flight, which awakens his revenge, and he orders his black servant—Amos—to watch the motions of Sir Oswin, and writes to Hester to come to him. Hester obeys the summons, and takes leave of Sir Oswin, to return to her father; but he, fearing she is to meet another lover, resolves to accompany her.

Upon the road they are met by Amos, who accidentally discovering Sir Oswin, fires at and wounds him. Sir Oswin's horse takes fright, and bears his master to the cottage of Lavensforth, who, roused by the call of help, runs to the stranger's assistance, binds up his wounds, and leads him into his dwelling. Amos arriving, relates what has happened, and Lavensforth discovers that he has his enemy in his power, but disdains to injure him while under his roof. Hester's arrival dissipates the anger of Lavensforth; that young lady relating to her father the kindness of Sir Oswin, and the protection he had afforded her, he is reconciled to her, and the parties set out together on their return to Sir Oswin's house.

Sir Oswin's servant having first reached home, and related what had passed on the road, Mrs. Sarah communicates the intelligence to Lady Susan Courtly, who, supposing him dead, listens to the proposals of Mr. Willowear, and thereby releases Sir Oswin from an extorted promise of marriage, when Mr. Lavensforth, Sir Oswin, and Hester, arrive.—An explanation takes place, Lord Danberry is pleased with Lavensforth, who, in return for the protection which Sir Oswin had afforded to Hester, gives him his daughter's hand.

The comedy under examination, fully proves the undiminished talents of Mrs. Inchbald in the dramatic delineation of life and manners. If, in the present production, there is not very much of novelty, or rather of originality, there is at least a considerable degree of mirth and pleasantry, with occasional appeals to sentiment and feeling. The dialogue is very simple but correct and chaste.

The fable that we have detailed embraces every material object.—Of the performers, we must first notice Miss Shuttleworth, in her first appearance, who represented Hester; she is a very genteel young woman, of promising talent; she has had a good education, and is the daughter of a physician, who died at the Cape of Good Hope, in the service of his country. She seems to have taken Mrs. H. Johnston for a model, and in time may equal her prototype.

Kemble was received in a complimentary manner on the recovery from his late illness:—the character, in some parts, gave opportunity for a display of his great and acknowledged abilities. He is indisputably a good representative of a cynical old batchelor—but from Mr. John Kemble—and we may say, any of the family, as lovers—"Good Lord deliver us!"—and this we say in the religious language of the piece.

We

We join in opinion with a critic who remarks, that his pauses were so insufferably long, as to give the piece the air of pantomime; yet his studied solemnity had one good effect, it was a substitute for humour, and produced as much laughter as the most sparkling wit. His bye-play was most excellent.

The play was announced for repetition with hearty congratulation; and the trifling imperfection that appeared on Saturday night, is no longer a subject of complaint. On the contrary, the repetition of the new comedy, with the most unanimous approbation of elegant and crowded audiences, renders it fairly entitled to all the applause and approbation that it has received. This drama is indeed of considerable interest, and if it possesses less of that broad and dashing humour which distinguishes many of the new pieces, it has, however, to boast of propriety of sentiment, elegance of dialogue, and purity of moral. Mrs. Inchbald's wish in this, as in most of her dramas, seems to be to make the stage the school for correct and good manners. The comedy has been judiciously improved; and the acting is very, very good. Miss Shuttleworth, the young *protegée*, we understand, of Mrs. Inchbald, evinces talents of the most promising kind, and displays a gradual improvement.

UNSKILFUL DRIVING.

Court of King's Bench.

HAWES, *v.* EDON.

THIS was an action brought before Sir S. Lawrence, Feb. 15, to recover damages for the injury done to the plaintiff's horse and chaise by the careless and negligent driving of the defendant's coach, the public stage to and from Richmond to London.

Mr. Garrow, as counsel for the plaintiff, said, he had to complain of one of those numerous injuries which constantly occurred upon the public roads about the metropolis, occasioned by the brutal negligence of those public nuisances; he meant the drivers of the short stages in and out of London. The plaintiff, he said, was a gentleman of known respectability, and he might add, the friend of the human race. He had only occasion to pronounce the name of Dr. Hawes, and the Jury would instantly recollect, that his great anxiety and endeavours to preserve drowned persons had not only saved the lives of hundreds, but had rendered his name illustrious for humanity. The defendant, he said, was the proprietor of the Richmond stage-coach, whose servant had occasioned the injury complained of. The plaintiff, he said, was returning home in his chaise, accompanied by his wife, who was advanced in years, and had reached the weigh-bridge, near Hyde Park Corner, when he found of a sudden the Richmond long stage close up with him. It was impossible he should incline more than he had to the left hand side of the road, he being at the time close in with the footpath. However, the stage came on, *quizzing the Doctor*, and in negligently passing him, brought the fore wheel of the stage and the wheel of the chaise in contact, overturned the plaintiff and his wife, and then drove on, making sport at the mischief. The consequence was, said the learned counsel, that the plaintiff and his wife were very much bruised, and the chaise was dashed in pieces, the horse having made off with it after

it was turned over. The horse was likewise materially injured.

A witness, named James, was called into the box to describe the transaction. He swore that he saw the stage-coach run against the Doctor's chaise, turn the horse "*clean*" round, and "*capsize*" the chaise. The horse endeavoured to extricate himself from the chaise, and ran across the road. He presently came in contact with some posts, broke the shafts from the body, and fell upon the pavement, cutting both his knees in a dreadful way. He rose again, and ran down Grosvenor-place, with the shafts hanging to the traces; he saw no more of him. On his cross-examination, he said that he did not see what part of the stage first struck the chaise; he was on the opposite side of the way, and "could not see through the coach."

Mrs. Hurdley said, she was attracted by the plaintiff and his wife before the stage-coach came up: they were proceeding in a jog-trot way, and it reminded her of the Gloucestershire way of travelling. They were unlike the fashionables she had just before seen in their chaises, as they appeared happy and comfortable. While she was contemplating them, the Richmond stage drove alongside them, overturned the chaise, and threw the Doctor and his lady upon the foot-path. She ran to their assistance, placed the old lady first in a chair, then in a hackney coach, and proceeded as far as the British coffee-house with them. She did not see the coachman get off his box to render her assistance, but she thought from his gestures before the accident that he was deriding their singular appearance.

Several other witnesses were examined as to the damage done to the horse and chaise.

Mr. Erskine contended, that the accident had arisen not from the coachman's carelessness or negligence, but from the plaintiff's unskilfulness. He knew the Doctor extremely well, and though he was a great and good man, yet he might be a bad coachman. It was more than probable that, the moment before the accident, he was in a philosophical reverie, returning thanks to Heaven for the many fellow creatures he had saved from death, or profoundly thinking upon some improvement in the art of resuscitation: in short, he was driving along as unconscious of danger, and knowing no more of the matter than a man did at the bottom of a pond of persons being employed in dragging for him. But he would call the defendant's witnesses, who would most satisfactorily explain how the accident did happen.

The learned counsel then called the driver of the coach, and William Stubbs, a carver and gilder, Henry Legg, a waiter at the Piazza Coffee-house, and William Jones, a teacher of music, all outside passengers, who agreed in stating, that the accident was occasioned by the plaintiff's want of skill. The fore-wheel of the coach, they said, had passed the wheel of the chaise, when on a sudden the plaintiff, who was sitting on his wrong side, pulled the horse's head away from the coach, and instead of slackening his rein, that the animal might have sprung forward, checked him, and backed the chaise against the hind wheel of the stage, when, to use the expression of the coachman, "over she came, as gently as if he had only let a stick fall."

Mr. Justice Lawrence observed, that the question was, whether the plaintiff's injury arose from the careless driving of the defendant's coachman, or from any other cause.

If

If it did not arise from the carelessness of the coachman, the plaintiff was not entitled to recover as against the defendant. The jury, he said, had nothing to do with the humane labours of the plaintiff in behalf of his fellow creatures; nor could they embark into the cause of the misconduct of stage coachmen. They must confine themselves to the facts proved, and let alone supposition or prejudice. They had some very conflicting testimony to deal with, and it was their business to say on which side the truth lay. The statement of the plaintiff's witnesses might be reconciled, as they were not near enough to speak with certainty as to the real cause of the collision, but they must believe all the defendant's witnesses *perjured* before they could find a verdict for the plaintiff.

The jury turned round for a short time, and found a verdict for the defendant.

PUGILISM.

YOUNG CRIB AND TOM BLAKE.

ON Friday February 15, a pitched battle was fought at Blackheath, for a purse of 40 guineas, between Tom Blake and Young Crib, well known pugilists. Crib has fought many successful battles, and since he beat Maddox, at Wood's-green, last month, he has been accounted the British Champion. Blake has been long looked on as a bottom-man, and his victorious battle with Holmes, at Wilsdon-green, twelve months since, has ranked him high among the pugilists. The parties have been a month in training, and it was not known until a late hour on Thursday night when, and where the fight would take place.

Early yesterday morning the lovers of the pugilistic art repaired in flocks to the seat of action, where an immense ring was formed, and at eleven o'clock the champions entered, attended by their seconds: for Crib, Richard the Black and Joe Norton; and for Blake, Dick Hall and —— Webb. Bets were nearly level, though the odds were in favour of Crib, from his tried strength, agility, and skill. At setting to the champions met each other eagerly, and some very hard blows were struck on both sides. During a quarter of an hour there was no variation in the bets, each of the combatants having displayed unprecedented science. Crib, however, was much the longest reached, and it was only when Blake could get within his guard that he was successful. The fight continued nearly equal until they had fought upwards of an hour, when Blake appeared fatigued, and the odds were much against him. He however fought with his usual skilful intrepidity, although he was seldom enabled to put in a blow with effect, from the very shifty manœuvres of his opponent. The fight continued in favour of Crib, until within two rounds of its termination, when Blake used all his efforts, and gave his opponent some clean straight hits about the head. Crib, however, rallied, but Blake recovered and returned the rally, in doing which he over-reached himself, and Crib gave him a cross-buttock. Blake fought two rounds after to disadvantage, when he reluctantly resigned the contest, being unable to stand on his legs, and bearing marks of some very heavy blows. He was completely beaten, and Crib exhibited some marks of his opponent's skill. The battle lasted one hour and forty minutes.

The company present were generally of the better order, though

the carriages of the noblemen and gentlemen were mixed with hackney coaches and dust carts. Among the pugilists were Belcher, Ward, Pittoon, Bourke, Wood, Mendoza, Holmes, Maddox, &c. After the contest was decided, several gentlemen amateurs offered to back Crib against any pugilist who should accept it: none such, however, appeared; and from his superior strength and knowledge of boxing, he may be safely ranked the champion of the day.

TUESDAY morning, the 12th, about nine o'clock, a pitched battle was fought behind the Ben Johnson's Head, Stepney-fields, between Sam Elseworth, butcher, in Shadwell, and Ned ——, a navigator, belonging to the London Docks, for two guineas a-side, which lasted one hour and seven minutes; and after forty-six rounds, Elseworth gave in, being unable to move. There were several hundred spectators present on the occasion. Elseworth was taken home in a very bad state; in consequence of which he died on Wednesday morning. He has left a wife and four children behind him. The survivor and seconds absconded.

MR. JOHN FULLER,

Clerk of the Course at Newmarket.

THE annexed Etching, from a Sketch by Mr Marshall, requires no other explanation than the words under the plate. Mr. Fuller was formerly training groom to Sir Charles Bunbury, and no doubt owes his present situation to a faithful discharge of his duty while in the service of that high and respectable character.

NEW PUBLICATION.

A GENERAL Treatise on Cattle; the Ox, the Sheep, and the Swine: comprehending their Breeding, Management, Improvement, and Diseases. Dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Lord Somerville. By John Lawrence, Author of the "New Farmer's Calender, Modern Land Steward, &c. &c." Symonds.

We reviewed the second edition of Mr. Lawrence's Treatise on Horses, at considerable length in our former numbers. In the first volume of that work, originally published in 1796, page 4, there appears to be a promise to the public, which the author has, in the greater part, made good in the present. He engaged, conditionally with the success and public approbation of his Treatise on Horses, to publish, at some future period, a treatise on the particular branch of the stud, or of breeding horses; also on the breeding and rearing of live stock in general, including pigs and domestic poultry. Thus there seems something farther to be expected from his pen on these subjects; however, he has generally encircled them in his "Treatise on Horses, New Farmer's Calendar, Modern Land Steward, and General Treatise on Cattle."

The present work is dedicated to Lord Somerville, we believe, an avowed patron and friend of the author; and, although the dedication be short, we conceive it would be difficult to select terms more comprehensively honourable to the noble lord, than—"The real patriot, and friend of man; the steady, active, and indefatigable promoter of the agricultural interests of his country."—And this the whole country will echo back to Lord Somerville. On the general character of Mr. Lawrence's writings we

Etched from a sketch by Marshall.

Mr. John Fuller, Clerk of the Course at Newmarket

Pub. March 1.1806. by J. Whable, Warwick Square.

is to be found interspersed in various parts of the work. The works of different authors, ancient and modern, are brought in review, and their opinions estimated by practical tests. Mr. L. has been by no means forgetful of his old and favourite topic of humanity to animals; embarked ourselves in the same just cause, we most heartily wish him additional success, sincerely congratulating him on that portion his labours have already attained. Previously to the appearance of his Treatise on Horses, the *owner* of a beast might, with impunity, and even legally, inflict the most horrid tortures upon it, the penalty of the law only attaching to the injury done to another man's property. Mr. L. proposed as a material branch of justice, that the *rights of beasts*—their title to justice in a moral view—should be placed in the protection of the civil magistrate, which has been since complied with: in the metropolis, to a certain degree, several magistrates having punished offenders in this way, notwithstanding the old plea of their property in the animals which they had used with cruelty. This circumstance cannot be too much known, and particularly a strict attention ought to be paid to those who purchase poor worn-out horses for slaughter, the miseries suffered by which exceed all belief. But it is time to make a few quotations as a specimen of the work.

Pa. 16. The period of gestation with the cow, having a bull calf, is, according to the average of my own accounts, two hundred and eighty-seven days, or forty one weeks, with the variation of a few days either way; a cow calf comes in about a week less time.

The horns of cattle are general designations of distinction and variety, and are supposed to denote particular qualities. Thus English bullocks are distinguished as long, half long, short, and middle-horned, wide and broad horned, polled or hornless. The grand distinctions, however, are the long and short horned, which seem generally implicated with peculiar properties of milk and hide. Thus the long horned cows produce a richer milk, in course a greater proportional quantity of butter and cheese, and a thicker hide than the short horned, which last, however, afford larger quantities both of milk, beef, and tallow. The flesh of the long horns is generally more compact and solid, and finer in the grain, than that of the short; whilst in the last particular, fineness of grain, they are both far excelled by several middle horned varieties.

Pa. 29. By improvement of the breed of animals, is meant the gradual change of form and property in their progeny, until they shall arrive, as nearly as possible, to a certain standard of presumed perfection. This is to be effected on the principle of like producing like, by a conjuction of male and female of the desired species, form, and properties, some steps or points being gained in every procreation. The male, of course, being able to multiply his likeness to such an extent, must be the prime instrument in the business; it is therefore of the utmost consequence that he be thorough-bred or thorough-shaped; and the female ought to be selected with the strictest care, since although her qualities cannot be considered of so great consequence as those of the male, her likeness being restricted to an individual or two, yet it must not be forgotten, that perfection is not to be attained but from perfection on both sides: in this particular the common breeders are liable to err, confining their attention usually to the male.

(To be continued.)

COURSING

COURSING MEETINGS.
1805.

NEWMARKET.

MONDAY, *February* 11.—*Chevely Field.*

MR Tyssen's Truth, against Mr Galwey's (Mr Redhead's) Weathercock, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Galwey's Hermione beat Mr Tharp's Good-enough, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr. Galwey's Hero beat Mr. More's (Mr. Redhead's) Miss, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Tug beat Mr More's (Mr Redhead's) Swift, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Thunder against Mr More's (Mr Redhead's) Snake, 1g and 1 bye, undecided.—Sir John Sebright's Phenomenon paid forfeit to Mr More's (Mr Redhead's) Weathercock.

TUESDAY.—*Chippenham Field.*

Mr Hammond's (Mr Panton's) —— beat Mr Galwey's hero, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr More's (Mr Wainwright's) Toby beat Mr Lovelace's Music, 1g.—Mr Galwey's (Mr Redhead's) Swift, against Mr Hammond's Whirligig, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Hammond's Waxy against Mr Tyssen's Tug, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Galwey's (Mr Redhead's) Weathercock beat Mr Tyssen's Trophy, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Micklethwayte's Jethro beat Mr Tyssen's Theodore, 1g.—Mr Tharp's Grossicre beat Mr Hammond's Wildfire.—Mr James's Roderick beat Sir Patrick Blake's Black-cap, 1g and 2 bye.

WEDNESDAY.—*Stetchworth and Dullingam Fields.*

Sir Patrick Blake's Britannia beat Mr James's Rarity, 1g and 4 bye.—Mr Galwey's Hermione against Mr Hammond's (Mr Panton's) Filch, 1g undecided.—Mr Galwey's Hebe (Lady) beat Mr Tyssen's (Lacey's) Tom Tit, 1g.—Mr Page's Kosciusko against Mr James's Rosemary, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Mr James's Robinhood against Mr Tyssen's Tallyho, 1g; undecided.—Mr Micklethwayte's Jupiter beat Mr Tyssen's Mademoiselle, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Truth beat Mr More's (Mr Redhead's) Snake, 1g and 2 bye.—Mr James's Rosemary beat Mr Page's Kosciusko (Second Course), 1g.

THURSDAY.—*Chippenham Field.*

Mr Hammond's Whirligig received forfeit from Mr Dover's Duchess, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Galwey's Hero beat Mr Tharp's Grossicre, 1g.—Mr Hammond's Waxy beat Sir Patrick Blake's Black-cap, 1g.—Mr Galwey's Hermione beat Mr Hammond's (Mr Panton's) Filch, 1g.—Sir Patrick Blake's Britannia beat Mr Lovelace's Maiden, 1g.—Mr Lovelace's Miss against Sir Patrick Blake's Bustler, 1g; undecided.—Mr Hammond's Whirligig beat Mr More's Snake, 1g.

FRIDAY.—*Chevely Field.*

Mr Hammond's Waxy beat Mr Tyssen's Trimmer, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Tug beat Mr Micklethwayte's Jethro, 1g.——Mr Hammond's Whirligig beat Mr More's Active, 1g.—Mr. Tyssen's Truth beat Mr Dover's Daisy, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Trophy beat Mr Breton's Skyscraper, 1g.——Mr Hammond's Whirligig against Mr Galwey's Hillesberg; undecided.

MALTON.

MALTON.

A CONTINUED thaw of four days brought on this meeting very unexpectedly, and by which means some of the distant members were disappointed of their attendance, and some were sent for express. On Tuesday morning, about twelve members appeared, and the prize cup, as the first thing of the meeting, was run for as follows:

Major Topham's black dog, Snowdrop, by Snowball 1
Mr. Best's blue dog, Walter... 2
Mr. Croft's brindled dog, Tyger 3
Mr. Monson's black and white dog, Major 4

The course, entirely over swarth, was a very fine and a very long one, and was run beautifully by the whole four dogs. The hare, after a run of about a mile and a half, was killed.

About six matches were then run, of which Mr. Broadly was the winner, of one a head. Hares, from the stormy weather, were scarce on the Wold.

WEDNESDAY.—*A Bye-day.*

Six matches for a large sum, were run this day betwixt Mr. Darley, producing six greybounds, got by Snowball, out of Dent; against Mr. Flint, five greyhounds, got by Major, brother to Snowball, and one old dog, purchased some time ago by Mr Percival, got by Snowball, which terminated as under:—

Mr Darley..... 2
Mr Flint 2
Undecided 2

After this, a match for 40 guineas betwixt Mr Lascelles's red and white dog, and Major Topham's black dog, Ambrosia, was run: it was a very short course; the hare being killed immediately by Ambrosia.—Given undecided.—

We are requested to insert the following, respecting the match betwixt Mr Lascelles's red and white dog, and Major Topham's black dog. Mr Lascelles's dog turned the hare, fell, got up, passed the Major's dog, and killed the hare at the fence. Mr Boulton, the judge, told the gentlemen he should not determine that course, it being for a large sum, and the course being so very short.

Very fine running was shewn by Mr Darley's and Mr Flint's dogs—borrowed of Mr Percival—but it appeared the match was made even on the part of Mr Flint, by the very superior running of the old dog—got by Snowball—who won his course in a very grand style.

Sir M. M. Sykes's foxhounds, to a large field of above one hundred horsemen, threw of at Helingley, and killed a brace of foxes.—The Malton meeting, on the second day, was very numerously attended.

MILITARY STAG-HOUNDS.

IPSWICH.

ON the 15th inst. the officers of North York regt. turned off a deer at Kesgrave Bell, where upwards of one hundred horsemen were assembled; the hounds were laid on a quarter of an hour after the deer was enlarged; when taking for Rushmere Heath, he was headed, and made Matlesham, which he left on the left; he was headed again, and the hounds were at check for some time, but being hallooed, he went about seven miles, as the crow flies, to Nacton, where, after a run of an hour and a half, he was taken in Mr. Broke's park, who very handsomely regaled the sportsmen, and they returned home well pleased with the day's sport.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

BON MOT ROYAL.

A SHORT time since, it was found expedient to request of a certain personage, that he would postpone a chase the next day, for the more pressing business of a council. It devolved on Lord H. to propose the change, who, with all possible delicacy, remarked, on looking to the atmosphere, that, with the most humble submission, he thought the weather not very favourable to the sports of the field—"My lord," replied the personage, "you seem to have forgotten that my groom is my chief *hunting minister*, whom I always consult on matters of *hunting*, and not my chief *s——y of st—te*."

A GENTLEMAN lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady.—"Not so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as plump as a *partridge*."—"At first," rejoined the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually make *game* of me."

A POOR man having lately brought an action in a session court, for a sow he had sold, his attorney, after having asked the witness several questions, to establish his case, at last asked him, "Pray, my lad, was the sow delivered?"—"O yes, Sir," cries he, "and the little pigs all alive and well."

A YOUNG lady lately consulted a physician of eminence, on account of some rheumatic pains and a troublesome cough, which she had laboured under ever since the commencement of the cold weather. The prescription was carried by the footman to the apothecary's, as usual. He read it with a smile, and recommended the messenger to take it to a haberdasher's, on the opposite side of the street, as apothecaries did not keep the articles prescribed; upon which the footman inquired what the doctor had ordered, when he was informed by the young Æsculapius, that the prescription run thus:—"Take a good warm Scotch shawl, apply it immediately round the shoulders and chest, add also, *secundem artem*, a stout Welsh flannel petticoat.

THE Rev. Mr. H. a gentleman of singular humour, and brother to a no less singular law peer, retired to ease and independence, as the Rector of ——, in the county of Kent. Being a justice of the peace, he was frequently teazed with some idle differences among the inhabitants of the place. Not being willing to be broken in upon by such frivolous complaints, when application was made to him for redress of some imaginary injury, his custom was to dismiss them, with saying, "He would send for them when he had leisure to attend to their business."—The first rainy day that next happened, he took care to send for the parties, and received them sitting in the porch of the door, which just provided shelter for himself and his clerk, whilst the complainants were obliged to stand exposed to the inclement sky, all the while uncovered, to pay proper respect to the king's justice of the peace. By this means he entirely cured the coun-

try folks in the neighbourhood of litigious dispositions. His blunt manner of enforcing wholesome truths as a clergyman, was as remarkable as his peculiarity in the commission of the peace. One Sunday he was preaching on moral duties from these words:—"Render therefore unto all their due."—In explaining his text, he observed, that there were duties which a man owed to himself as well as to others. "And," added he, "when they are not attended to, I never have a good opinion of that man. For this reason," he proceeds, turning himself to a particular part of the church, "I have never had a good opinion of you John Trott, since you sold me those sheep six months ago, and have never called for the money."

THE son of a shoe-maker holding a commission in a volunteer corps, took occasion, rather arrogantly, to reproach one of the privates, while at exercise, with the awkwardness of his walk. "It is no wonder," replied the private, "as the last pair of *shoes* your *father* made me, pinch so confoundedly, that I find it difficult to walk at all."

BY a late sporting occurence—see disputes on the game laws page 238—it seems that some military *sharp-shooters* think there is no making *game* of a lord of a manor without *shooting* him.

A BRUISER of Hibernian merit having lately visited New York, in hopes of carrying on his profession, received so little encouragement, that he returned in disgust, declaring that the *Yankees* had no taste for the *fine arts!*

FLYING a kite in Ireland is a metaphorical phrase for raising money on accommodation bills; and on a recent occasion, when the Irish Chancellor, Lord Redesdale, inquired into the meaning of the expression, he was informed by Mr. Plunket, the Solicitor general of that kingdom, "that, in England, the *wind* raises *kites*, but in Ireland *kites raise the wind!*"

THE American Congress are *hunting* down Judge *Chase*, and the English House of Lords have just *taken up* Judge *Fox*.

AN empiric has lately started at Bolton-le-Moors, who leaves every disciple of Esculapius completely behind. He has last week inserted an advertisement in the Star, in which he modestly asserts, "That he has *found out* the right method of curing inward disorders which was *never found out* before. If any one falls sick of a fever in any part of England, so that they apply in three days, he will be bound to cure them in ten days. The names of fevers are of no consequence, as he will not make above four days difference between the *best* and the *worst*; and he never had a patient died in his life." After this let no one despair.

A CLUB has lately been established in Charlestown, America, which we presume will be no great inducement to the emigration of English ladies: the following is their advertisement:

"UGLY CLUB,—The anniversary of the Ugly Club, will be at Williams's Tavern, on Wednesday the 18th inst. Dinner on the table at half past three.

N. B. Any ugly gentleman wishing to become a member, will leave his name and qualification at the bar of the tavern. A ballot will be called in favour of two candidates, one with a very large nose, the other with no nose at all."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Thursday, the 14th instant, Lieut. Bridges of the 4th dragoons, engaged for a wager, to trot his poney from the Castle tavern, at Brighton, to Lewes—eight miles—in 26 minutes, which he lost by exceeding the given time two minutes and a half. The performance was nevertheless deemed an extraordinary one.

TUESDAY, the 19th instant, a match was run on Ipswich race ground, between two gentlemen who rode their own horses. It was a four mile heat. In going round the second time, one of the gentlemen's horses bolted; he however gained the course again within two or three posts. His opponent thinking him distanced pulled up to come in easy. The other horse passed him in the mean time, and when near the winning post, the standers by calling out he had gone far enough, and being a stranger to the course, the gentleman dismounted at the cottage, where he had dressed, and not having passed the post, was consequently distanced in his turn. The bet was declared void, and is to be decided on a future day. The horses were in good order; they went the first round in about four minutes and a half, and the four miles in about nine minutes and a quarter.

A RUNNING match against time was on the 6th instant, performed on the Uxbridge Road, by Mr. Yandersteen, an artist, in Bolsover-street, who undertook to go three miles in twelve minutes. It was supposed that he would win the wager when he had performed half the distance; but he was longer going the last mile than the first mile and a half, and he lost the wager without going over all the ground.

ON Tuesday the 5th inst, Lieut. H. of the Royal Fuzileers, engaged for a bet of 100gs. to walk or run from Leeds to Otley, a distance of ten miles, in the space of one hour: he certainly would have performed the journey, had he not had the misfortune to dislocate his ancle at the end of the first three miles, which he completed in twelve minutes; he has again engaged to perform the same match, and vault over the turnpike gates on the road.

ON Monday, January 21, a poney, the property of Mr. Claydon, of Nottingham, started on the Newark Road, to go 18 Miles within the hour, which he performed in 58 minutes and a half.

MR. R. Jones's b. c. Freedom by Buzzard, and Mr. H. F. Mellish's ch. c. Honesty by Overton, are matched to run across the flat at Newmarket, on Monday in the Easter meeting, carrying 8st. 3lb. each, for 100 guineas

INGENUITY of the Spider.—T. A. Knight, Esq. of Herefordshire, well known in the republic of letters, has, in a beautiful little treatise on the culture of the apple and the pear, introduced the following anecdote concerning this curious animal: "I have frequently placed a spider on a small upright stick, whose base is surrounded by water, to observe its most singular mode of escape. After having discovered that the ordinary means of retreat are cut off, it ascends to the point of the stick, and standing

nearly on its head, ejects its web, which the wind readily carries to some contiguous object. Along this the segacious insect effects its escape, not, however, till it has previously ascertained, by several exertions of its whole strength, that its web is properly attached at the opposite end. I do not know that this instance of the sagacity of the spider has been noticed by any entomological writer, and I insert it here in consequence of having seen in some periodical publication, a very erroneous account of the origin of the spider's threads which are observed to pass from one tree or bush to another, in dewy mornings."

THE gamekeeper of R. S. Lloyd, Esq. of Hintlesham-hall, in Suffolk, lately shot an eagle, which measured, from wing to wing 6 feet 9 inches, and from the head to the tail 2 feet ten inches.

MR. Frost, gamekeeper to the Right Hon. Lord Gwydir, also shot an eagle in Willoughby Wood, near Alford, Lincolnshire, which measured, when extended, from wing to wing 8 feet and a half; and from the tail to the beak 3 feet and a half.

The Water Ouzel, Sturnus Cinclus of Linnæus, flew into the Town mill of Newbury this winter, and is now preserved in Mr. Lamb's Museum in that town. This very rare and beautiful British bird, though ranked by Linnæus amongst the Starlings, and by Latham amongst the Thrushes, is endowed with the well authenticated peculiar faculty of traversing the gravelly bottoms of rivers with the utmost rapidity in search of its food, insects, and small fish, an occurrence not observed in any of the expert genus of divers.

THORNVILLE ROYAL.—The statement which appeared in our last Magazine of this fine property of Colonel Thornton being disposed of, is erroneous. It is true that 142,000 guineas were bidden for the first grand lot, consisting of the mansion, pleasure grounds, and estate attached to Thornville Royal, and 13,000 guineas for the wood thereon: several sums were also bidden for the other lots; but the offers were not thought sufficient. The whole property remains unsold, one small lot excepted.—The following has since appeared in the public papers:

"Any person desirous of treating for the great lot, or most of the small lots, may apply to J. Parkinson, Esq. at Wandsworth Common, or at his house in the Borough. Terms more favourable with regard to the times of payment than those specified at the auction may be had, to accommodate the purchaser. Some gentlemen having expressed a desire to become possessors of the whole estate, in order to concentrate all their property, but being unable to accomplish the purchase till the sale of their own estates should take place, the above gentleman is willing to allow time for selling their estates by private contract, or for the passing an act of parliament for the sale of *entailed* property, in order to enable such gentlemen to become purchasers of Thornville Royal; or purchasers may be accommodated with the augmentation or diminution of any of the lots specified in the printed Particulars. For information in the country, apply to Mr. Clutterbuck, Thornville, near Weatherby, Yorkshire, who will shew the estate."

Mr. Thomas Couzens, of Heytesbury, Wilts, is the fortunate owner of one quarter, value five thousand pounds, in the ticket, No. 11,643, drawn a prize of L.20,000 in the present lottery.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

MINE'S not the first by many an humble pen,
That of the week's last night has shewn the charms;
But I shall not describe the joys that men
Find, or in Bacchus', or in Venus' arms.

No such exalted theme shall now be mine;
As the world is, I merely wish to write:
No lofty metaphors with me must shine,
But just a Saturday's events at night.

Now the lorn bachelor with anxious eye,
Peeps through the crevice of his cottage door,
In hopes to see the washerwoman nigh,
Bringing, of linen clean, his Sunday's store.

Now some young lad, whose breeches or whose coat,
Are grown considerably worse by wear,
Impatiently will stretch his crane-like throat,
To see the taylor bring the *bran new pair*.

Now every journeyman mechanic goes,
To get the hard-earned wages of the week;
And oft, like wiseacres, before night's close,
Spend half in drink, because they will not *sneak*.

Some to their *uncle's* will trot off with speed,
Redeem the garments left there in the lurch;
Then they can walk, or if 'tis so agreed,
Can go, like gentlemen, next day to church.

Some, more sedate, with spousy on their arm,
Trudge to the market for their Sunday's cheer;
Most men supposing life has lost its charm,
If Sunday is depriv'd of beef and beer.

On this eventful eve, each sluttish maid,
Not having time to do it in the day,
Is kneeling seen, as though her pray'rs she said,
Washing before the door, the dirt away.

Now this, good reader, is a serious crime,
And oft inspires my simple soul with dread;
This water turns to ice in winter time,
And throws some sprawling stranger on his head.

Which if 'tis not well fortified with wig,
And Nature has forbid it to be thick,
In it, no doubt, a hole or small or big
Is made, when it salutes the stone or brick.

On this blest night the candlesticks are clean'd,
Both tin and copper sausepans grace the floor;
Scrub is the word, from which no place is screen'd,
Down from the garret, to the cellar door.

The master of the house—but I forget,
He is not master on this cleaning night—
Finding no seat at home that he can get,
For safety takes himself to bed, or flight.

This was my case, for finding all below,
At least with water flooded ancle deep,
And being to rheumatic pains a foe,
I sought my closet, but 'twas not to sleep.

For

For as I keep the key of this said place,
I set me down in comfort there to write;
And for a subject chose—to rhyme's disgrace—
The busy, bustling Saturday, at night.
J. M. L.

MY COT NEAR THE GROVE.

(By the Same.)

I DWELL in a thatch-cover'd cot,
With friendship, Florella, and love;
A streamlet adorns the fair spot,
And glides by my Cot near the Grove.

Its banks are a beautiful green,
Enamell'd with flow'rets so gay;
The streamlet, soft sighing between,
Winds slow to the woodlands away.

Echo dwells in the valley hard by,
And mocks as the cottagers sing;
Repeats the soft tale or the sigh,
That disturbs the still valley in spring.

Green foliage that glitters with dew,
Breathes a soft balmy sweetness around,
Fragrant beds of sweet violets blue,
With daisies, enamel the ground.

What monarch was ever more blest?—
I've friendship, Florella, and love;
A trifle to help the distrest;
And my neat little Cot near the Grove.

THE COT OF MIRTH.

(By the Same.)

HAIL, Winter! social season, hail!
Pleasure lives amidst thy gloom,
Here doth Mirth and Joy prevail,
Here the buds of Friendship bloom.

How cheerful looks the ruddy fire,
How pleasing sounds the merry tale;
Boy, pile the crackling embers higher,
Another foaming can of ale.

Yet closer draw each social seat,
Around the flame-illumin'd hearth;
Let friendship in each bosom beat,
This is the happy Cot of Mirth.

THE PROCTOR'S LEGACY.

(By the Same.)

THOUGH now round this old pair of bellows
Dusty cobwebs so fanciful twine,
They once were a hearty good fellow's,
But he will'd them, and now they are mine.

This closet they now find repose in,
Worn, windless, and wanting repair,
But soon shall they have a new nose in,
Nor longer lie idling there.

Billy Windy, our old bellows-doctor,
Each hole in their body shall mend;
Many years have they puff'd for the proctor,
Many more may they puff for his friend.

TO STREPHON.

(By the Same.)

GO, sigh to the girl of your heart;
Go, whisper your amorous pain;
Go, with faltering accents, impart,
You die a poor love-stricken swain.

I'll haste to the girl that I love;
I'll tell her, kind-hearted and free,
I prize her all others above;
But none of your *dying* for me.

WINTER SPORTS.

WHILE January's cold engend'ring month
In order due prepares to ope the year,
What better theme demands a poet's lays,
While in the social chimney-corner he
Imbibes benignant ale's irriguous draught,
Or puffs the curling, ever-fragant fumes
Of mild Virginia from his taper pipe?
What better theme than black-brow'd Winter's frowns,
Shall then engage his thoughts: demand his strain?

Come,

Come, Winter, come! in velvet mantle clad,
And wrapt in furs, as on some dirty wall
With other seasons three depict, thou shin'st.
Or by the thick-sol'd shoe, and warm surtout,
With waistcoat well-lapell'd notorious—for so clad,
Walks forth the country justice to peruse
The County Chronicle's informing page,
There, while with spectacles on nose he reads
Provision's fatal rise, he sagely tells
The many ills which crowd in winter's train —
Yet these the neighb'ring squire disdains, while he
With many a forward hark! a tallyho!
Pursues sly Renard, with resistless speed,
Through many a distant country and returns
Bearing the daggled brush.——
Or when astringent frost arrests the stream,
And stops the rapid torrent—forth he goes,
Well skill'd his never-failing gun to point,
And wage fierce war against the feather'd tribe;
From hence returning to his social home,
His moated mansion, or his aged hall,
Receives its master, and with plenteous food [brawn,
Rewards his morning's toil: the collar'd
The Christmas pie—by Quaker's held profane—
With more substantial dainties crown his board;
Nor is October wanting, gen'rous draught,
But in the copious bowl, with toast embrown'd,
And fragrant nutmeg fraught, inspires his soul.
And ye companions of his genial hours,
Draw, draw your social circle round the fire;
Pledge, pledge your neighbour—while from ev'ry pipe
Puff answers puff—and whiff resounds to whiff
So shall the winter evening fleet away
Upon the downy wing of pleasure—if perchance
Or conversation, or tobacco fail,
Amusive putt, or swobberastick whist
May then engage you, and their loss supply,
So may the winter of your days roll on
Unceasing source of joys.—While busy crowds
And other scenes demand the poet's lays:
Yet how, alas! shall he who ne'er has trod
The polish'd scenes of life, attempt—vain man!—
In verse, though unharmonious, to describe
The joys which splendid courts and cities give.
O London! mighty queen of cities hail! —to thee
What crowds resort, by threat'ning clouds forwarn'd,
And in thy bosom seek a sure retreat;
Cherish'd by thee, the liberal arts dispense
Their general labours, and their powers combine
To humanize the soul; from hence arise
Joys unallay'd by fear.——
Then too—if harmony informs his soul—
On Braham's warbling notes he'll rapt'rous dwell,
Or listen, Billington, to thy sweet strain:
The fair assembly shall sometimes engage
His presence—whether the ridotto gay
Invite the fair—or if the masquerade,
In form grotesque, with wit and humour shine.
But stop, my muse, nor hasten, all unskill'd,
Through paths to thee impervious and unknown;
Within this chimney-corner sit secure,
The meanest servant of the tuneful nine.

B.

THE EPITAPH.

The following Lines, as an Epitaph, are wrote by a Sportsman to the Memory of Old Kilbourn who died some time ago; a Character well known among the Jockeys and Grooms at Newmarket. Some Account was given of him in a former Magazine soon after his Death.

WHOE'ER thou art that makes this turf to heave,
Remember Kilbourn's bones lie underneath;

Who

Who many a time Newmarket turf has trod—
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
A stranger there, a sportsman now might say,
"Where's Kilbourn gone, is he reduc'd to clay?"
Its true he's dead, and that there's no dispute on,
Without a stone he lies at Water-Newton.

CUTCHACUTCHOO.

WHILE young Roscius in London astonish'd crowds draws,
And theatres nightly resound his applause,
Gay Dublin can boast her phenomenon too—
That unparallel'd actor called *Cutchacutchoo.

Like the little dispenser of British delight,
Our Irish enchanter shines likewise by night;
What a prospect of pleasure expands to the view,
When the curtain draws up, displays—Cutchacutchoo.

Ere the drama commences, this wonderful thing
Forms of different figures a magical ring;
Which boundary all are forbid to break through,
Till a signal be given by—Cutchacutchoo.

Each figure sits silent, attentive, and squat,
Like grimalkin, when watching a mouse or a rat:
Some stroke down their whiskers, their mouths up some screw,
Nodding, ogling, and winking at—Cutchacutchoo.

Now the signal is made—from the magical ring,
Lo! nimble as frogs, the whole groupe make a spring—
Topsy turvy they tumble—screams, struggles ensue—
In delightful confusion reigns—Cutchacutchoo.

"Recover your postures!" the manager cries—
At the word of command, quick the prostrate group rise—
Their positions resum'd, then he bids them renew,
With redoubled activity—Cutchacutchoo.

Warm waxes the combat of youth and of age,
See weakness with strength—weight with lightness engage;
Loud echoes the clamour—the tapers burn blue,
And a mystical veil spreads o'er—Cutchacutchoo.

See! the dimness encreases—the tapers go out—
What a chaos of tumult, and darkness, and doubt!
Wild conjecture alone now can furnish a clue,
To wind through the mazes of—Cutchacutchoo.

HAFIZ.

SONG.

THE sweet rosy morning
Peeps over the hills,
With blushes adorning
The meadows and fields;
The merry, merry, merry horn
Calls come, come, come away,
Awake from your slumbers
And hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus
Of hounds in full cry;
Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The musical chase,
Where pleasure and vigour,
With health you embrace.

The day's sport, when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk lover
Fresh charms for the night.
Then let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let love crown the night,
As our sports crown the day.

* A satire lately published upon the fashionable world of Dublin.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR MARCH, 1805.

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Embellished with, I. *A highly finished Frontispiece for the 25th Volume—Nimrod.*

II. *A Vignette Title Page for ditto.*—III. *Portraits of Two favourite Horses, an Engraving.*

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ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

THOUGH the usual routine of this business renders it necessary for us to acknowledge the favours we receive from a generous and discerning Public, we can find but little to add to our former professions, excepting the candid avowal that our exertions to answer the expectations of our Friends and Patrons can scarcely keep pace with the increasing testimonials of their decided approbation and preference. However, in the generous competition which this pleasing partiality must create, we hope our endeavours may not slacken; and that while our patronage continues to impose new obligations upon our humble efforts, the pages of the SPORTING MAGAZINE, ever open to the contributions of wit, genius, and eccentricity, may continue to insure the attention of the sportsman, the man of the world, and the general friend of rational amusement.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The number of Poetical Communications this month, render individual notice impracticable. We shall therefore endeavour to gratify each of our Correspondents with due despatch and attention in our future Numbers.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MARCH, 1805.

BERKELEY FOX HOUNDS.

ON Saturday, March 9th, the Berkeley hounds threw off at Ryslip. The morning being frosty, they did not throw off till eleven o'clock; and, after drawing for about an hour, unkennelled in Mad Bess Wood. The fox instantly dashed through the covert, for the coppice, where they unkennelled another; but the dog-fox turning to the right, with the body of the hounds, soon broke covert, and crossed Ryslip Common for the Park Wood. Here they came to a check; for the fox making a direct double, re-crossed the Common, into the coppice and Mad Bess Wood; but being viewed, the hounds were soon laid on again. He then pointed for Bar Yards; but being headed by a woodman, turned back through the covert, and ran through Ryslip coppice without a head or check; breaking on the opposite side, he went away in the most gallant manner, through the inclosures, to Batcher Heath coverts; from thence through a long chain of inclosures to Mr. Ross's coverts; but not liking to cross the canal, turned to the left, and made for Old Park Wood, through Harefield Park, and over Harefield Common, to Mr. Barnard's coverts; thence through Batcher Heath coverts to Moor Park, through the park and inclosures for Grimstones; but being headed near Sandy Lodge, turned back to Batcher Heath coverts. Renard being determined to gain his point, again broke, and ran through Welling Grove, over Woodcocks Hill, and through the inclosures to Moor Park Farm, crossed the park close by the mansion, and ran to Grimstones; keeping to the coverts, he made for Pinner Hill, and descending which, finding the wind directly in his teeth, he turned to the right, and crossed the widest part of Ryslip Common to the coppice; but being hard pressed, he was obliged to leave it, and run for Batcher Heath coverts, where the hounds came to a check; and in a few minutes the huntsman, on Mr. Salter's horse—for he had tired his own—and four sportsmen only, out of eighty, came up so completely done, that they found it expedient to relinquish the chase. The second whipper-in killed a very favourite and valuable horse.

The same hounds had a very capital run, on Monday the 11th. Throwing off at Hodgemoor, they soon unkennelled, and went away in a capital style for Wycombe, crossed the country for Wendover, and ran to earth in the box coverts, five miles this side of Aylesbury, after a very severe run of four hours, supposed to have run between forty and fifty miles, with only one check. J. W. M.

COURSING MEETINGS. 1805.

AT MR. PLUMER'S, HERTS.

Tuesday, February 19.

MR Gardner's dog Spot, against Mr Rogers's black dog, undecided.—Mr Dyson's black dog, against Mr Nicholson's dog Smut, undecided.—Mr Hale's bitch Spy, beat Mr Blindell's bitch Patch.—Mr Edridge's blue dog Blue, against Mr Dyson's black dog, undecided.—Mr Gardner's dog Spot, beat Mr Nicholson's dog Smut.—Mr Hale's bitch Spy, beat Mr Edridge's dog Blue.—Mr Blindell's bitch Phœnix, against Mr Edridge's dog Blue, undecided.—Spy was afterwards sold for twenty guineas.

MARLBOROUGH.

ON Monday, the 11th of March, the grand coursing match for the gold cup, took place at Rockley, near Marlborough. The first course was run by Mr. Goodlake's Giddy and Dr. Vailet's Swallow, and won by the former. The second was won by Lord Rivers's Rolla, beating Mr. Cosellis's Czar. The third was won by the Hon. Mr. Mansfield's Muss, beating Mr. Woodrick's Wiff. The three winners then started, and the course was won by Rolla; but, as it was a very short one, the umpires deemed it not a sufficient trial, and Lord Rivers consented that it should be run again. The next course was sufficient to shew blood, strength, and speed, and was, as the other, won by Rolla.

HATFIELD PARK.

WEDNESDAY, the 13th day of March, being the last public coursing day for the season, there was a large company in the Park, both horsemen and pedestrians. The Marchioness of Salisbury was present the whole time, and whose politeness and condescension charmed all beholders. The noble Marquis walked in the Park with part of his family, but did not attend the coursing. His Lordship appeared in excellent health and spirits. A finer day, or better sport, were never witnessed. The matches were as under:—

Mr Keet's brindled bitch, against Mr Swain's black bitch, undecided.—Mr Palmer's blue dog Hawk, beat Mr Poore's black dog.—Mr Hodgson's brindled dog, beat Mr Poore's black bitch.—Lady Salisbury's white dog Hawk, beat Mr Searancke's black and white bitch.—Mr Keet's brindled dog Hawk, against Mr. Hodson's brindled dog, undecided.—Lady Salisbury's black dog England, against Mr Arrowsmith's black bitch, undecided.—Mr Dyson's brindled dog Smoker, beat Mr. Bryant's pied bitch.—Mr Bowden's red dog, against Mr Arrowsmith's black dog, undecided.—Mr Swain's black bitch, beat Mr Keet's brindled bitch.—Mr Dickinson's black dog, beat Mr Hoare's brindled bitch.—Lady Salisbury's white dog Spot, beat Mr Poore's black bitch.—Mr Palmer's black bitch, against Mr Edmond's white bitch, undecided.—Mr Bowden's red

red dog, beat Mr Arrowsmith's black dog.

Mr. Gardner, from Enfield, and a few coursing amateurs from London, afterwards dined with the company at the Salisbury Arms, much gratified with the day's sport, and not less so in the recollection of the politeness of the Marchioness, whose health, among other toasts, was drank with rapture.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

Betting-Room, at Tattersall's, March 4.

BETTED—100 to 5½ that Julia and Duxbury don't win the two Classes of the Oatland Stakes.—The same against Enterprise and Duxbury.—80 to 10, p. p. agst Mr Biggs's ches. colt, Bassanio, by Skyscraper, out of Portia, for the Derby.—50 to 20, p. p. agst the Duke of Grafton's bay filly, by Waxy, out of Drab, for the Oaks.—65 to 40, p. p. (neither win) Lord Egremont agst Lord Grosvenor, for the Derby,—80 to 10, p. p. agst Mr Glover's ch. f. by Buzzard, out of Camilla, by Highflyer, for the Oaks.—100 to 10, p. p. agst Lord Grosvenor's br. c. by Sir Peter, out of Peggy Bull, for the Derby.

The following new matches were made at a Jockey Club Dinner, on Wednesday, March 13.

Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1805.—Monday, Lord Foley's Little Peter, 8st. 6lb. agst Sir J. Shelley's colt, by Buzzard, out of Iris, 8st. 4lb.—Two year old Course, 50gs.

First Spring Meeting, 1805.—Monday, Lord Foley's Captain Absolute, 5 yrs old, agst Sir J. Shelley's Strap, 4 yrs old, 8st. each,—B. C. 200gs.

Second Spring Meeting, 1805.—Thursday, Mr Watson's Duxbury, 8st. 6lb. agst Lord Foley's Hippocampus, 8st. 4lb.—Last three miles of B. C. 100gs.

First October Meeting, 1805.—Monday, Lord Foley's Hippocampus, 8st. 8lb. agst the Duke of Grafton's Pelisse, 8st.—Across the Flat, 200gs. h. ft.

Craven Meeting, 1806.—Monday, Duke of Grafton's Parasol, 8st. 5lb. agst Lord Foley's Hippocampus, 8st.—B. C. 200gs. h. ft.

Betting-Room, March 24.—State of the Odds.

Oatlands, First Class.—3 to 1 agst Julia—4 to 1 agst any other.

Second Class.—5 to 2 agst Parasol—7 to 2 agst Duxbury—5 to 1 agst Eleanor—7 to 1 agst Maiden—8 to 1 agst Harefoot.

Derby.—6 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's Waxy colt—7 to 1 agst Bassanio—8 to 1 agst Newmarket.

Oaks.—2 to 1 agst the Waxy filly, out of Drab—3 to 1 agst Sister to Julia.

YORK COCKING.

AT the Grand Cock-Pit, without Bootham-Bar, the long main of Cocks between Lord Mexborough and Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. began fighting on Tuesday, March 5. The main consists of twenty-three mains, and eleven bye battles. Lister feeder, and Probin setter, for Lord Mexborough; and Thompson feeder and setter, for Sir Francis Boynton.

	Lister.			*Thompson.*	
	M	B		M	B
Tuesday ...	1	2	.....	3	0
Wednesday.	3	2	.....	1	1
Thursday...	3	1	.....	2	1
Friday	2	2	.....	3	0
Saturday ...	1	1	.....	4	1
	10	8		13	3

MILITARY

MILITARY OFFICER SENT TO COVENTRY.

Court of King's-Bench, Feb. 25, 1805.

LYNCH *v.* MACNAMARA.

THE plaintiff was a sub-lieutenant in the Second Regiment of Life Guards, who sought to recover compensation from the defendant, Captain Macnamara, for an injury which he had sustained in consequence of the defendant representing him as a scoundrel, and stating that he would take an opportunity of shaking a whip over him. The offence which Captain Macnamara had conceived against the plaintiff, arose from his having refused to dismiss from his service, without being satisfied that he had been to blame, a black servant, who Captain Macnamara alledged had insulted him and Captain Barry, and whom, on that account, he had chastised. The servant afterwards brought an action against Captain M. for the assault, and obtained a verdict. In the mean time, however, offended at the refusal of the plaintiff to dismiss his servant, Captain M. applied to the plaintiff's conduct the expressions before alluded to, and represented him in that manner to the Major of the regiment to which the plaintiff belonged. By his means the representations of Capt. M. came to the knowledge of the subaltern officers of the regiment, who immediately concurred in sending a letter to General Bulkley, the commanding officer, which was afterwards transmitted to Lord Cathcart, the Colonel of of the regiment, stating, that in consequence of Lieut. Lynch's ungentleman-like conduct in the late affair with Capt. Macnamara and Capt. Barry, they, the Subaltern Officers of the regiment, found it impossible to do duty with Lieutenant Lynch, without exposing their own characters—and that they would sooner have communicated that determination had they not been prevented by a report that Lieutenant Lynch intended to quit the regiment. When this circumstance was communicated to the plaintiff, he refused to accept of the offer made him, of quitting the regiment, but insisted that his conduct should be inquired into by a Court Martial. He had, however, been suspended from his military functions for fifteen months, and had in vain, during that period, solicited to be brought to a Court Martial.

These facts were made out from the testimony of the Major of the regiment, an intimate friend of Captain Macnamara's.

Lord Ellenborough then interfered, and asked it there was no possibility of making the parties tread back the steps they had taken. This was a case which might assume a more serious aspect than he was at first aware.

The Solicitor-General said, he had no objection that a juryman should be withdrawn, for the purpose of giving those concerned an opportunity of doing that justice to his client which he ought long ago to have received.

Mr. Erskine said, he represented one of the bravest officers in his Majesty's service. His Lordship had not at all heard his case, and on investigating it, it would be found that he had nothing to do with the *gravamen* of the action. He was willing to agree to any thing his Lordship proposed, but he could not venture into any convention by which the effects of this trial might be suspended over Captain M.'s head, who was a man of the strictest honour.

Mr. Garrow said, it was indispensably necessary for them to keep in

in their hands the means of securing justice. They were ready to lay by the sword, but could not consent to throw it away.

Lord Ellenborough said, if the action were to be given up, there would be no mutuality in the understanding which he had recommended. All combinations were dangerous, even when they existed among the lowest orders of society; but here the danger was enormous, and went to affect the public interest, and the peace of the corps. Fearing that still greater danger might grow out of the circumstances he had already heard, he was anxious, if possible, to stop it while it was not too late. He did not question that the defendant was a man of honour, as his Counsel had represented him; but every man's honour was best consulted in obeying the laws of his country.

A juryman was accordingly withdrawn.

FRACAS AT NORTHAMPTON RACES.

Northampton Spring Assizes.

LEVI *v.* DOWBIGGIN.

AT the above assizes, on Monday the 4th instant, this cause, which had excited considerable interest, came on to be heard before Sir Alan Chambre and a special jury. The action was brought for an assault committed by the defendant on the plaintiff, on the second day of the last Northampton races; and it appearing to the court and jury, from the evidence on the trial—which lasted five hours—that the assault was most violent, and had been committed under many aggravating circumstances, a verdict was found for the plaintiff, with L.500 damages, besides costs of suit.

The defendant in the above action wishing to report *his* account of the trial, we shall not be so wanting in impartiality as to deny him the satisfaction; nor can Mr. Levi be offended with us, as his account appears first.

HORSE WHIPPING.

Mr. Levi, junior, against George Dowbiggin, Esq. at Northampton assizes, March 4, 1805, before Mr. Justice Chambre, and a special jury.

It is impossible to convey a idea of the interest this cause excited in the county of Northampton. An immense concourse of people assembled round the court-house before the doors opened, and access was procured with extreme difficulty. It appeared the defendant some time since purchased a commission in the Queen's Regiment of Dragoon Guards, in which he served with the highest reputation, and enjoyed the warmest esteem of the officers. The plaintiff, entertaining a rooted antipathy against the defendant, aspersed his reputation with the grossest calumnies, with the manifest intention of preventing his admission into the army.

The plaintiff, who was more than once charged with having defamed the reputation of the defendant, which was fully substantiated in court, and as often having the baseness to deny it, was publicly horse whipped by the defendant, on the race ground at Northampton races. The jury, after five hours hearing, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, L.500 damages. However the plaintiff may exult in the decision of the jury, the ill success of the defendant is universally lamented.

GEO. DOWBIGGIN.

ORNITHOLOGY.

THERE has not been known for many years so great a flight of birds of the Corvus and Fieldfare species, to the eastern coast of this kingdom, as in the present season. They are almost equal in point of numbers to those which visited these latitudes in the winter of the year 1797, and which, at that period, were unprecedentedly great.

When the emigration of these birds took place in the spring of the ensuing year, a circumstance occurred, which, on account of its singularity, is worthy of notice:—Whilst crossing the German ocean, on their passage to the Continent, they encountered a most violent storm from the east, which so impeded their progress, as to oblige them to return; but most of them, from fatigue, not being able to regain the British coast, several thousands, particularly crows, were blown into the sea, and drowned; by which the shore, on some parts of the coast of Holderness, was covered with their dead bodies, to the extent of several miles. The custom of wantonly destroying the different species of martins or swallows, which entirely feed upon the wing, and are only to be seen in this country during the breeding months of summer, is destroying without reflection what Providence sent for a great purpose. By shooting the old birds, the nestlings are in consequence destroyed, which, when added to the number of the latter lost in the sea by migration for the winter, unitedly assign a reason for their great decrease.

Minute observers calculate, that one of these birds daily destroys some hundreds of moths, flies, and other insects, parents of the alarming swarms of caterpillars, grubs, &c. that frequently commit such depredations in the gardens, fields, and on vegetation in general.

JINGLING MATCH.

IN consequence of notice being given that a smock-race and a jingling-match were to take place on the afternoon of Thursday the 14th inst. at Tothill-fields, Westminster, several hundred persons were attracted from all parts of London to that place in hackney-coaches, on horseback, in carts, and numbers walked miles to witness these old English and rural sports. Among those assembled were a number of those termed knowing ones.

About three o'clock, the ground being marked out, two Holland smocks, finely ornamented with blue ribbands, were started for by three young fair ones; they were nearly equal over the course, and did not afford much amusement during their heats, but were attended with a full display of their personal charms.

After the race was over, the jingling-match commenced, after a large ring was formed. It consisted of a man with a number of bells hung in different parts of his body, and six youths, of fifteen to eighteen years of age, blindfolded, to catch him, for which they were to be rewarded with a jackass. This afforded some excellent sport, and lasted for about a quarter of an hour; a chimney-sweeper proved the victor, by seizing the man, in consequence of his falling down by accident. Neddy was immediately delivered up to the sweep; but he had no sooner mounted him than he threw him off, to the no small amusement of the spectators.

This amusement, we understand, was set a-going by some master butchers in St. James's Market.

HORSE

HORSE CAUSE.

Tried at the Sittings after Term, before the Right Honourable Sir James Mansfield, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, at Guildhall, on Saturday the 23d of February 1805.

SKINNER *v.* AYRES.

IN the opening of this cause it was stated by Mr. Serjeant Cockell, to the Court and Jury, that the plaintiff, an eminent distiller, had, on the 7th of November last, purchased a brown gelding of the defendant, who is conjunctively a tallow-chandler and horse-dealer, in Sun-street, which he believed to be in the vicinity of Moorfields. That the plaintiff paid down sixty-five guineas for the horse so purchased, upon the joint averment of both the defendant and his servant, that the horse was *bona fide* perfectly sound. The plaintiff having observed to the defendant, that there was certainly a stiffness in one of the legs behind, it was answered by the other, that, if so, it must proceed from the very hard hunt he had the day before, which would of course soon go off. Upon this very suspicious hitch in the gait, as the purchase was made on the Thursday, the plaintiff proposed paying for the horse at his counting-house on Saturday, that being their usual pay-day of the week; adding, that would be but perfectly fair, as he had been permitted so short a trial of the horse. To this equitable proposition of the plaintiff, the defendant pleaded temporary emergency; that he had a bill of some magnitude coming due on the following day, Friday, and would consider himself very much obliged, if the plaintiff would be so kind as favour him with present payment. Upon this expostulation, the plaintiff instantly drew upon his banker for sixty-five guineas, payable to bearer, which was received immediately by the defendant, and the horse delivered at the plaintiff's stable.

On the morning following, the plaintiff set off on his intended journey, for which the horse had just been purchased; and the servant of the plaintiff, who set his master off, absolutely observed the horse to limp, in the off-leg behind, at his going away. The plaintiff, in the progress of his journey, entertained, the same day, doubts of the horse's soundness, from an irregularity of the horse's motion in the off-quarter behind; and ascertained it to a certainty before he reached Oxford on Sunday night, which was at the end of his second day's journey. Here, having become confident, in his own opinion, of the lameness, he asked first the hostler's, and then the master of the inn's opinions, in succession, who both decided that the horse was positively lame. The plaintiff availed himself of the post, which was soon to set off, and despatched a letter of information to the defendant, saying in what state the horse was; and as he was under the necessity of returning the horse as unsound, he begged to have a letter by the return of post, containing the defendant's instructions what should be done—whether the horse should be returned to town by some careful person obtained for the purpose, or whether he should remain at the New Inn, where he then was, subject to the defendant's future orders? To the great surprise and mortification of the plaintiff, he waited some days in expectation, but no letter arrived. Thus delayed in his journey, and retarded in his business, he could adopt no other alternative than to take on his bad bargain, at very short stages of fourteen or fifteen miles a-day, giving the defendant

fendant a second letter, containing the unavoidable necessity for his so doing, and begging his answer might be addressed to Wolverhampton, so as to reach the plaintiff by the 17th of that month, November, on which day he should be there. The defendant, however, having considered that in silence there might be safety, even from the fangs of the law, acknowledged no receipt of letter, despatched no answer, and wrapping the whole transaction in a temporary obscurity, left the plaintiff to make the most of the awkward predicament he stood in, and to explore his way to town: this he patiently performed in such short diurnal journies, as were most applicable to the state of the horse. Upon the plaintiff's arrival in town, the horse was deposited at the stables of Priests and Eames, the Black Horse in Gray's-inn-lane; and notice by letter immediately given to the defendant, that the horse was so placed—after an offer to return him, which acceptance was refused—and the plaintiff should proceed by action for the recovery of his money; the issue of which was now to come.

Mr. Serjeant Cockell having concluded his opening, Mr Lockhart proceeded to examine the evidence on the part of the plaintiff, in support of the case already made out. He first produced the clerk of the plaintiff, who was present at the purchase, and witnessed the payment of the money. The groom, who set his master off from home at the commencement of his journey, and observed the horse to have a limping in his off-leg behind, confirmed that observation in his evidence before the Court. The landlord from the New Inn at Oxford was produced to prove the horse's being lame upon his arrival there; and the landlord and hostler from a principal inn at Wolverhampton, likewise appeared to prove the palpable lameness of the horse when there; and declaring at that time, that the cause was a bone spavin, situate below the hock, on the inside of the hock behind. These witnesses were followed by Mr. Molyneux, a gentleman from Wolverhampton, upon whom the plaintiff happening to call, the witness went to the inn with him, to see his new purchase; upon which, being shewn out, the witness instantly determined him lame, and declared the cause to be a bone spavin, palpably perceptible to any good or experienced judge in the kingdom. This gentleman was followed by a veterinary gentleman of new standing, and from the new school, to whose inspection the horse was submitted upon his arrival in town; who then admitted that the horse was evidently defective, and from the cause already described; but upon the Court's wishing to receive some satisfactory explanation, in respect to the original formation and gradational progress of a bone spavin, from its first appearance to its termination, the witness—probably from his age and short experience—suggesting doubts upon the traits of progress, that they were uncertain; that sometimes they were very rapid in their appearance, in their formation, progress, and confirmation; but sometimes, in others, they were equally tardy in their increase and termination; from which equivocal suggestion, the Court could not, of course, derive any decisive information, by which they could form a well-founded opinion, whether the bone spavin was a long-standing grievance, or whether it had appeared since the horse had been in the plaintiff's possession. Luckily for the cause, and rather the reverse, to the veterinary gentleman

tleman who preceded him, was introduced Mr. Taplin, who, in evidence, proved the very sheet-anchor upon which the successful termination of the cause depended. Upon the leading question of the Court, whether he had ever had any connection with the Veterinary College? he exultingly replied, he had been in constant veterinary practice for fifteen years before the College was erected, and that he continued his professional practice at the time present: he was called, on the 10th instant, to examine the subject in litigation, and finding the action of the hind quarter to be irregular and defective, he proceeded to a more minute examination, and instantly perceived a protuberance below the hock, on the inside of the off-leg behind, of so large a size, and so completely ossified—passing under the denomination of bone spavin—that, after an experience of thirty-five years in his profession, he would pledge the safety of his life, in addition to his oath, that no such confirmed spavin, and so completely ossified, could have reached the summit of its present state in less time than three months, in any case whatever. This rendering the cause decisive in respect to the time of its formation, and that it must have originated before the horse came into the plaintiff's possession, Mr. T. was proceeding to define the original cause, appearance, progress, and completion, of the bone spavin in question, which the Court thinking no farther necessary, the evidence on the part of the plaintiff was here closed.

Here Mr. Serjeant Shepherd proceeded to address the Court and Jury on the part of the defendant; and, in a most flowery display, held forth a very brilliant, though deceptive hope, that he should be enabled, by the evidence he should produce, to counteract and disprove every assertion made by the respectable witnesses on the part of the prosecution. He had no doubt, if the instructions laid down in his brief were just and correct, he should prove the cause under investigation to be found of a very different complexion to what it had assumed. He should prove, by a chain of the most respectable evidence, that the horse was sound when sold, and he was instructed to say, that the original possessor of the horse, and from whom he was purchased by the defendant, would be brought forward to prove the horse was perfectly sound in his possession, and was so when sold to the defendant. The learned Counsel in his speech adverted to Mr. Taplin's celebrity, his professional ability, and the popularity of his publications; said they had excited his attention; he had read them, he approved their merits; but neither Mr. Taplin, nor his works, had made him a perfect horse-jockey. After a speech of most excellent plausibility, replete with much ironic matter to entertain and excite the risibility of the Court, he proceeded to call forth the Herculean strength, in reserve, which was to annul, discredit, and bury in oblivion, all the evidence on the part of the plaintiff already gone through; and ordered Thomas Marsden to be called. After the name had been thrice loudly vociferated, in open court, it appeared matter of surprise and consternation, that Mr. T. Marsden, a character of much known respectability and integrity, did not appear. This unexpected disappointment produced an electrical change in every countenance engaged in the cause of the defendant, and constituted a defalcation in the promised evidence that could never be restored. What prevented the pre-

sence of Mr. M. may be readily defined, without farther elucidation. The first witness then that appeared, was Thomas Brown, a heterogeneous groom, of almost inexplicable description, who, being the servant of the defendant, seemed to possess every power of Proteus, and to change his opinion every way in subservience to the interest of his master: he could assert, oppose, and recite; but he could never recollect:—his master bought the horse sound—he sold him sound—and, farther, he was sound. The invincible cunning, and incorrigible confidence and obstinacy of this phenomenon, kept the surrounding auditors in roars of laughter. He admitted his master's being a *little* tallow-chandler; but after all the verbal labour and ingenuous interrogatories of Mr. Serjeant Cockell, he would not admit him to be *a horse dealer*; though by the analytical process of that fiery ordeal, cross-examination, he compulsively acknowledged him to deal a little now and then; and it was screwed out of him, by persevering to the point, that his employer had no less than six horses now in his possession for that purpose. This witness was followed by another of the fraternity, who drove the horse in a carriage for trial up and down Whitechapel with the plaintiff, but employed by the defendant; Mr. Foxall, a veterinary practitioner, who exultingly professed himself of the old school, was called, whose evidence was exceedingly concise, but forcibly corroborative of Mr. Taplin's previous assertions on the part of the plaintiff, which the Court thought so sufficiently conclusive, that the evidence immediately closed. Mr. Serjeant Cockell then addressed the jury in a strain of approved mirth and the most applicable irony; taking an impartial review of the witnesses on each side, and stating the contrast between the respectability and credit of the one, against the appearance and equivocal declarations of the other. His Lordship, after a review of the evidence on each side, and after alluding to all the predominant points in favour of the plaintiff, submitted it to the final decision of the jury, who, without retiring from the box, gave a verdict, in favour of the plaintiff, for sixty-five guineas damages, and the keep of the horse.

A CANINE CONFERENCE.

A CURATE in the country had brought up four dogs; one he called Aristotle, another Diogenes, giving to each of them a disciple; and had found means to keep up the sharpest animosity between the two parties. Aristotle, at the very sight of Diogenes, was ready to fly at him, and tear him to pieces; and Diogenes, by his snarling, shewed that he also longed to have a battle with him. The curate frequently diverted his company with the following scene:—He called Aristotle and Diogenes, who immediately took their proper places; Aristotle on the right, and Diogenes on the left, and each of the disciples close by his master: then the curate would speak to Aristotle, persuading him to come to an agreement with Diogenes; but Aristotle's latratious and fiery eyes bespoke his implacability: then he turned towards Diogenes, who manifested the like aversion to the curate's overtures. Well, says he, then let us try what a conference will do; then ordering them to come near and face each other: at first they only muttered and growled, as it were alternately, and seemed to answer each

each other; but by degrees their vociferations increased and terminated in a violent fray, two against two, and would have destroyed each other, if the curate, by the authority he had been careful to maintain, had not interposed.—This the curate used to remark, was a natural image of scholastic contentions.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES IN *Great Britain, in the Year 1804, with their Sires,*

GOT BY ABBA THULLE.

BROWN Colt, Mr Welburn's, L.50, at Newton.

2. Clifton, Mr Adams's, twice L.50 at Ascot-heath, and 100gs at Warwick.

BY ACASIA.

1. Lismahago, Mr Coventry's, the gold cup, value 100gs, at Oxford; L.50 at Worcester; and L.50 at Warwick.

BY ADMIRAL.

1. Miss Nelson, Mr Terrewest's, 140gs, and 30gs at Lincoln.

BY ALEXANDER.

1. Bay Horse, Sir W. W. Wynn's, 115gs at Bibury.

2. Chesnut Filly, Sir S. Glynn's, L.50 at Oswestry.

BY ANTÆUS.

1. Sulks, Mr Mellish's, 50gs at Catterick-bridge.

BY ARCHER.

1. Chesnut Horse, Mr Mason's, 50gs at Durham.

BY ASPARAGUS.

1. Two-shoes, General Grosvenor's, L.50 at Stamford; L.50 and 70gs at Lincoln; and L.50 at Northampton.

BY BENINGBROUGH.

1. Ashton, Sir W. W. Wynn's, a piece of silver plate, value L.50, at Chester; L.50 at Manchester; 20gs at Knutsford; and a stake of 15gs at each Oswestry.

2. Brandon, Lord Belhaven's, the king's plate of 100gs at Newcastle; L.50 at Lamberton; the king's plate of 100gs and 50gs at Edinburgh; the king's plate of 100gs and L.50 at Ayr.

3. Bay Filly, Lord Belhaven's, 50gs at Edinburgh; L 50 at Kelso; and three times L.50 at Ayr.

4. Cantata, Mr Stevenson's, L.50 and L.50 at Penrith.

5. Flockton, Mr C. Norton's, 100gs at Newarket.

6. Firelock, Sir H. Williamson's, 100gs and 50gs at Newcastle; L.50 at Lamberton; and the gold cup, value 100gs, with 30gs in specie, at Richmond.

7. Harefoot, Mr Branthwayt's, 500gs at Newmarket; Mr. Howorth's, 520gs at Bibury; 25gs, 25gs, and 200gs, at Newmarket.

8. Orville, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 120gs at York Spring Meeting; 225gs and 200gs at Doncaster,

9. Primrose, Mr Kirby's, L.50 at Chesterfield.

10. Patricia, Mr Uppleby's, L.50 at Nottingham.

11. Strap, Mr Howorth's, 200gs at Newmarket; Sir J. Shelly's, L.50 at Ascot-heath; 200gs at Brighton; 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket.

12. Sir Bertrand, Sir M. M. Sykes's, L.50 at Malton

13. Transit, Sir H. Williamson's, twice L.50 at Morpeth.

BY A BROTHER TO REPEATOR.

1. Hardbargain, Mr Warrington's, L.38 : 10s, being the second horse in the second class of the Oatlands' stakes at Newmarket, and L.50 at Epsom.

By Buzzard.

BY BUZZARD.

1. Bos, Mr Howorth's, 25gs and 50gs, at Newmarket.

2. Brainworm, Mr F. Neale's, 65gs, 50gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket.

3. Bustard, Mr Ladbroke's, 145gs at Ascot-heath.

4. Castrel, Col Sparrow's, 500gs at Ascot-heath, and 105gs at Newmarket.

5. Dilettanti, Mr Panton's, 115gs at Newmarket.

6. Jack-of-the-green, Mr Hurst's, 100gs at Swansea.

7. Malta, Mr Howorth's, 50gs, 25gs, 50gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket.

8. Merryman, Mr Wilson's, 450gs at Newmarket; Duke of St. Albans's, L.50 at Newmarket.

9. Miss Bailey, Mr Branthwayt's, L.50 at Reading

10. Ninette, Sir W. W. Wynn's, L.50 at Warwick.

11. Quiz, Mr Dawson's, L 50 at Newmarket; and the gold cup, value 100gs, with 30gs added, at Brocket-hall.

12. Rosebud, Mr Mortimer's, 60gs at Brocket-hall; Mr Dockeray's, 200gs at Brighton.

13. Stately, Mr Wilson's, 50gs at Newmarket.

14. Surprise, Mr Mellish's, 80gs at Newmarket.

15. Tango, Col Kingscote's, 25gs at Bibury, and 250gs at Kingscote.

BY CALOMEL.

1. Little John, Mr Abbey's, the third class of the Oatlands' stakes of 500gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; L.50 at Oxford; and 40gs at Newmarket.

BY CARDOCK.

1. Loto, Mr B. Price's, the cup, value 100gs, with 80gs in specie, and L.50 at Kingscote.

BY CAVENDISH.

1. Rudstone, Mr Simpson's, twice L.50 at Preston, and the king's plate of 100gs at Nottingham.

BY CHARIOT.

1. Brown Colt—out of Mary-Ann—Sir W. Gerard's, 140gs at Richmond, and 160gs at Pontefract.

BY CITIZEN.

1. Bamford, Mr Smith's, L.50 at Newcastle under Line, and L 40 at Nantwich.

2. Citizen, Mr Smith's, L.50 at Newton; Mr Astley's, 15gs with the town subscription added, at Shrewsbury; and L.50 at Oswestry.

BY CLAYHALL.

1. Speculator, Mr Young's, 100gs at Lewes.

BY CORIANDER.

1. Aniseed, Mr Howorth's, the Craven stakes of 100gs at Newmarket; 145gs at Ascot-heath; His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 175gs at Bibury; the king's plate of 100gs and 60gs at Lewes.

2. Chesnut Horse, Sir J. Hawkins's, L.50 at Taunton.

3. Hippocampus, Mr Dawson's, the first class of the Prince's stakes of 450gs at Newmarket; L.50 at Epsom; the town plate of L.50—with Mr Perram's 20gs added—105gs at Newmarket; and 375gs at Brighton.

4. Little Joey, Mr Mellish's, 60gs and L.50 at Boroughbridge.

5. Marcia, Mr Garforth's, the Stand plate of L.50 at York Spring Meeting; the gold cup, value 150gs, with 50gs in specie, at Pontefract; the Doncaster stakes of 150gs at Doncaster; and 140gs at Malton.

6. Miss Topping, Mr Hawkes's, L 50 at Ipswich.

BY DELPINI.

1. Confessor, Mr Trotter's, the macaroni stakes of 90gs at Pontefract, and 50gs at Northallerton.

2. Evander,

2. Evander, Mr Garforth's, 100gs at Malton.

3. Gayman, Lord Stamford's, L.50 at Knutsford; L.50 at Derby; L.50 at Tewkesbury; and L.50 at Shrewsbury.

4. Helen, Mr Garforth's, 80gs at Malton.

5. Lenox, Sir T. Gascoigne's, 200gs at York; Mr Wilson's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket.

6. Priscilla, Mr N. B. Hodgson's, 120gs at Pontefract, 60gs and L.50 at Northallerton.

7. Saxoni, Mr G. Hutton's, 120gs and 25gs at Manchester; 60gs at Newton; 60gs and L.50 at Preston.

8. Young Lucy, Mr Topham's, L.50 at Knutsford; L.50 at Ayr; and L.50 at Fife, Scotland.

BY DON QUIXOTE.

1. La Mancha, General L. Gower's, 400gs at Newmarket.

2. Little Chance, Mr Richardson's, the king's plate of 100gs and L.50 at Ascot-heath.

3. Miss Coiner, Mr W. Fenwick's, L.50 at Guildford; L.50 at Reading; and L.50 at Egham.

4. Sancho, Mr Mellish's, 60gs and 50gs at Middleham; 260gs at the York Spring Meeting; and the St. Leger stakes of 600gs at Doncaster.

BY DOUGLAS.

1. Elastic, Col Seddon's, 50gs at Catterick-bridge.

BY DRAGON.

1. Phœnix, Mr Biggs's, 120gs, 60gs, and 25gs at Maddington; 140gs and a handicap stakes at Blandford.

2. Rouge Dragon, Lord Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket.

BY DRIVER.

1. Dora, Mr Ladbroke's, 25gs and 100gs at Newmarket.

2. Hannibal, Lord Egremont's, the Derby stakes of 925gs at Epsom.

BY DUNGANNON.

1. Bay Colt—brother to Lurcher—Mr Harris's, 45gs at Egham.

5. Piercer, Lord Graves's, 25gs at Maddington; Mr Fortescue's, L.50 at Winchester.

BY ESCAPE.

1. Joe Nailer, Captain Tower's, 60gs and 55gs at Chelmsford.

2 Runaway, Mr Biggs's, 50gs at Maddington; Col. Andrews's, L.50 at Exeter.

BY FORTUNIO.

1. Fine ear, Mr Craven's, 50gs at Bibury.

2. King Bladud, Major Pigott's, 60gs at Canterbury.

BY GROUSE.

1. Bamboo, Duke of Grafton's, 100gs at Newmarket.

2. Carthaginian, Duke of Grafton's, 35gs at Newmarket.

3. Duckling, Duke of Grafton's, 50gs at Newmarket; Mr Emden's, 50gs at Ascot-heath; the queen's, 100gs at Chelmsford; 200gs at Brighton; and L.50 at Abingdon.

4. Lumbago, Mr Wastell's, 120gs, 100gs, and 150gs, at Newmarket; 100gs at Brighton; and 100gs at Newmarket.

BY GUILDFORD.

1. Chesnut Colt—out of Miss Slamerkin—Mr Warrington's, 200gs and 100gs at Epsom; Mr Branthwayt's, 50gs at Newmarket.

2. Gipsy, Mr Barnard's, L.50 at Hereford; Mr Coventry's, L.50 at Warwick.

BY GUSTAVUS.

1. Bay Gelding, Lord Montgomerie's, 70gs at Ayr.

BY HAMBLETONIAN.

1. Norval, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 100gs at Doncaster.

BY HUBY.

1. Langour, Mr R. Denham's, 80gs

80gs at Newton, and twice 50gs at Nottingham.

BY JOE ANDREWS.

1. Brown Mare, Mr Dyott's, L.50 at Tenbury; and the cup, value 65gs at Oswestry.

BY JOHN BULL.

1. Agincourt, Lord Grosvenor's, the second class of the prince's stakes of 400gs at Newmarket.

2. Albion, Mr D. Radcliffe's, 100gs and 75gs at Newmarket.

3. Baron Bull, Lord Grosvenor's, 10gs at Newmarket.

4. Buss, Mr Lagden's, L.50 at Newmarket; Mr Mellish's, L.50 at Brocket hall.

5. Cæsario, Lord Grosvenor's, 200gs, 500gs, 150gs, and 200gs at Newmarket.

6. Captain Absolute, Sir S. R. Glynn's, 50gs and L.50 at Chester; Lord Foley's, 20gs and 70gs at Bibury; and 50gs at Newmarket.

7. Enterprise, Lord Grosvenor's, the Pavilion stakes of 1150gs at Brighton.

8. Jack-of-all trades, Mr Howard's, 25gs at Newmarket.

9. Jack Tar, Mr Tarleton's, 80gs at Chester; 80gs and L.50 at Newton; 120gs at Nantwich; and 193gs at Preston.

10. Margery, Mr Abbey's, 60gs at Goodwood.

11. Northampton, Duke of St. Albans's, L.50 at Stamford; and L.50 at Huntingdon.

12. Tulipson, Lord Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket.

13. Viola, Lord Grosvenor's, 30gs at Newmarket.

BY JUPITER.

1. Middlethorpe, Mr Barlow's, 60gs at Doncaster.

BY KING FERGUS.

1. Blemished Boy, Duke of St. Albans's, L.50 at Newmarket.

2. Ferguson, Mr Peirse's, the Produce stakes of 1500gs at York.

3. Little Printer, Captain Hawkes's, 140gs at Manchester; 80gs at Bridgenorth; 255gs and L.50 at Kingscote.

4. Murquis, Col. Andrews's, L.50 and 50gs at Totness; and L.50 at Exeter.

BY LEICESTER.

1. Dr Solomon, Mr C. Cholmondeley's, 60gs at Crabtree-green.

BY LOP.

1. Jockey, Sir J. Shelley's, 100gs at Newmarket.

BY MAGPIE.

1. Black Dick, Major Pigott's, 50gs at Canterbury.

BY METEOR.

1. Meteor, Mr E. Phillips's, 45gs at Knutsford.

BY MOORCOCK.

1. Cockspinner, Mr Lord's, L.50 at Walsall.

2. Dance away, Mr Lord's, L.50 at Chester, and 50gs at Walsall.

BY MONK.

1. Monk, Major Popham's, L.50 at Exeter, and 50gs at Taunton.

BY MR. TEAZLE.

1. Jeremy, Mr Watson's, 25gs, 25gs, 50gs, and 25gs at Newmarket.

2. Pic Nic, Duke of Grafton's, 50gs, 50gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket.

3. Slate, Sir H. Lippincott's, 75gs at Maddington.

4. Turntoe, Lord Stamford's, L.50 at Worcester.

BY MUFTI.

1. Marianne, Mr Ladbroke's, 100gs and 75gs at Newmarket; L.50 at Lewes; and the second class of the October Oatlands' stakes of 215gs at Newmarket.

BY OLD TATT.

1. Duchess, Mr Reece's, L.50 at

at Bridgenorth, and L.50 at Newcastle-under-Line.

BY ORMOND.

1. Brown Colt—out of Driver's dam—Lord Darlington's, 70gs at Catterick-bridge, and the king's plate of 100gs at Carlisle.

BY OVERTON.

1. Brunette, Mr W. Lee's, 80gs at York.

2. Chesnut Horse, Mr S. H. Lumley's, 60gs at Lincoln.

3. Cottager—late Bob Handy—Mr Bands, L.50 at Blandford, and L.50 at Taunton.

4. Grey Colt—out of Hambletonian's dam—Mr Baillie's, 100gs at Boroughbridge.

5. Heb, Mr Ackers's, L.50 at Durham.

6. Maid of Kent, Mr Coventry's, 100gs at Ascot-heath, and L.50 at Northampton.

7. Miss Eliza Overton, Mr W. N. W. Hewett's, 80gs at the York Spring Meeting.

8. Rolla, Mr M. Philipps's, L.50 at Haverford West, and 50gs at Swansea.

9. Susan, Mr Bowman's, twice L.50 at Beverley; the king's plate of 100gs, for mares, at York; and the gold cup, value 100gs, with 20gs in specie, at Boroughbridge.

BY OVERTON OR BENINGBROUGH.

1. Stapelton—afterwards Capias—Mr J. W. Wardell's, 100gs at Pontefract; Mr R. Wardell's, 25gs at Newmarket.

BY PATRIOT.

1. Discussor, Sir H. T. Vane's, 50gs at Newmarket.

BY PEGASUS.

1. Alonzo, Mr Brandling's, the ladies' plate at York.

2. Bay Horse, Mr Robertson's, 80gs at Lamberton, and 50gs at Edinburgh.

3. Hippomenes, Mr Forth's, 175gs at Egham.

4. Laura, Mr Coventry's, L.50 at Guildford.

5. Parnassus, Mr Douglas's, 50gs at Bibury, and L.50 at Stockbridge.

BY PETWORTH.

1. Iphigenia, Mr Kellermann's, 50gs at Worcestor.

BY PIPATOR.

1. Bay Colt—out of Serina—Mr W. Hutchinson's, L.50 at Richmond.

2. Bay Colt—out of Sandhopper—Mr Ord's, L.50 at Morpeth.

3. Chilton, Mr Harrison's, L.50 at Bibury, and the hunters' stakes at Oxford.

4. Remembrancer, Lord Strathmore's, the gold cup, value 100gs, and 20gs in specie, at Newcastle; the gold cup, value 100gs, and one of the subscription purses of L.268 15s at York; and 120gs at Pontefract.

5. Spitfire, Mr. Walton's, the king's plate of 100gs at Lincoln.

6. Spot, Mr Walton's, L.50 at Boroughbridge.

BY POT-EIGHT-O's.

1. Brown Gelding—out of Quiz—Mr Hallett's, L.76: 5s at Abingdon.

2. Bugbear, Duke of Grafton's, 200gs at Newmarket.

3. Enchanter, Lord Sackville's, L.38: 10s, being the second horse for the third class of the Oatlands' stakes, 100gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket.

4. Magpie, Mr Byndloss's, 100gs at Maddington.

5. Parasol, Duke of Grafton's, the second class of the Oatlands' stakes of 375gs, 100gs, 70gs, L.190, the king's plate of 100gs—in October—40gs and 200gs at Newmarket.

BY PRECIPITATE.

1. Bay Colt—out of Tag—Lord Egremont's, 200gs at Epsom.

2. Bay Colt—out of Colibri—Sir A. Don's, L.50 at Kelso.

3. Bay Filly—out of Catherine—

Lord Egremont's, 100gs, being the second for the Oaks' stakes at Epsom, and 50gs at Egham.

4. Bobtail, Mr F. Neale's, 500gs, 200gs, 60gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

5. Mary, Mr Kellermann's, twice L.50 at Oxford; L.50 at Leicester; and L.50 at Northampton.

6. Nitre. Mr D. Radcliffe's, 100gs, L.50, 90gs, and 50gs at Newmarket.

7. Virtuoso, Mr Panton's, 100gs at Newmarket; Mr Lake's, L.50 at Egham.

BY RESTLESS.

1. Bay Mare—out of Skipjack's dam—Mr R. W. Peirse's, 50gs at Catterick-bridge, and 80gs at Middleham.

BY ST. GEORGE.

1. True-Briton, Mr Mellish's, 50gs at Middleham.

2. Zodiac, Lord Darlington's, 600gs at Newmarket.

BY SCORPION.

1. Bay Gelding, Mr Oswald's, L.50 at Edinburgh.

BY SCREVETON.

1. Elemere, Mr Scrope's, 50gs at Kingscote.

BY SHIPTON.

1. Shiptonian, Mr Lupton's, L.50 at Carlisle.

BY SHUTTLE.

1. Gratitude, Mr G. Linton's, 60gs at Catterick-bridge; Mr J. W. Wardell's, 240gs at Doncaster.

[For the above interesting article, we are indebted to the York Herald, and the intelligent pen of the ingenious Mr. Pick.

MARKSMEN.

THE advantage of Marksmen in the Defence of this Country—By Captain Barber, Commandant of the Duke of Cumberland's Volunteer Corps of Sharp-shooters.

"Uninformed of any military exercise or manœuvre, strangers almost to the idea of hostile contention, what devastation did the woods-men of America exercise among our veteran troops by an expert use of the rifle! The yagers of Germany have not less signalized themselves. And frequent and memorable have been the achievements of individual huntsmen in arresting the progress of adverse armies; their name have hence become immortalized; and why should not the marksmen of Great Britain equally contribute to their country's defence? We have never found that foreigners succeeded better in bringing down a hare or a partridge than our own countrymen; and, without boasting, we may affirm, that no foreigner would more zealously and vigorously defend his home than our countrymen. It is evident, then, that all which is necessary to complete our defensive security, is a due appreciation of the value of marksmen, in the protection of a country so peculiarly adapted to that line of warfare, as our own inclosed and intersected island, and a proper stimulus to call the talent into effecient action. What a host of military marksmen might we turn out in our sportsmen and gamekeepers, were the practice of accurate ball-firing encouraged, even without the ordinary military training. Surrounded by every local advantage of information, friends, and support, how great would be their superiority to the stranger enemy's force of a similar description. Their utility would be great indeed: and, I have no doubt but that, if duly encouraged, the sharp shooters of England will prove themselves as conspicuous in their country's defence, as the rifle-men in America and the yagers of Germany have already proved themselves in theirs.

RAMBLE.

A RAMBLE
FROM
Tiverton to Exeter.

The Hornet's nest—The Fracas—The Gardens of Collipriest—Bickley Abbey—Silverton and Rew—The Polliard's Ode—A Storm before Harvest—Rights of Gleaners—A distant View of Exeter, &c.

Nor scorching sun, nor quick descending rain,
Can keep me from the pleasures of the plain;
Midst mouldering walls, o'erspread with moss, I go
To ask the dead what fashion fears to know;
Review the tales our Norman fathers taught,
When superstition fill'd the place of thought:
No ill designing, through the realm I trace,
Record the useful, and reject the base;
Let courtly wits my plain pursuits condemn,
Health bids me smile, and learn to pity them.

THE HORNET'S NEST.

IN the early part of my life, while yet a school boy, I remember withdrawing myself, one holiday, from my companions to stroll the hedges in search of a bird's-nest, when carelessly sitting on a stile I had to cross, I beheld a number of insects buzzing about the hole in an aged pollard. As they were passing and repassing with great swiftness, my curiosity led me to examine the cause; when taking a pronged stick from the fence, I mounted the hedge and began in haste to turn it round within the hollow. Suddenly the whole commonwealth were in an uproar, and bursting from the gate of their citadel like an army of demi-lances surrounded my defenceless head and pierced it in an hundred places: the agony I felt was too great to bear with patience; I flew to a neighbouring farm-house where the good wife beheld my condition with pity, and kindly annointed the punctures with honey and vinegar, good-naturedly observing she hoped in future I might keep out of the way of mischief, and never more disturb the hornet's-nest. Had I always remembered the advice of my gentle physician, I should not at this moment lament the pangs of an almost broken collar-bone and the smart of a wound of no inconsiderable magnitude, the consequent effect of my own neglect in

A DREADFUL FRACAS.

I had now paid my bill, and was just about to quit the town of Tiverton, when by an unusual alarm I was diverted to the kitchen. My landlady's two sons, were arrived from the plough field, and had demanded of the young woman of the house to fry them some eggs and bacon, which she, from an over attachment to other domestic concerns, did not seem in haste to comply with; the two hungry fellows had kicked and several times struck the girl to quicken her attention, and were proceeding in their brutality, when the cries of the poor wench brought from his forge, on the opposite side the way, a young blacksmith to whom Nelly was shortly to become a wife. At the instant I entered, all the parties were engaged in combat, and my landlady—a perfect needle-spitter—stood with a face like Gorgon, with the iron frying-pan in her uplifted hands eagerly waiting to cut down the too powerful knight of the hammer.

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose;

Seeing three upon one, I endeavoured, partly by force and persuasion, to separate the enraged combatants. At this unfortunate moment

the frying-pan descended, and missing the blacksmith for whom it was really intended, cut through the lobe of my right ear and penetrated my neck to the subclavius. At the appearance of my blood, as the parties had no serious cause of quarrel with me, the battle ended, and my landlady, after many awkward apologies, begged permission to dress my wounds: however, not till her two red-headed savages were completely discomfited, and the victorious blacksmith had led off in triumph the insulted girl of his heart. All matters being properly adjusted, and happy to be freed from another hornet's nest, I bade farewel to the town of Tiverton, and presently entered

THE GARDENS OF COLLIPRIEST;

The seat and domains of —— Winslow, Esq. and a most divine retreat for the valitudinarian, the scholar, and the man of pleasure; where the river Ex and the Lowman mingle their waters together, and flow, prattling, over a rough stony bottom through delicious pastures, to mingle, at seventeen miles distance, with the great Neptune. The grounds of Collipriest, are open at all times for the entertainment of the public, agreeably to the will of its former owner, but this indulgence, I am sorry to observe, is most shamefully abused by the low and the ungrateful—for such have broken down the fences, once the pride of the liberal donor—and they continue to rob the gardens of their produce, meanly defacing the beauties of the walks, turning that which was ornamental to deformity.

"It is the sport of a fool to do wickedly."

They have even besmeared the walls of his pavillion with indecent scrawls peculiar to brothel hunters, or the unpolished frequenters of a St. Giles's night-cellar. From these gardens I passed a very handsome bridge over the Ex to the high road, and took my way to

BICKLEY ABBEY,

A religious house greatly celebrated in church history; it is situated about four miles south from Tiverton, and the property of Sir Thomas Carew of the castle. This abbey is at present in a most delapsed state, yet venerable to a degree of admiration, exhibiting many beautiful remains of its former consequence. A part of it, however, is only inhabited by Farmer Jarman; to the civilities of whose good wife, I am indebted for many favours and much information, and whose luminous understanding in the antiquities of our country, convinces me that knowledge may be acquired as well in the cottage as the college. Among Mrs. Jarman's acts of kindness, she conducted me to a small chapel on the banks of the river Ex, just before the abbey gate—at this moment is now her cow-house—after many sensible observations on the mutability of human grandeur, the farmer's wife related the following instance of monkish imposition: —"The fraternity of Bickley," said she, "though placed in one of the most sequestered spots in all England, wishing to make as much noise in the world as their brethren of Glastonbury and the church at Exeter, caused it to be promulgated through the Christian world that so highly were they favoured by Heaven, that the Virgin of Bickley, by the Divine will, was seen continually in the spring to weep for the miseries and the sins of mankind, and that for men to behold her was certain absolution and release. This tale, sanctioned by such authority, brought wealthy devotees from distant parts in perpetual succession, to the great profit of

of these religious hornets, who, while they drew the honey from the hives of the artless bees, laughed in the cloister at their credulity. At length vaunting too loudly of their miracle and their prosperity, the church at Exeter determined to look the thing in the face, but more from jealousy than a desire to correct the imposition. To that end Leopricus, their principal, went with a powerful aid, and having suppressed the monstrous fraud at Bickley, returned with the grist the monks had accumulated, to bestow it on his own mill. The manner of conducting this fraud has something ingenious in it. The east end of the chapel was covered with a prodigious fine grape-vine, and close to the wall within was fixed the image of the virgin; through proper apertures in this wall, and through the wooden head of the figure, the tendrils of the vine, fresh cut every morning while the sap was rising, was artfully conducted by the priest who superintended the imposition to the eyes of the miraculous lady, and when the bigoted multitude were admitted, the tears of the vine were seen by them gently to trickle down the holy visage: being gratified, without suspicion, they made their offerings, and then retired to send a fresh supply of fools to fall down before this ligneous block of Bickley. The whole of this pantomime being thus laid open, the monks lost their reputation, and the place became again as silent and as little regarded as it had been at any former period. From Farmer Jarmans, I again passed the Ex to visit the pleasant town of Bickley, a place of no other celebrity than for its old church and its having been the rectory of the Rev. Mr. Theodore Carew, father of the eccentric Bampfylde Moore Carew, who was sent, at an early age, to the great school at Tiverton, where he acquired the learned languages and other useful knowledge; but being too much attached to the charms of the chase, Bampfylde killed a fine deer belonging to Col. Nutcombe of Clayhanger, when fearing the terrors of the law, he renounced all his rising prospects to fraternize with a society of western Polliards. In a short time he became their king, and presented them with a new code of laws by which they are still governed: after visiting Newfoundland and the whole coast of America, and undergoing as many changes as the fabled Proteus, he resigned his oaken garland and Egyptian sceptre to the powers who gave them, and retired to the post of greater honour, a private station.

It may not be amiss in this place to observe on the utility and construction of this rustic regalia. The oaken crown worn by the king of the Polliards, or gypsies, indicates that the functions of royalty are better performed in humble simplicity than in golden splendour; and the acorns and oak leaves that now adorn it at their summer meeting, denote that the farther from the bustle of great cities he fixes his throne the greater his happiness and security. The sceptre is composed of several long twigs tightly bound together, to denote also, that while his subjects are bound by one common interest they shall not be broken; but if separated, and pursuing each his individual interest to the prejudice of the whole, like a single twig of that sceptre he shall become an easy victim in the hands of his enemies.

SILVERTON AND REW.

Leaving the birth-place of the ingenious Bampfylde, I took through a charming sporting country, where

—as

—as the time was not yet arrived for exercising the fatal tube—the coveys were numerous and almost as easy to approach as the broods of domestic poultry; after a pleasant trip I entered Silverton, a place by no means corresponding with its brilliant name, but so gloomy, and in all respects so uninteresting, that I became singularly disgusted at a first sight of it; for I had never beheld so sudden a transition from rural simplicity to deformity. The houses are thatched in a disorderly way, many of them without windows towards the high road, and all of them built with yellow mud and chopped straw, and their walls held upright by the extremities of rough horizontal beams within, and these projecting extremities, of more than a foot long, are pinned without with coarse vertical wedges of the same material. Hurrying through Silverton, I presently arrived at Rew, a place, if possible, with less to recommend it than the latter, except its stilness, its ancient church; and, being the spot where I wind up the eventful history of the singular character I have before mentioned. Having first wisely secured an independency, it was to this village Mr. Carew peacefully retired, and where he finished his days in comfort, in the very bosom of that family which he was never known to desert. It was here his remains were deposited under a flat stone, with every respect and solemnity due to his honourable progenitors. To this stone, on the birth-day of their king, the Polliards constantly resort; and, having surrounded the grave of Carew, they strew it with flowers; and then sing, with good taste and measure

THE POLLIARD'S ODE.

FIRST VOICE.

Free from sorrow—free from care—
Free as water, fire, and air,
We, the motly sons of chance,
Round this hallow'd grave, advance.

CHORUS.

Thus! thus by love and duty led,
(All bowing.
We kiss the turf on Carew's head.

SECOND VOICE.

King of freemen thou shalt rise,
And find a crown in yonder skies;
While kings who govern'd slaves below,
Shall envy thee and sink to woe.

CHORUS.

Thus! thus, by love and duty led,
(All bowing.
We kiss the turf on Carew's head.

GRAND CHORUS.

Farewell! adieu! our king Carew,
And when the cuckoo sings again,
On ev'ry hill and ev'ry plain,
We'll seek the grave that holds our king,
And dress it with the sweets of spring.
[Exit singing.

They then hasten to the place appointed for their festivity, finishing their holiday with every mark of affection for their generous lawgiver.

As well as his enemies, Bampfylde had his eulogist, who has written as follows of our Devonshire hero:—"The characters that stood before him acted without disguise, he saw in little plain houses hospitality, charity, compassion, and the children of frugality; and found under gilded and spacious roofs, littleness, uncharitableness, and inhumanity. He saw servants rob their masters, and pride and envy trampling on what was more worthy than themselves. He saw truth sullied by hypocrisy. He met sometimes riches unattended by pomp, but diffusing themselves in numberless streams, conducted by the hands of two lovely servants, 'goodness and benevolence:' and he saw honesty, integrity, and greatness of mind, inhabit the humble cottages of poverty."—Thus

The

The scenes that cheques, often sweeten life;
And give a lustre to our setting sun.

A STORM BEFORE HARVEST.

It was the last day of July, and the farmers were preparing with alacrity to begin the harvest. One in this neighbourhood, greatly obnoxious to the labouring poor, had fixed a paper on a board over a gate next the high road that led to his corn fields, to inform the villagers that all persons found gleaning after the corn was off the ground, would be prosecuted with severity; and that a reward would be given to the informer. I had left Rew, and was mounting a slow rising hill, when there appeared before me a number of persons assembled in a very riotous manner. They had beat down the paper, and were execrating the surly farmer, just as I came towards them.—"Pray, my good fellow," I said, to one who appeared the most rational, "what is the cause of this intemperance?"—"The miserly owner of these fields has forbid the poor to glean; and we are going to cut down his gates and let in the hogs to feed, who are much better than himself."—I told him the man was certainly a brute, but thought he had a right to do as he pleased with his own; and I added, "You and your friends had better let his gates alone, for if they were committed to the county gaol by the justice, their labour would be lost to themselves, and a sad thing for their families; for, during the time of imprisonment, they might earn an hundred times the value of a few ears of scattered corn."—I was exceedingly happy to find my simple eloquence had some weight with them, for they answered they thought me right, and very quietly went towards the villages I had just left behind me.

THE RIGHTS OF GLEANERS CONSIDERED.

The right of gleaning, by the laws of this country, has been proved nugatory; but the custom has so universally prevailed throughout all the world, that it is nearly coeval with the creation itself, and the denial of it at a period of general distress must be doubly felt. That it is an indulgence from the grower must be admitted, and any abuse thereof by the parties deriving this advantage, deserves the severest punishment, and is equally indictable with any other offence against the statute law. From that regard to the preservation of his property, which is natural to every man, it becomes prudent the farmer should not expose its safety by permitting persons to glean before the shocks or sheaves are carried off the land; but humanity should also, on his part, incite him not to turn his hogs upon the stubble until after a certain period, that the poor may likewise

"Their scanty harvest pick."

A little conciliation on each side might reconcile the differences which have too long subsisted on the above subject, without material injury to either.

"Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder—that your sons may want—
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give."

A VIEW OF EXETER.

These beautiful thoughts of the divine Thomson filled my mind, as

I imperceptibly mounted to the summit of the high down before me, where, if I had any merit in being the instrument of peace, I was amply rewarded; for the objects that broke upon my sight were infinitely too many and too beautiful to recount. I beheld the city of Exeter, with all its turrets, principal of the scene; and the glittering currents of the river Ex, winding, like a silver serpent, to the sea; the distant towns and villages, though less in glory, yet equally charming, in subordinate succession.—"O, Gainsborough! my friend, and countryman," I exclaimed, "had thy pencil selected this expansion of beauties, our school of arts had been greatly enriched by the treasure."—After gazing a while and delineating the objects around me, I slowly descended the hill, for I was loath to part with such a treat from the hands of art and nature; and, after a ramble of thirteen miles, entered the great western city, whose corporation still holds the sword of the seventh Henry; proceeded to the inn I had been recommended to, where my reception was equal to my wishes; and, after refreshment, recorded these particulars

For you, immur'd within your city walls,
Doom'd but to hear the chiming of St. Paul's.

T. N.

THE LINEAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

(*Continued from page 262 of our last.*)

LETTER V.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE fallacy of promises have been long known, and have, perhaps, been as long the standing theme of shrewd and witty remarks. Among those who have been generally accused as the most notorious promise-breakers, none have been so generally censured as courtiers. When but little reliance can be placed upon any thing, the common observation is—'Tis like a courtier's promise.

That promises, though made with the greatest appearance of candour and sincerity, should frequently prove fallacious, will be a matter of no surprise to any one who maturely considers the circumstances annexed to situations and conditions, and the nature of mankind. There is, perhaps, more good nature in the human species than we are aware of. Men love to sooth the minds of those who are pining beneath disquietude, and eagerly gasping at enjoyments and situations out of their reach; and they promise relief to wants, and gratifications to desires; and, in the first ardour of friendship, engage their influence and assistance in the cause of the poor supplicant, whom they rejoice to behold on the pinnacle of hope. The petitioner is highly flattered and soothed; he sees no impediment to obstruct the realization of such promises and engagements—But he who so good naturedly and lavishly makes such promises, upon mature deliberation sees a thousand obstacles in their way; his want of sufficient consequence and influence; his want of convenient opportunity; the impropriety of making the request, &c. with an inconceivable train of punctilios, and precedent examples, which he is unable to obviate or surmount, but which did not occur at the moment of giving his promise. This is the case with most people, but with courtiers more particularly, who, being the best bred people in the world, cannot forego the pleasure of making the poor supplicant happy with a distant

tant prospect of desirable circumstances and gratifications: but it may be depended upon, that the man who has too much softness of temper and nature, and too much good breeding to repulse the poor supplicant with a plain and downright refusal, will be too compliant and well-bred ever to be importunate with his superior, in whose hands is lodged the power of conferring favours. We are not, therefore, to wonder that a long list of promises are daily lying upon the callendar, without having received redress, or of being much nearer the object in view than at first.

That which gave rise to the foregoing remarks, is in my second epistle. I promised, at least gave you some reason to expect in my third, what does not appear either in that or the fourth. Yet I had no design of amusing you with expectations that were to be frustrated; but, upon reviewing the scheme and plan of my undertaking, I found it necessary to observe method, and saw it adviseable to adhere to precedent examples and general forms.

Now, in all arrangements, the lowest order moves first; the lowest order forms the foundation; is the bulk and strength of the work. In all kinds of architecture the heavy materials form the cottage, the palace, and the cathedral; the lighter finish the fabric, when the decorator begins his ornamental touches, and completes the erection. In all processions there is a similar order or method observed: the multitude assemble first, and form a double wall for servants and attendants, who appear in the second order; and, lastly, appears the General, the Prince, the King, the Emperor, the Queen, or the Sultana. All things must move progressively, and according to established customs, which in general bear some analogy to the progress of nature.

In my anticipative ideas of the influence and consequences of the descent of the Nine Muses, or Musers. I thought it advisable to observe some order and method; to keep in view preceding examples, which have invariably been observed in other matters:—1st, The hawkers cry their small wares in numbers: 2dly, The mechanic advertises, in verse, the produce of his genius and industry: And, 3dly, comes on those who have houses and lands, manors, ancient seats, castles, &c. to hold forth to the public for sale. These gentlemen, it will readily be allowed, must form the first and chiefest order, or rank, among mere mechanical poets, as the description of the country and architecture falls to their province: and if a fiddle be the mother of music, the country is, surely, the father of poetry.

It has been particularly noticed by some periodical writers of celebrity, that auctioneers, and others, who have penned advertisements of the public sale of gentlemen's country seats, the wealthy tradesmen's pretty villas, the ancient halls, manors, castles, &c. of the gentry and nobility—that these kind of writers have discovered a peculiar happiness, and copious adaptation of the choicest epithets, and flow of energetic language, in describing the various beauties, many conveniences, and numerous desirable objects of the first moment that are annexed to each respective mansion, whether it be ancient or modern; remote, or in the vicinity of the great city; whether the architecture be gothic, or in the present refined taste of building. The above, with various other beauties of taste and judgment, desirable objects, and pleasing peculiarities of situation, with an in-

numerable list of *et ceteras*, have been so frequently and ably treated and illustrated by various advertisers, that it has, as before observed, attracted the cognizance and admiration of several writers of long standing celebrity. Since, then, advertisers of country seats, villas, ancient and modern mansions, manors, parks, gardens, lawns, lakes, rivers, grottos, ascents, descents, mountains, vales, cataracts, &c. &c. have so pleasingly and ably described and illustrated them in prose, what may we expect from a descriptive illustration of the same objects in poetic numbers! It is impossible to say, or even, by the assistance of the most fertile imagination, to anticipate the beauties and excellencies to which this species of poetical composition may arrive. Use, we know, makes perfectness: therefore the auctioneer in full practice will frequently have calls upon his genius and abilities in the fore mentioned objects. We may therefore look to meet with advertisements in the public papers describing mansions in a style and manner far superior to any former descriptions of the celebrated temples of antiquity. A modern gentleman's gardens and pleasure grounds shall now far surpass all that Milton has said of Paradise, when it was under the cultivation of our great progenitors and their celestial attendants; and even common dwelling-houses shall exceed all the temples and wonderful erections mentioned by Homer or Virgil. O that your poor cousin, Sophia, had the immortal genius of these great poets, that she might anticipate the wonderfully pleasing and striking effects which this descent of the Nine will have with the poets of this age. 'Tis temerity and arrogance to make the attempt; but I cannot forbear: pardon my presumption, and excuse all the defects you may meet with in the specimen which intreats for your approbation.

On June the twentieth will be sold,
By auction—as shall here be told—
A gothic mansion, large and high,
Whose towers prop the azure sky:
The chambers snug, in number nine,
And cellars three, for ale and wine.
The kitchen, pantry, larder too,
For families the first, will do.
The garrets are commodious rooms,
Too good for scullions and for grooms.
A dining-room, square, fifty feet,
Where thrice that number may take seat.
When sprightly youth would beat the air
On nimble feet, an hundred pair,
May front to front, and side to side,
Till ev'ry figure has been try'd.
Supported by carv'd cedar beams,
The walls with ancient stucco gleams;
And charming frescos doth invite
Attention, and impart delight.
Three parlours in the modern taste:
The hall it is a noble waste.
In front projects a portico,
That draws respect from friend and foe.
See balustrades the roof support;
Ionic pillars, too, escort.
Below, you may the rain evade,
When fine, above may promenade.
The court-yards clos'd around with walls,
As high as many common halls.
Well stock'd with ev'ry kind of fruit,
And these with ev'ry aspect suit;
North, east, and south, or stormy west,
Each kind is to its nature plac'd.
The trees for size are much renown'd,
Such fruit for flavour 's seldom found.
Large kitchen-garden, fifteen rood,
Abounds with ev'ry thing that's good.
A hot-house, with a thousand pine,
Where grapes get ripe at Christmas time.
A well-rais'd terras, long and gay,
Which to the green-house leads the way,
Where choice exotics, rich and rare,
With orange-trees, that always bear,
Grace ev'ry shelf, and which exhale
Perfumes as rich as Indian gale.
Umbrageous walks with these combine,
Where sun and stars do never shine,
Through which you trip it in the dark,
And soon are landed in a park
Of twelve miles circuit, stock'd with deer.
Trees that have stood two thousand year,
Will

Will strike the eye with admiration—
Such trees do honour to the nation:
Some think by Cæsar they were planted,
When he some slight amusement wanted;
Who, finding British valour great,
Concluded 'twas ordain'd by fate,
Britons should rule the fertile isle:
He strove his chagrin to beguile,
By planting oaks, his fame to spread,
And crown with laurel his bald head;
And shew some deed in Britain's land,
Beyond whatever others plann'd.
The river next does shew her face,
To crown the too enchanting place,
And give the landscape form and grace.
Her serpentineal way doth make,
And in a cascade joins the lake;
A lake that doth abound in fish,
And gives her owner many a dish
To grace his board, and treat his friends;
The rest he out for presents sends.
The prospect from the hill is grand,
Commands a view of sea and land
For sixty miles. Upon the seas
Large ships appear like birds and bees.
Upon the north huge mountains rise,
Their snowy summits hid in skies.
A hanging wood, as all allow,
The eastern slope lines to the brow,
Where foliage, olive, auburn, green,
Above each other's heads are seen:
So mingled is the pleasing shade,
It seems not art, but nature, made.
A spring does from the summit flow,
To fertilize the vale below.
And so salubrious is the stream,
That thousands yearly may be seen,
With joy t' approach the limpid rill,
They bliss the source, and drink their fill,
And bow their heads in sacred awe,
And from it health and vigour draw.
Conveniences we cannot name,
In silence we pass by the game,
Which round the premises doth fly
So thick, they darken half the sky;
The game, likewise, of nimble feet,
You may at every angle meet.
Choice neighbourhood of sporting bucks,
Who hunt the hare, and chace the fox.
A town in the vicinity,
Which each convenience can supply;
Stage-coach, and waggon, daily post—
A cryer to make known the loss
Of spaniel, pointer, horse, or hound—
He'll cry until the lost is found.
The market's good, and twice a-week,
And famous is for best of meat;
Fish of all kinds is thither brought,
Which for a trifle may be bought.
'Tis fit that we, too, just remark,
The great road runs half round the park.

There remains one specimen more for the pen of your poor Cousin, which, with a few references, shall be the subject of my sixth letter, which I promise to send you; but take notice, I do not say when, whether this year or next. In the mean while, dear Cousin, be as good as you can; fare as well as you can; dress as fashionably and elegantly as you can; say your prayers when you have time, or happen to think of it, and are in the humour for so pious an exercise; and do not retire to your closet too often to mourn over the thirteenth Psalm, which some term the Old Maid's Elegy; for I trust that neither of us shall be long forgotten or much neglected.

Your's, &c.
SOPHIA HEMISTIC.

SEDUCTION.

Court of King's Bench, Feb. 19.

SUTHERWOOD *v.* RAMSDEN.

MR. ERSKINE stated this to be an action for damages, for the loss of the service of the plaintiff's daughter, in consequence of her having been seduced and debauched by the defendant. The plaintiff was a custom-house officer, acting as a tide-waiter, whose business called him frequently on board ships in the river, and of course he was very much from his dwelling, which was near the church at Rotherhithe, where his wife helped to support their family by washing and mangling, and by which, with the help of their daughter, they contrived to make a creditable livelihood.—Here Mr. Erskine

kine stated the law, in this case, as it had been settled from the most ancient times to the present; the foundation of which was, not the crime of debauching the daughter, for that was a personal injury to herself, and the father had no action for it, but for the loss which the father sustained on account of being deprived of the services of his daughter, in like manner, as if he had lost the service of an apprentice, or any other servant; but although that was the foundation of the action, yet judges had never held juries to the strict sum which the father lost in monies, numbered by reason of the seduction of the daughter, but a certain liberal allowance was made for the nature of the injury. The defendant in this case was a man of the age of fifty, had an agreeable woman for his wife, and five children, met the plaintiff's daughter, who was of the age of twenty, was struck with her beauty, addressed her in praise of it, told her he should be extremely happy if she would live with him, that he was a single man, and would provide for her; to which she too readily listened, made an assignation to meet him the following day, and after a few meetings he prevailed on her to go away with him in a coach to the house of an acquaintance of his, where, in a few weeks, he deprived her of her innocence, and her family of their comfort. The jury were to say what damages such a person ought to pay after having heard the evidence of the young woman herself, who was a competent witness in this case, because the action was not her's but her father's.

Elizabeth Sutherwood said, she was the daughter of the plaintiff, who lived at Rotherhithe, and was a tide-waiter. That in December, 1802, she became acquainted with the defendant, Mr. Ramsden. She was going from her father's house to a gentleman's in Theobald's Road, on account of an annuity which her father had mortgaged of L.30 a year. She was met by Mr. Ramsden in Newgate-street. He stated to her that he was a single gentleman, and wished very much for her to go and live with him, and wished to know where she lived. She made an appointment with him to meet him on the Thursday following on London Bridge. He said that she should not repent meeting him; that he would make a settlement on her for life; and he wished to know the situation of her parents. She met Mr. Ramsden on London Bridge on Thursday, but did not tell her father she was going to meet him. She thought she was going to servitude. Her father asked her where she was going. She told him she had heard of a place and was going after it.—She left her father's house. Mr. Ramsden came to his appointment, and met her upon London Bridge, and took her into a coach, drove to the house of a Mrs. Bulmer, in Hoxton town, telling her he was taking her to a place where she should not be hurt, nor would he take her to a place of ill fame. Afterwards Mr. Ramsden and Mr. Allen took a house, where Mrs. Bulmer lived with Mr. Allen, and she with Mr. Ramsden. It was six weeks after he took her away before he became acquainted with her as a wife. Afterwards some words arose between her and Mrs. Bulmer, and Mr. Ramsden took her away, and she went under the care of her cousin to Bennet-street, and afterwards to Clipston-street. In the mean time she imposed on her parents, by causing a letter to be written to her father, saying, she had got a place in the house of Squire Stapleton, in Lincolnshire, and that she had availed herself of

an

opportunity of sending a letter by a fellow-servant who was coming to town, and would put it in the post office. She was in this situation for some months, but, after she had words with Mrs. Bulmer, she went and informed her mother where she was; and her mother and sister came to her and wished to reclaim her, but she declined it, and went to live in Bennet-street, under the direction of her cousin; where Mr. Ramsden visited her frequently, under colour of coming upon business to her cousin, but her parents did not know he came. She afterwards went to Clipston-street, and after living this life for a year and a half, she became pregnant, and the defendant came one day, gave her a pound note, promised to call again the next day, but never did; he then abandoned her altogether. Her landlord seized her goods for rent, and she became greatly distressed. Her father, all this while, never abandoned her totally, but sent her three or four shillings a week. She could earn a guinea a week while with her mother, and got about 10s. a week, when she left her family. Her father became embarrassed—her mother became cross and litigious as her business fell off; so that it was determined she should go to service. She swore positively the defendant was the only man she ever knew.

On her cross examination, she admitted that the first time the defendant spoke to her she listened to him with attention; he went with her from Newgate-street to Holborn-bridge; she then took hold of his arm, and they walked arm in arm together to Theobald's-road, where he waited for her ten minutes, and they walked back again, arm in arm to Tooley-street; that she knew he was going to take her into keeping, and she assented to it. That nobody attended her but a little boy to the stage coach with her box when she left her father's house, &c.

Mr. Garrow made an able speech for the defendant, whose conduct he did not justify; but, on the contrary, reprobated it; but submitted, that in this case the damages should only be the mere expence which the father had been at in supporting his daughter after the defendant left her, for she had been most willing to go with the defendant. That, in truth, the defendant was not her seducer, for that a young man, the mate of an Indiaman, had found his way into her bed. That she was told, before the defendant had knowledge of her, he was a married man; but that she did not mind that, being determined to live with him. That she had afterwards conducted herself meretriciously, &c. These considerations he submitted should make the damages merely nominal.

To support this case, Mary Bulmer was examined, and she swore that on the very first time the young woman came to her house with the defendant, she took an opportunity, when he was gone out, to ask her if she knew who and what he was? She said no; she did not care. The witness told her he was a married man, had an agreeable wife and five children, some as old as her, and that she must not look to him for support any long time; but she said that she was an unfortunate girl, that she had given up her virtue to a young man of the name of Thomas, was in the street without protection, and it was better for her to depend upon one gentleman than continue on the town, &c.

The cross-examination of this lady proved her to be a person of the same description she stated the plaintiff's daughter to be, but much

much older, and no great weight was attached to her evidence.

Mr. Allen, the friend of the last witness, gave evidence on the same points, and without better effect. He said the defendant as well as himself was a cow-keeper, had three score of them, but did not believe he was worth above L.1000.

Rebecca Brown, an unfortunate woman of the town, swore she saw the plaintiff's daughter in a brothel, but pretended to be a modest married woman, but this was long after her acquaintance with the defendant. She however positively swore she was never in the house mentioned by the last witness.

Mr. Erskine treated the defence as an infamous attempt to turn the defendant's iniquity to his own advantage.

Lord Ellenborough laid down the rules of law most ably to the jury, and observed it had been fairly stated by the learned counsel for the plaintiff, for the seduction of the daughter was not the foundation of the action, but the loss of her service; and yet it was fair to make some allowance for the peculiar nature of that service, and the service of a child was not like the service of a stranger. His lordship observed, however, that the plaintiff's daughter was abundantly willing to be seduced, and that must be considered in the quantum of damages.

The jury retired, and soon returned a verdict, damages L.300.

CRIM. CON.

Before Lord Ellenborough, Court of King's Bench, Feb. 18.

BLOXAM, v. GODDARD.

MR. CUMMINS stated, that this was an action against the defendant for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife, and the damages were laid at L.5000.

Mr. Erskine.—"The defendant in this case is a private soldier in the first regiment of guards; and as he does not appear by his counsel to make any defence, I shall think it necessary to occupy but a few moments of your time on this very melancholy subject. The plaintiff is an officer, a lieutenant in the same regiment to which the defendant belongs, and fills the office of veterinary surgeon. He married in the year 1797 a beautiful young woman, and had reason to have hoped for a very different scene than the one which has taken place. Notwithstanding the gallantry which is attributed to persons of the military profession, it is a truth generally admitted, that there is no society of men where gallantry less prevails than in that of military men in garrisons and camps. I can speak from my own recollection of former times, and I trust it is the same now, that, although I lived a number of years, during the early period of my life, in garrisons, and among officers in parts beyond the seas, and although the reputation of gallantry often precedes the act, and frequently takes place where there is no gallantry, because women often, from a levity of behaviour, incur the imputation where there is no guilt, yet I hardly ever heard of an instance where there was a report of gallantry between one officer and the wife of another. Much less did I ever hear of an instance like this, so destructive of all subordination in military life—an instance, in which the wife of an officer has stooped to be criminally connected with a common soldier, and the soldier has forgot every principle of honour, discipline, and moral duty. Such is the act we charge

charge against the defendant. As he does not appear, it is unnecessary to enter into any long details. I will merely state to you, that this lady went with another lady, under the pretence of visiting a niece at Hampton-court; that she took a chaise, but afterwards quitted it, in consequence of an assignation with the defendant and another soldier. They went to a house of public resort, called the George and Dragon, Kingston-hill, and there, I understand, Mrs. Bloxam and the defendant were detected in bed together. With regard to the damages, I have only to say this:—It is true, a private soldier cannot have the means of paying large damages; but your good sense will tell you, that a person of his description ought not therefore to go free. It is not to be permitted to a man of low condition to invade the domestic peace of his superior, and then to say that a jury ought not to give such damages as will have the effect of imprisoning him for life. Neither the law, nor your oaths, will sanction such a principle. It is a matter which deeply imports society. The plaintiff has sustained an injury, which it is your duty to redress."

Mrs. Field said, she was acquainted with Mrs. Bloxam before her marriage; her maiden name was Mary M'Lean. She was present at her marriage with the plaintiff at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She witnessed the register. She afterwards knew the plaintiff and his wife for three or four years. Mr. Bloxam conducted himself affectionately. They had three children, and appeared to live happy.

The Earl of Harrington stated his knowledge of the plaintiff, Mr. Samuel Anthony Bloxam, the veterinary surgeon of the first regiment of Life Guards. He considered him as a perfectly good character, but knew nothing as to the manner in which he lived with his wife. The defendant Goddard was a private soldier in the same regiment.

Mr. White said, he knew the plaintiff and his wife. He had had frequent opportunities of seeing them together. The plaintiff always appeared to conduct himself like a tender husband.

Elisabeth Haines lived as servant at the George and Dragon at Kingston-hill. She remembered on the 18th of June last, two ladies coming to the house. It was in the afternoon. They came by themselves, and asked for a room. The witness shewed them into a parlour, but that was not private enough. She shewed them into another, the long dining-room up stairs. Two men came afterwards, apparently Gentlemen, dressed in coloured clothes. They were shewn up stairs. The ladies had had tea before the gentlemen came. The witness was called up stairs to take the reckoning, and found the two ladies and gentlemen together. She went up stairs again to take away the tea-things, and the company were missing. They were in the bed-room, opposite the long room. The witness was curious to see where they were, and she tried the door, but it was fastened. She looked through the key-hole, and observed a gentleman's hat and a lady's bonnet on the table. She looked strait forward, and saw Mrs. Bloxam and the defendant on the bed together. They were in a very indecent posture, and she had no doubt as to their being criminally connected.

John King said he was employed in June last at the stables of the Duke of Gloucester, at Hampton-court.

court. He now knew a lady of the name of Mrs. Bloxam. He saw her on the 18th of June. She came down to Hampton-court with another lady of the name of Mrs. Wale. They came to him at the stables, and asked him to take care of a horse and chaise till they should return. They said they were going to the Toy, and from thence to Hampton. They went away. He saw them again at six o'clock, at the George and Dragon, at Kingston-hill. He drove the chaise to the house, and asked if two ladies were there. He was told they were. He sent word that the chaise was ready, and they desired him to wait. He did wait some time, and at last saw the same two ladies. He perceived a man with them, who looked like a gentleman. He was dressed in a blue coat, and nankeen pantaloons. The gentleman seemed quite confused; he was all in a heat; all parties appeared confused. The ladies asked him if he knew the people of the house. They said they had been used uncivilly. This was about ten o'clock. He had since understood that the incivility complained of consisted in the demand of a gratuity, in consequence of the chambermaid having seen something improper.

Edward Dallor, a private soldier in the first regiment of guards, was examined, after having been informed that he would not be asked any questions which would have a tendency to extort any confession with regard to himself. He said, the defendant was a soldier in the same regiment to which he was attached. He remembered going with him to Kingston-hill, in June last. They went to the George and Dragon, and were at first shewn into an empty room. They afterwards saw Mrs. Bloxam; there was another lady with her. Mrs. Bloxam and Goddard left the room for about twenty minutes, more or less. He did not know whether Goddard went purposely to meet the lady. The witness did not know she was to be there. He heard a noise with the girl of the house after Mrs. Bloxam and Goddard came out of the bed-room. He understood it was in consequence of her asking to be paid something for the bed-room. This was the whole of the evidence. There was no defence.

Lord Ellenborough.—"Gentlemen, the identity of the parties having been established by the evidence of the servant girl, we can have little doubt that the criminal act took place between this woman and the Life guard's-man. The only question, therefore, for your consideration is, the amount of the damages. It has been truly observed, that the situation in life of a defendant in an action of this kind, ought not to regulate the measure of your damages; because, if it was otherwise, every man who has no fortune might commit the injury with impunity. But, at the same time, you ought to consider, that this woman must have been a woman of very loose and depraved habits to stoop to the embraces of a common soldier; therefore the value of the society of such a woman must be less than if she had been of a chaste disposition, and had had her virtue seduced. Here it appears she was the party seducing, rather than the object of seduction. The plaintiff is, however, entitled to fair damages, and such, and no other, I am persuaded he will receive at your hands."

The Jury consulted a few minutes, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with L.50 damages.

CRIM.

CRIM. CON.

Before Lord Ellenborough and a Special Jury, Guildhall, March 2.

CAPTAIN GARDNER, *v.* JADIS, ESQ.

MR. CUMMINGS opened the pleadings, which stated, that this was an action for criminal conversation between the defendant and the plaintiff's wife, in which the plaintiff had laid his damages at L.20,000: to which the defendant had pleaded Not Guilty, whereupon issue was joined.

Mr. Erskine opened the case for the plaintiff to the following effect:

"Gentlemen of the Jury.—This action is brought by the Honourable Allen Hyde Gardner, a captain in his Majesty's navy, and son of that gallant and meritorious officer, Admiral Lord Gardner, who has long vindicated the honour of his country, and who is now advanced to a peerage; and it is among the most afflicting parts of this case—if indeed one part can be more afflicting than another in a case of this description—that in consequence of the connection which has taken place between the defendant and the wife of the honourable captain, and which connection is the cause of this action, there has been issue; that unless the evidence which shall come before you to-day should be fortified hereafter before another jurisdiction, by which that issue may be bastardized, it will inherit all the honours that have been conferred on that great admiral in consequence of the services to which I have alluded, and which, however, he has so well deserved; so that I am persuaded that every well-disposed mind must feel a considerable leaning against such an unfortunate consequence; and I am extremely happy to see from my instructions of what the evidence will be, that the fact of illegitimacy of the issue will be made out without any kind of controversy. Gentlemen, Captain Gardner was married to his lady at Madras, in the East Indies, in the month of March 1796. She was the daughter of a Mr. Adderley, by his wife, who on his death married Lord Hobart. The plaintiff and his wife were married, as I have said already, at my Lord Hobbart's house, at Madras, who was then the governor of that settlement. One gentleman who will be called to you, Sir Alured Clarke, was present at the ceremony; and I understand that the happiness of this couple was uninterrupted until their unfortunate separation. By unfortunate separation I do not mean by the act of the defendant, but from the plaintiff being called abroad in the service of his country, and which, although honourable to the plaintiff, was yet so far unfortunate, that it led to the crime of which we are now complaining. Captain Gardner having been thus abroad, returned to England from the East Indies with his wife, in the year 1797. They remained together until May 1799, and indeed some time afterwards; but at that period Captain Gardner was appointed to the command of his Majesty's ship the Ruby, and afterwards to the seventy-four gun ship the Resolution, whose station was in the Channel with the grand fleet. Up to this time the greatest harmony had subsisted between the plaintiff and his wife; and such was her apparent affection for her husband, that on the ship's coming into port—as we see every day ships of war doing, to refit, after encountering storms, tempests, and other perils of the sea—no sooner did she hear of her husband's ship

coming into port, than Mrs. Gardner put herself into a mail-coach to join her husband, with whom she staid, apparently with perfect affection, while the ship remained in harbour; and, on the sailing of the ship, she returned to London, to a place provided for her in his absence, with every thing fitting for her honourable station. About the 5th or the 7th of January, no matter which, Mrs. Gardner came on board the ship of which her husband was commander, which was called the Resolution, to see her husband; that was in the year 1802—and remained on board until the 30th of the same month. She staid in the ship until she got from Spithead, opposite to Portsmouth, to Saint Helen's, which is the eastern point of the Isle of Wight, and then she parted from her husband, went on shore, and returned to London, and Captain Gardner sailed finally from England about the 7th of February, and it was impossible that this lady could afterwards have seen her husband until the month of July in the year 1802, the period of his return, which was about the end of that month. He found Mrs. Gardner was pregnant. The length of time she had been pregnant could not be known to him. He was at that time considered by medical persons to be in such ill health that she could not cohabit with her husband, and Captain Gardner went to sea again, and afterwards found by information that his wife had been delivered of a male child on the 9th of December 1802; so that it was impossible Captain Gardner could be the father of that child; for she went on board the ship to him in the month of January, and quitted the ship on the 30th; or if she remained on board until the 7th of February, when the ship sailed, it was the latest time, and she was not delivered until the 9th of December, in the same year, a period of forty-four weeks and three days, if you take the time at which she left the ship: but if you take the time, not from the period at which she did actually leave the ship and return to London, but from the time of the husband going abroad on the ship sailing, there will be a period of forty-three weeks and three days between that and the time of her delivery; so that either period is much beyond the time—even making allowances for those complaints, which, by the way, generally end in immediate death—of the gestation of a woman by the law of nature. There have been controversies of this kind determined in our courts of law, and faithful reports of them are to be found in our ancient books as far back as the time of Edward the Third; and there were several of them in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They are well collected and brought together by the learned Mr. Hargrave, in his late edition of Coke upon Littleton, where the period of human gestation is stated at forty weeks and ten days, which is forty one weeks and three days. That is stated to be—*post ultimum tempus partus natura.*—But, independent of that, I shall be able to establish, if not here, certainly before another tribunal, that it is impossible Captain Gardner can be the father of that child, and that the defendant, by his own confession, is the father, by this unhappy lady. Gentlemen, it would be wasting your time to enter into a detail of the nature of the injury which the plaintiff has sustained in this case. He was married to a beautiful woman, and I am ready to admit, that when a man is called, as a military man or a naval officer, away from such a wife, in the service of his country, it is a misfortune to him, rather than an advantage, as far as regards

regards the chance of the constancy of his wife; for when he has an opportunity of attending and protecting her, and performing all the duties of a husband, he must be more secure in the preservation of her honour; and, unquestionably, the beauty of a woman is matter of great moment and satisfaction, and, I may say, the pride of a husband, while her virtue is entire: but a woman of extraordinary beauty, which I understand this lady to be, in this great town in which we live, unfortunately without the protecting presence of her husband, fortunately and glorious to the character of that husband, as he acquired laurels in the service of his country; yet unfortunate in respect to the honour of his wife; and that beauty was her misfortune. To state the precise period when the intimacy between this unhappy lady and the defendant commenced, is beyond our power; but I will prove the adultery to your perfect satisfaction.

Sir Alured Clarke, examined by Mr. Dallas, proved the marriage of the plaintiff and his wife, which took effect at Madras, in the church of St. George, at which Lord and Lady Hobart were present. It was in the year 1796.

Cross examined by Mr. Garrow. —I do not recollect seeing them together in England, but I have seen them both. She was certainly very young, and very handsome. I do not know the defendant at all.

Susan Baker examined by Mr. East.—"I lived servant with Mrs. Gardner in July 1801. I was not, at first, the maid who attended her person. I did not attend her as her own maid, until near August in the same year. I went down to Portsmouth with her to see Captain Gardner, who was going to the West Indies. We staid there a week—he came on shore to her. During the time I saw them together, they appeared to be very fond of one another. I afterwards went with Mrs. Gardner to Brockton, in Staffordshire, from Portsmouth, to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Woolsley, where we staid about three months. During that time I saw Mr. Henry Jadis in the house; he was a visitor there, but I had no opportunity of observing his conduct towards Mrs. Gardner there. I slept at some distance from my mistress. Mr. Jadis's bed-room was near that of my mistress. When we left that place, we came to town; I accompanied my mistress. I saw Mr. Jadis afterwards in about three weeks. He came frequently to visit my mistress. There was a correspondence between them by letters."

Mr. Garrow.—"You must not talk of letters unless you produce them."

Witness. We did not hear any thing of Captain Gardner until he came into Plymouth, which was, I think, in July.

Q. "Did you ever see Mr. and Mrs. Gardner together from the time you parted from him at Portsmouth, until he came back from his voyage?"

Lord Ellenborough.—"That relates to a subject which is extrinsic of this issue."

Mr. Erskine.—"My Lord, I know that when a bill of divorce comes before Parliament, the minutes of this trial will be looked into, and I am anxious to establish the time during which Captain Gardner had no cohabitation with his wife, because that will have a material effect on the decision respecting the birth of the child. I am anxious, therefore, that these facts should appear upon your Lordship's notes."

Lord Ellenborough.—"If the House of Lords will look into my

notes for evidence on that subject, their Lordships will look for what they ought not to find; for the evidence now proposed would only go to establish an act of adultery with *somebody*. That is not the issue we have to try. The issue is on the act of adultery between the plaintiff's wife, and the defendant upon this record."

Mr. Erskine.—"I can prove to a letter what I have stated to the jury: that which your Lordship rejects, we must prove before another tribunal."

Mr. Garrow.—"I am the less anxious about it, when I see who is to decide this cause; otherwise I ought to have taken an objection to this sort of evidence."

Lord Ellenborough.—"Whoever is the father of the child is nothing to this defendant, until you affect him by proof of adultery."

The witness proceeded.—"Before I attended my mistress to see my master at Plymouth, Mr. Jadis had been in the habit of seeing her from time to time. I remember, on one particular occasion, his coming to the house, and her going up stairs to him. I was up stairs one day, and Mr. Jadis was with my mistress. I was sitting in her bed-room. She came up and said—"She came to look for a fan. She desired me to go down stairs and fetch her some broth."—I went, and staid down stairs while the broth was warming. When I returned, I found them in the drawing-room. I went immediately into the bed-room, and observed the bed to be very much tumbled. The bed was not in that state before I went down stairs. When I went down stairs for the broth, I left them in the bed-room; when I came up again, I observed that one of the blinds of the window was down.—In January 1802 we went down to Portsmouth, in consequence of some information which my mistress received, and found Captain Gardner there; his ship was come in. We staid there near a month on board the Resolution. When we left Captain Gardner, we went to Fareham in our way to town. My mistress's brother came down, and was on board with her. I did not see Captain Gardner until the July following; but between the time we left him on board the Resolution, and July, I never saw any thing of him. After we returned to town, I saw the defendant, Mr. Jadis, frequently; he used to visit my mistress in Portugal-street, where her house was. I have known her go to him in Conduit-street, which was my Lord Strathmore's. She used to go to dinner there; she used to come home very late; sometimes at four o'clock in the morning. When Mr. Jadis was with my mistress, the door used to be locked; not in her own house, but at my Lord Strathmore's. These visits were very frequent, and they used to stop a long time together. I remember when Mr. Jadis was at my mistress's house, Lord Hobart calling in Portugal-street. Mr. Jadis left the room when my Lord Hobart came up stairs. Mr. Jadis went into the back room, and he did not make his appearance while my Lord Hobart was there. When Captain Gardner returned in July 1802, he was very ill, and the Doctor of the ship was obliged to come up with him. At the time of his return my mistress was in a state of pregnancy. Captain Gardner did not sleep with my mistress when he returned; the reason was, he said, that the Doctor ordered him not to sleep with her.

Mr. Garrow.—"This is not evidence."

Lord Ellenborough.—"Yes, I think

think it is, being an explanation accompanying an act. I think my Lord Kenyon went rather farther than this in receiving evidence. The state of the health of the party, is a fact, and this is a reason accompanying that fact: but, however, we are not here on that part of the case to which this evidence applies; for it is for Parliament to say, whether the issue shall be bastardized or not. The question here is simply—Whether this defendant has committed the adultery stated upon this record? But have you any other fact, Mr. Erskine, on the subject of the adultery?

Mr. Erskine.—"O yes, my Lord."

The Witness—"After July, I never saw my mistress and Captain Gardner together—I saw Mr. Jadis and my mistress in bed together in South Audley-street, in Captain Gardner's house.—It was after Captain Gardner returned, it was about December, as near as I can recollect. It was after she was brought to bed. Mrs. Gardner was brought to bed on the 8th of December. I cannot say how soon after Mrs. Gardner was brought to bed, that I saw her and Mr. Jadis in bed together; it was about five or six weeks afterwards. She used to come home from my Lord Strathmore's about three or four o'clock in the morning—she has staid there all night. I have been at the door, and she has told me so. I have received orders from her, when I left her there, to come and meet her the next morning, sometimes in Grosvenor-street, and sometimes in South Audley-street. When she used to meet Mr. Jadis at my Lord Strathmore's, my Lord Strathmore's family was not in town. Mr. Jadis's servant used to let me in, when I knocked at the door.

Cross examined by Mr. Garrow.—"She staid out somewhere all night frequently; but I never went in the morning and found her at Lord Strathmore's. We continued at Mr. Woolsley's for three months, then we came to town; but we had not been a very long time in town, before that circumstance occurred; about six weeks, I believe. Captain J. Gardner, and Mr. Jadis were not at all acquainted, to my knowledge; I never saw them together on any occasion. I never saw Mr. Jadis in Mrs. Gardner's company, in the presence of Captain Gardner; nor in the presence of Captain Gardner's relations, or her relations. Mr. Jadis is a very young man; but I cannot say what age he is.

Admiral Caldwell examined by Mr. Erskine.—"I am acquainted with Captain Gardner, and have been ever since he was an infant.—I was not in the East Indies when he was married.—I was anxious to see him, and I did see him during his residence in England; frequently after his marriage. I saw him before he was appointed to the command of the Ruby, and afterwards to the Resolution.—I saw him hundreds of times; and I saw Mrs. Gardner almost every time I saw him, except when I happened to meet him in the street.

Q. You thought her a very beautiful woman, I believe, Admiral?—A. I did not think her as handsome as others did.

Q. Did it appear to you that they were affectionate to one another?—A. Most certainly, without a doubt, because for one year they lived next door to me in Charles-street, Berkley-square. I recollect Captain Gardner going to the Ruby, but I cannot say what time; and I recollect perfectly, he went into the Resolution, in the Channel, afterwards; but when he went abroad I cannot recollect. Mrs. Caldwell

Caldwell used to visit Captain Gardner and his lady, and they visited our house, and have had card-parties like other visitors.

Mr. Garrow commenced the defence in the following speech:

"Gentlemen of the Jury.—I have the misfortune on this occasion to be one of the counsel for this unfortunate defendant, and I shall give you very little trouble in this case, because I know your good sense and moderation in the administration of justice; for although you must find a verdict for the plaintiff, I am quite sure you will not give outrageous damages, so as to ruin my client, which would be the inevitable consequence of very large damages. Gentlemen, it has been the fashion, of late years, to give very large damages in actions of this nature. I am not disposed to quarrel with those verdicts. I think that in a great many instances they were well founded. When you see an artful man going through a plan of the seduction of his friend's wife, availing himself of the advantages which the laws of hospitality afford, to gain an ascendency over the affections, and then to debauch the wife of the friend of his youthful days; pretending extraordinary friendship for the husband, affecting more than common sentiments of morality, or the like: In all these cases, damages are, and ought to be, considerable; but this is a case in every respect directly the reverse of any of these.——You find a very young man coming into the company and acquaintance of a very beautiful young woman; left without any friend to take care of her, as appears on the evidence before you; and, as my learned friend, Mr. Erskine, most truly states, it was the misfortune of her husband to be obliged to leave her, and she is left entirely to herelf, at an age, and under circumstances, most likely to produce the very misfortune which has happened. To prevent her falling into this misfortune, she ought to have had the care, if not of her husband, yet of somebody to keep her out of the way of temptation. Instead of which, we find her on a visit in the country, and this very young man, then scarcely of age, has an opportunity of being in her company. Her manners were engaging as her beauty was admirable. They were much together, but not from any preconcerted artifice of this defendant. And while they were together at Mr. Woolsley's, you find that the conduct of this young man was exemplary—no attempt was there made to seduce her. He was afterwards surrounded by temptation; in every hour he was assailed by the force of liveliness and beauty. They come to town; they meet at the opera, and other places of gay resort. She meets him at these places—she is alone in this dissipated town, without a guide—he visits her at her house, and she, unfortunately, returns his visits, and this leads to the consequences we lament; but here is no plan of seduction laid—no friendship betrayed—for it does not appear that this young man ever spoke to the plaintiff, or to any of his relations, or of hers. Why then, gentlemen, have I not a right to ask, whether this is not a very unfortunate case on the part of the defendant? Whether he has not fallen under a temptation that would, perhaps, have been too much for more experienced persons than himself. If this be the complexion of his case, you will not punish him too severely. These are the observations I have to make, and I now commit my client to your moderation and your justice, which, in this case, are convertible terms. I do not apologize for him, he certainly

certainly is guilty of doing what he should not do, and what the law prohibits; but he was in a situation that exposed him to a temptation which could hardly be resisted. He has fallen under the temptation, as almost any other man, under the same circumstances would have fallen."

Lord Ellenborough then addressed the jury as follows:

"Gentlemen of the Jury.—In this action Captain Gardner seeks to recover damages for an injury he has sustained by the act of the defendant, which is, that of a criminal correspondence with his wife. As to the fact of the adultery there is no doubt, independent of the circumstance of their being found in bed together after she was delivered of a child in December, 1802. The intercourse which took place between them at her house in Portugal-street, when the maid was sent down for the broth proves it; for, it appears, that when she came back, she found the bed-cloaths tumbled; that could hardly leave a rational doubt of the act of adultery; and you observe that the blind of the window was shut, and nobody else had been in the room. These circumstances hardly leave any doubt that a criminal intercourse took place between them at this time. We have not any evidence of any real arts of seduction, by which her virtue was undermined—she appears to have been at the house of Mr. Woolsley for three months while the defendant was there. Whether what afterwards happened was owing to any artful advances on his part, or blameable facility on hers, does not appear; but it does appear that she had not the ordinary precaution of putting the bedcloaths in order, or to put back the blind of the window, after what had happened; from which we ought to conclude that she was not, at that time, a woman of any considerable reserve, or care of her character, since she suffered her servant to see what had passed, and hardly left any room for doubt of her criminal intercourse. The visits also which she paid to the defendant at Lord Strathmore's; her staying there until four in the morning; and her woman seeing her in the street after she had been out, or at least from home all night, are points to be considered; for all this shews the conduct of a woman who has taken leave of her reputation. This is an action for the loss of the affection of a wife, and the amount of that loss ought to be estimated by the value of that affection, which is in proportion to the virtue of that wife before the act of adultery was committed. If you think, from the evidence, that she was a woman of wanton manners, who might have yielded as much to the advances of any one, as she did to this defendant, or was as ready to meet him as he was to address her, in that case, her character will go in mitigation of damages, and mix in your consideration of the case. You will consider whether this be a case of an aggravated kind, by undermining the virtue of a woman who was then under the ordinary protection of the law, when her husband left her, not on an idle pursuit of pleasure, but in consequence of being called abroad in the necessity of the public service—or the mere misconduct of the defendant, without any circumstances of aggravation. You will consider what damages are necessary for the injury done to the plaintiff in respect to such a wife as this.

M. Barnewell, one of the jury, observed, there was no evidence what were the circumstances of the defendant.

Lord

Lord Ellenborough—"I think that ought not to mix in your consideration, because the question is, what is the amount of the injury done to the plaintiff, not what are the circumstances of the defendant."—Verdict for the plaintiff—damages one thousand pounds.

Certificate from the judge that the cause was fit for a special jury.

OUT OF PLACE;
OR,
THE LAKE OF LAUSANNE.

THIS new Musical Farce, the avowed production of Mr. Reynolds, was brought out at Covent-Garden, on Thursday April 31. The scene is laid in Switzerland, and the following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Vancenza	Mr. Hill
Old Valteline	Mr. Simmons
Young Valteline	Mr. Braham
Cavalier Pomposo	Mr. Blanchard
Timothy	Mr. Fawcett
Lauretta	SignoraStorace
Cicely	Miss Waddy.

The plot is briefly this:—The piece commences with Old Valteline turning away his servant Timothy, and refusing to give him a character. Timothy in vain reminds him that he expects Cavalier Pomposo every moment, to inquire if he be the excellent servant he had that morning described himself to his niece. Old Valteline still refuses to give him a character, and leaves him. Timothy, according to his usual custom, sits down at his master's toilet, and begins shaving himself before he goes. At this moment Cavalier Pomposo enters, and Timothy being in the suds, he mistakes him for Old Valteline. Timothy perceiving this, gives his own character; the Cavalier hires him, and, through the rest of the piece, Timothy is involved in equivoque with his two masters. Young Valteline is enamoured of Lauretta, niece to Pomposo, and becomes finally united to her, after having made his escape from the prison in which he is confined, in consequence of being denounced a traitor by the Swiss Council.

Although this little piece is not very abundant in incident, yet it afforded great satisfaction from the first scene to the conclusion: the embarrassment of Timothy kept the audience in excellent humour. There were some hits against persons in and out of place, which were much relished: the story of putting the *cat* into the Court of Chancery convulsed the whole house with laughter.

There were no less than six *encores* in the course of two short acts. Braham has two delightful airs: the first, composed and sung by himself, descriptive of that celebrated incident in Swiss history, the achievement of William Tell, is esteemed a master-piece—see poetry—The second describes the fate of one of the patriot band, who died in defending the liberties of his country. They were both sung with the most affecting expression, and were enthusiastically encored. Storace and Hill were also encored, and very much applauded. Hill combined great taste and feeling in his airs.

The entire comic effect of the piece rests upon Fawcett, who sustained it with infinite ability. His *almanack* song is likely to become as popular as any he has ever sung.

This little drama possesses considerable merit in the rank of afterpieces, and is very much superior to what has been commonly denominated *farce*. The music is very pleasing, though perhaps not very new; and the performers did ample justice to their characters.

BOXING.

BOXING.

SPRAY & THE GAME CHICKEN.

ON Monday, March 11, the fight, which has been so anxiously looked for, and on which some thousands were depending, between Pearce the Game Chicken, and Elias Spray, a coppersmith, was decided in Molesworth Meadows, Surry, opposite the town of Hampton.

The Chicken is a well-known adept in the art of pugilism; for if sparring, clean stopping, and hitting hard, be accomplishments in the art, he may safely be accounted equal to any man who may accept a challenge. Elias Spray is a man half an inch shorter than the Chicken, although he is one stone and a half heavier. He is unknown to the pugilists of the metropolis; but the many successful battles he has fought at Bristol and other parts of the West of England, has placed his name as high among the pugilists of those parts, as ever was that of Belcher in London.

It was not known where this contest would be decided, till the morning of the day on which it took place, at eleven o'clock, when the amateurs of the art of pugilism met at an inn at Hampton, and, after holding a conference for about half an hour, it was understood that the fight would take place in Molesworth Meadows, immediately across the water. Numberless spectators had followed the procession from town in vehicles, &c. Those who attended in the vehicles repaired speedily to Hampton Court, where they passed over the bridge, and proceeded to the seat of action, while the pedestrians seized the boats, planks, tubs, &c. and crossed the river. During this aquatic struggle, one of the small boats being overloaded, sunk, and emptied its contents into father Thames, and consequently many received a severe ducking, and some were nearly drowned. These momentary difficulties being overcome, and the pedestrians being safely landed, a ring was formed, around one staked in of twenty feet, wherein the pugilists performed. The Chicken first entered the ring, and threw off his hat; the Coppersmith soon after followed and stripped for action.

The following was the order of current betting—Seven to four on the Chicken. Level betting, that the fight did not last twenty-five minutes, and ten to one that Spray did not beat his man in half an hour.

1st Round. After some sparring, Spray made a short hit, and received a knock-down blow.

2. Some hard blows—Spray hit the Chicken in the breast—Chicken rallied, and again knocked down his man. Odds nine to four.

3. Spray fought well—Both closed and fell.

4. Several very hard blows were attempted by Spray; but they fell short, and he received a cross-buttock.

5. Spray distressed—Chicken displayed the art to perfection, knocked down and laughed at his man.

6. Very sharp fighting on both sides—Chicken threw his man, after having received a blow on the stomach.

7. Chicken appeared the worse for the hit, and made an unsuccessful blow, and fell. Odds two to one.

8, 9, 10, and 11th rounds, were in favour of the Chicken, without any particular blows.

12. Spray made some very resolute hits; they, however, generally fell short—Chicken at length

received a blow on the nose, and fell.

13. Chicken very bloody—Spray made a short blow, and fell.

14. Chicken met his man vigorously, and gave him a blow which, it was supposed, had broken his jaw. Odds ten to one.

15. Spray was knocked down without ceremony.

16. A very hard round—Spray exerted himself to the utmost, and aimed some well-directed blows; but the Chicken at length closed, and gave him a second cross buttock.

17. Spray, very much fatigued, attempted to rally his opponent; but he received a hard blow on the temple, from which he never recovered.

18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23d rounds, were in favour of the Chicken, and the odds were fifteen and twenty to one.

24. Spray feebly opposed his antagonist; but the Chicken displayed unprecedented science, and laughed at the attempts of his opponent.

25, 26, and 27th rounds, were not worth noticing—Spray was knocked down instantly.

28. Spray was scarcely able to stand; but he summoned the little strength he had left, and faced his man in the best manner. The Chicken, however, played with him, and after a while he gave him a clean hit off his legs.

29. This round ended the fight, for Spray was scarcely able to walk to his man, who pointed at him, and knocked him down.

Immediately after Spray relinquished the contest, the Chicken leaped over the ropes that made the ring, and retired amongst his friends. After having reclined a few seconds on the ground, he joined his companions, and rode home in a single-horse chaise, without bearing marks of the action.

The fight lasted thirty-five minutes. Maddox and Hall seconded Pearce; and Wood and Mountain seconded Spray.

After the fight was settled, —— Cart, a Birmingham hero, challenged the Chicken, which was accepted, and fifty guineas was staked to fight for within six weeks.

JEMMY FROM TOWN AND OLIVER.

ON Monday morning the 18th, a very hard pitched battle for forty guineas, was fought at Wilsdon Green, between Jemmy from Town and George Oliver, pugilists of notoriety. This match was made a month since, in consequence of Jemmy having openly challenged and ridiculed his opponent, and the stakes were deposited by the parties. Jemmy from Town, if not a pugilist of the first rate, possesses many accomplishments in the pugilistic art. He is a long-reached man, who is noted a right-hand rallier, and who will take a considerable deal of beating. Oliver is a lesser man considerably than his antagonist, but he is a well-known scientific fighter, and a man capable of beating any man in England of his weight. On Saturday night cuts were drawn by the pugilists who should fix the seat of action, which was won by Oliver, who fixed on Wilsdon. At eleven o'clock the combatants entered the ring, accompanied by their seconds, Tom Jones and Blake for Oliver, and Wood and Crib for Jemmy from Town. At stripping, Oliver, to all appearance, was unable to stand against such a man as his opponent;

opponent; but his skill, however, was known, and the odds were rather in his favour.

At setting to, the combatants appeared shy of each other; Jemmy extended his left arm at full length, while his right was placed on the defensive, ready for a rally. Oliver kept himself close; and, as considerable bets were depending upon the first hit down, they were both careful of themselves. After sparring for nearly a minute and a half, Jemmy made a hit, which was stopped in style by Oliver, who hit his man a severe blow on the temple, which knocked him down, and caused a copious effusion of blood. The odds, which at setting to were rather in favour of Oliver, were now seven to four. Jemmy faced his man in the second round, without paying attention to the blow he had received, although he was covered with blood. Some hard blows were exchanged, and Jemmy was again knocked down. Oliver at length became acquainted with Jemmy's mode of fighting, who was knocked down nearly every round. Jemmy became very shy after they had fought twenty minutes; he bore the marks of some very hard blows on the right side, which was touched by Oliver's favourite hit almost every round. It was feared by the friends of Oliver that Jemmy would wear him out, notwithstanding the heavy blows he had received; but Oliver fought steady, and hit off most of the blows which were aimed at him, and at the same time put in one of considerable force. The twenty-eighth round was nearly decisive on the part of Oliver, for after having struck his opponent five or six times very hard on the body, he gave him a dreadful one on the left ear, which caused the blood to rush forth. There was no material alteration in the fight after; Jemmy fought resolute, but scarcely a round was fought in which he was not knocked down. He had no chance during the whole of the fight; he was unable to put in a blow, for they were all dexterously stopped. The fight lasted until the forty-fifth round, when Oliver, who appeared to have regained his strength, knocked down his man, after having put in some hard hits. Jemmy lay on the ground until the expiration of the time for meeting, when he again attempted to stand up, but he was unable. His head was swelled hideously, and from his right arm-pit to his kidneys he was beat raw. Oliver received but very little injury. It is supposed that Jemmy can scarcely recover from this beating, but if so, he will never be able to fight again. The battle afforded a high treat to the amateurs, and one more severe has not been witnessed since that with Blake and Holmes, a year ago, on the same ground: it lasted one hour and twenty minutes without loss of time. A considerable number of the sporting nobility and gentry were present, and most of the pugilists of the day.

THE POACHERS.

A Trial at the Norfolk Spring Assizes.

AT the above assizes, George Walter, Stephen Tillett, John Boyers, Edmund Gaskings, Thomas Wiley, and Thomas Goose, were indicted on the Black Act, for a capital felony, in wilfully and maliciously shooting at John Worts. On the 11th of January last, Worts

and several other gamekeepers, and other servants of Lord Suffield, to the number of between twenty and thirty persons, were assembled to lie in wait for the poachers, who, it was reported, would be out that night. They met with them about two o'clock in the morning of the 12th, and some of the poachers fired at and wounded several of them. The gamekeepers and their party had no fire arms, but sticks, with which they attacked the poachers—one of whom had his arm broken—but whether a blow was struck by the gamekeepers or their assistants before the poachers had fired at them, did not clearly appear, as there was contradictory evidence on that point. Some of the poachers were secured on the spot, and the rest were apprehended afterwards. Two of the poachers were admitted as witnesses against the prisoners; and as their evidence was a circumstantial statement of the facts, we give it pretty much at length.

Doughty's evidence was to this effect—"We all of us, to the number of ten or eleven, met in Peterson's Walk, a road near Aylsham. All the prisoners were there; and besides them, Liverick, Barnes, Diball, Soham, and T. We agreed to go to Thorpe Wood, part of Lord Suffield's estate, to kill game. We agreed, if we were attacked, to fire at the first man of our own party that should run away, and to stand true to each other and defend ourselves. We had five fowling pieces and a musket. Walter, Tillett, Boyers, Diball, Soham, and I, had the guns; some of the others had sticks, and some had no weapons. We went to Thorpe Wood. Some of us fired, but I do not know whether any game was killed. We had been there but a few minutes when a spring gun set there went off, and wounded Boyers, who then exchanged his gun for Gaskings's stick. We then left the wood, and went for Suffield Field, on our way home to get the wounded man taken care of. I fired at a pheasant, but missed it. We saw the keepers approaching us, and they and we called out, "hallo!" They began to fight, and one of the foremost of us called out, "fire;" and they—the keepers—I believe, attacked us before the word "fire" was used. Three guns were then fired; one of the guns that went off was fired by Soham into the air; another of them, was fired, I believe, by Diball. I do not know who fired the third gun; it was fired by some one of the hindermost. Gaskings, Wiley, Goose, and Diball, were behind; Liverick, Barnes, Soham, and I, were next; and the others were forwardest. Neither Liverick nor Barnes fired."

Liverick's evidence differed from Doughty's, in stating, that the poachers were between twenty and thirty yards from the keepers when the word "fire" was used, and consequently before there was any attack made by the keepers; and that of the three guns that were fired, one was by Diball in front, one by Gaskings in the centre, and one by Soham behind, into the air.

The judge told the jury, that if a number of persons assemble for an unlawful purpose, and agree to stand by one another, and to resist all opponents, and if, in consequence of that agreement, one of them shoots at any who comes to oppose them, they are all implicated in the guilt of the person who fires.

The jury deliberated a long while, and then returned a verdict that all the prisoners were Guilty.

PORTRAITS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

Favourite Horses.

Pubd April 1st 1814 by J. Wells, Monmouth Square.

PORTRAITS OF TWO FAVOURITE HORSES.

An Engraving.

THE following anecdote is related of the horse looking out of the hay-loft:—The coachman going to the stable, was very much surprised to see his horse Captain looking out of the hay-loft window. On going into the stable, he found the horse had crept up a flight of stairs, so strait and narrow, that a man had some difficulty in ascending them: he next went across a loft which was loosely boarded, where his feet slipt through in several places, and by which his legs were severely cut. He next got into the hay-loft. The gentleman whose property he was, paid between eight and nine pounds for a platform to bring him down. Near three hundred spectators attended to witness his deliverance.—The other horse is an old servant, standing seventeen hands high, and measuring seven feet three inches from the fore foot to the root of the ear. His neck, however, is so disproportioned to his legs, that he cannot graze unless he gets into a ditch, to which his sagacity generally leads him when turned out.

COLONEL THORNTON.

Court of Chancery, March 9.

A CAUSE was called on in which Col. Thornton was a party, but application was made to postpone it. Col. Thornton then rose, and addressed himself to the Chancellor with a great deal of humour as well as spirit. He stated, that he had, among others, a very considerable estate in a part of Yorkshire, which was the subject of this cause; that, having a bailiff whom he wished to put forward in the world, he let him into the nominal possession of it, under a confidence that he—Col. Thornton—was to have the rents and profits; that he also agreed to lend the same man L.1000, and he borrowed it of a set of bankers, not the most honest sort of men in the world; that some time after he had done these acts of kindness, he learnt that his bailiff had been carrying corn to market, and selling it for his own use; that upon discovering this, and other acts of roguery, his bailiff, who was his opponent in this suit, told him that if he—Thornton—was such a fool as to let him into the profits of his estate, he—the bailiff—was not such a fool as not to appropriate those profits to his own use; that the L.1000 was not only unpaid, but was never likely to be paid: and to mend the matter, he had been arrested for it, and put to a variety of expences; so that instead of losing L.1000, he had lost nearly L.2000. He stated, in a way that made the Lord Chancellor laugh exceedingly, a variety of other grievances. He said, that this man, who was not worth a shilling, and his attorney, who was not worth a sixpence, had been running riot over his estate, and by their misconduct, had rendered it almost unproductive. He—Colonel Thornton—had sent down a quantity of seed to sow the ground, but they would not suffer it to be sown; the consequence was, the estate had brought forth during the last year next to nothing: in fact, had every estate in the country been so mismanaged, there must have been a famine in the land. He was well assured he must have starved if Providence had not given him something else to live on. To add to his dilemma, the Parson of the

the parish had brought an action against him for tythes, and involved him in a law-suit that was not likely to terminate very soon. He declared he had been almost ruined by his good-nature. He assured his Lordship, he wished to give up all claim to be repaid by his adversary, as he was sure he was worth nothing. He begged his Lordship's pardon for obtruding himself upon his attention, and trusted he would do him justice.—Lord Eldon told him he might be satisfied that he would do him all the justice he could, when the business was again brought forward.

On a subsequent day, when the cause was a second time called on, the Colonel again, and in his usual eccentric manner, addressed the Lord Chancellor relative to his suit. In conclusion, he said he was for leaving the country if redress could not be obtained. The cause stands over.

Mrs. Thornton, who rode the famous match against Mr. Flint, at York, was likewise in court.

BREEDING & REARING BLOOD-HOUNDS IN ST. DOMINGO.

MAJOR RAINSFORD has the honour to inform his numerous and respectable subscribers, and the public in general, that nowithstanding various impediments, his new work on St. Domingo is at length committed to the press, and the plates nearly ready. From the arrangements he has lately made, and the work being now in a regular channel of publication, he feels every confidence that he shall not disappoint the expectations which have been formed, from his peculiar knowledge of the subject on which he treats.

HORSE CAUSE.

Tried at the Lincoln Spring Assizes.

NOTTINGHAM *v.* BROWN.

THIS was an action on the warranty of a horse. The plaintiff, an attorney of Lincoln, in July last purchased a bay mare of the defendant, a farmer at Digby, for L.30 : 18, under the guarantee that she was perfectly sound. She had not been in his possession long, however, before, upon the evidence of several farriers, she was found to have two blood spavins, two capped hocks, a thorough-pin, a stranguary, a false quarter, and her tongue nearly cut in half from former ill usage. The defendant was represented to be altogether a novice in the purchase of horses; and although these complicated disorders might not be palpable at the time he purchased the mare, it was contended they must have had their inception long before, and the mare could not be considered sound at the time the defendant sold her. Under these circumstances the plaintiff returned her, and now sought to recover the price he had paid for her. On the part of the defendant, however, several witnesses deposed that the mare, whilst she continued in the possession of Mr. Brown, never had symptoms of some of the disorders, and could not possibly have others without their observation; and that when she was returned by the plaintiff, she was a very different beast to what she was when delivered to him.

With this extraordinary contrariety of evidence before them, the jury, after some deliberation, returned a verdict for the defendant.

HORSE

HORSE CAUSE.

Tried at the Norfolk Spring Assizes.

LAYTON *v.* BRICE.

THIS was an action brought for twenty-five guineas, being the price of a mare, sold by the plaintiff to the defendant, who had returned her for unsoundness; and the question in the cause, which occupied the attention of the court for a considerable time, was, whether the plaintiff had or had not warranted her to be sound? It was stated, that the contract was entered into by the parties without the presence of a third person, and it was given in evidence by the plaintiff, that the defendant, immediately after he had bought the mare, had gone into the stable and told his servant that he should take her at all events; and at another time, in reply to an observation made by one Manthorpe, that the plaintiff had never warranted her, had said, "that does not signify, a man must have a sound horse for a sound price;" from which it was inferred by the plaintiff's counsel, that no warranty had been given. On the part of the defendant, evidence was adduced to prove, that the mare had a splint on one of her fore legs, which would render her lame if put to hard work, and was also glandered. The mare being, however, at present quite well, the imputation of her having had the glanders was destroyed, and the plaintiff's witnesses proved that the defendant was aware of the splint, and deemed it of no consequence. The defendant's counsel, however, examined his groom, who said, that the plaintiff and defendant being shooting together on the day of the sale, the plaintiff left him to return home, when the defendant told the groom, that he had bought the mare, and she was warranted sound; and in order to make this conversation evidence, the groom stated that the plaintiff was only about ten yards distant, and he supposed the plaintiff heard the observation, in which case, as he did not contradict it, it might be inferred that it was true; but a gamekeeper, who was shooting with the parties, stated, that he thought the plaintiff might be thirty yards from the defendant, and that he had been gone five minutes. The groom was besides flatly contradicted in other matters by one of the plaintiff's witnesses, in order to impeach his credit.

The learned judge, in summing up the evidence, lamented that for so trifling a sum men should commit such gross perjury, as had been committed by the witnesses either on one side or the other, in this cause: he added, that there were only two questions in the cause—1st, Whether there was a warranty? 2d, Whether, if there was a warranty, the plaintiff had performed it? His lordship added, that the notion of a sound price was perfect nonsense, and recommended the jury, if they thought the warranty proved and not performed, to find for the defendant; but otherwise, they must find for the plaintiff.—Verdict for the plaintiff, damages L.26: 5.—Mr. Wilson and Mr. Firth, counsel for plaintiff—Mr. Serjeant Sellon and Mr. Alderson, for defendant.

A GOOD WIFE.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I BEG leave to communicate to you the following very extraordinary phenomenon. It appears

on

on the south wall of the parish church of Streatham, in the county of Surry.

The monumental inscription runs thus—

"Elizabeth, wife of Major-General Hamilton, who was married near forty-seven years, and never did one thing to disoblige her husband. She died in 1746."

If, Sir, we lived in an age of miracles, or where reported miracles were generally believed, I know not but that this might pass in a crowd; but when I consider that we live in an age of great experience and much knowledge in matrimonial affairs, I scarcely know what to think of it. It crept into the papers within a short time since, and has excited no small degree of consternation among my acquaintance.

Conjecture is generally fruitful; and I must say some very ingenious specimens have been tried to solve this difficulty. But still unbelief prevails; and the term of forty-seven years exceeds all capacity of swallowing. People buried for a month under the snow; rats eating bank-notes; a man catching trout by means of a red nose; or a L.500 bank-note bestowed upon a chamber-maid;—all these, which appear now and then in the papers, may receive some degree of credit, particularly from weak minds; but a wife that never disobliged her husband, for forty-seven years!—I am in a maze, and know not how to get out.

A lady of my acquaintance has suggested, that probably her husband was afflicted with deafness, or deprived of the use of his sight, or his hearing: "yet still," adds she, "she might have disobliged him in many ways." I consider this lady's opinion as of great weight, for she is one of the best of wives.

A very sagacious gentleman, who has the happiness to possess a most excellent wife, who nevertheless cannot believe a syllable of this story, thinks that as the husband was a Major-General, he might probably be on foreign service all the while. But this is neither consistent with the duration of our wars, nor with the gallantry of our soldiers. Various other suppositions have been offered on this occasion, but none that will admit the possibility of the fact, and only tending to explain the enigma of the inscription.

The ladies, for instance, who must be allowed, in such cases, to be the best judges, protest that they cannot conceive such a wife to have ever existed; and likewise declare that an excess of tameness is unbecoming the dignity of the sex, and a direct violation of the rights of woman. Many gentlemen adopt the same opinion, and although they do not complain that the excess of tameness is a prevailing evil, yet they decide clearly in favour of a woman—that is—a wife, having a spice of the d—l. It is by a mixture of concords with discords that music and matrimony are most agreeably composed. For my own part, Mr. Editor, I shall never decide one way or other, but shall leave this remarkable relation as I found it; hoping that though not literally true, it may produce some good effect. We are all exhorted to be perfect, which does not imply that any of us can ever be perfect, but that it is our duty to approach as nearly as possible towards it. I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

DEBORAH DOUBTFUL.

Married six months.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

IN the year in which an attempt was made by the French to invade Bantry Bay in Ireland, the Mayor of the nearest town, very much frightened at their appearance, wrote to the Mayor of Cork; and, to shew the alarm which it excited, more fully, he began his letter by saying—"Sir, With a *brace* of pistols in *each hand*, and a sword in *the other*, I take up my pen to inform you," &c.

A COUNTRY sculptor was ordered to engrave on a tomb-stone the following words—

"A virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband."

But the stone being small, he engraved it—

"A virtuous woman is 5*s*. to her husband."

ANECDOTE.—Mr. Bensley, before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army. One day he met a Scotch officer who had been in the same regiment. The latter was happy to meet an old messmate; but his Scotch blood made him ashamed to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried Mr. Bensley into an unfrequented coffee house, where he asked very seriously, "Hoo could ye disgrace the corps, by turning a play-actor?" Mr. Bensley replied, "that he by no means considered it in that light; that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people."—"And what, man," said the other, "do you get by this business of yours?"—"I now," answered Mr. Bensley, "get about a thousand a year."—"A thousand a year!" exclaimed Saunders, astonished; "Have you ony vacancies in your corps?"

THE following *morceau* is literally copied from a board stuck up in a garden near the walls of the city of York, in a lane not many miles distant from the Lord Mayor's walk. Whether it be intended to encourage or prevent trespasses, we leave our readers to determine—"Notise is here by Given Who Ever breaks the pails or Edgs in this Lain on Conviction shall Receive a Rewarde of Two Guineas."

THE late Mr. Sewell, bookseller in Cornhill, a man who affected much eccentricity of manner, placed against the pales of his garden at Battersea the following notice—"Half-a-guinea to the first damager of these premises." A country fellow knocked down part of the pales, and the wooden seat where the above was written, and afterwards went to Mr. Sewell, in town, to demand the reward!"

LORD THURLOW.—Mr. Pitt, when in office together with Lord Thurlow, was very notorious for the positiveness with which he delivered and supported his opinions. Lord Thurlow once rebuked him in his own way. Mr. Pitt was declaiming, at a cabinet dinner, on

the energy and beauty of the Latin language; and, amongst other things, mentioned as a peculiar elegance in it, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could—"Then," said Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two *negatives*, to have made such a d—d *positive* fellow as you are."

MODERN RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Last night, as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My Delia bent deliciously to grieve;
I stood, a treach'rous loit'rer, by her chair,
And drew the fatal scissars from my sleeve.

She heard the scissars her fair lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury-frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy, you have spoil'd my WIG!

A SANDWICH.—Two ladies and a gentleman lately paid a morning visit in Norwich, where a servant just arrived from the country, on being ordered to bring in *sandwiches* for four, presently entered with four sand-pans, pipes, and tobacco! The mistress rebuked the girl for her stupidity; who replied, that the farmer she lately served had told her, that whenever he called for *sand-dishes*, pipes and tobacco were of course included in the order.

J. BANNISTER.—The late John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally practised in the same humble, though hereditary occupation, himself, being one evening strutting in the green-room in a pair of glittering buckles, a gentleman who was present remarked, that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said the actor, with some warmth, "I would have you know, I never wear any thing except *diamonds*."—"I ask your pardon," replied the gentleman, "I remember the time when you wore nothing but *paste*." This produced a loud laugh, which was heightened by Jack Bannister's jogging him on the elbow, and dryly saying—"D—n me, Jack, why don't you *stick him against the wall?*"

AN ancient maiden lady, was asking a very old general what was meant by Buonaparte's overtures? "He wants," replied the general, "what, madam, would do ME no good—a Peace."

BON MOT.—The late plantations and improvements in the interior of Lincoln's-inn-fields were suggested by Sir Frederick Eden; and on their completion, Mr. Erskine was asked to give a new name to the new square, who replied, that, if *Paradise* was thought an improper name, it might with great truth, be called the Garden of *Eden*.

THE young females who were *put to the shift* at the late jingling match in Tothill-fields, seemed determined, by the studied display of their personal charms, that the spectators should come to the *naked truth* of the *game*.

AN Irish paper of last week, observes, that "the weather for several days past has been *constantly changing*."—That is, *uniformly variable*—or, *consistently uncertain*.

AN old *sportsman*, who a short time since visited "The Lake of Lausanne," informs us that an uncommon number of *loose fish* have lately been *seen* there.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MARSHAL Brune is said to have brought with him to France 150 beautiful Arabian horses, which he received as a present from the Grand Seignior and the Grand Vizier.

A MATCH for 100gs each was lately run, in Croxton Park, between Mr. Mellish's horse, rode by himself, and Mr. Burford's, rode by Mr. Germaine, which was won with ease by the latter.

A SHORT time since George Strickland, of Farndale, near Kirbymoorside, undertook, for a small wager, to pick up, in forty-five minutes, 100 stones placed in a direct line, at one yard distance from each other, one at a time, and to deposit them in a basket placed behind the first stone; which he performed with apparent ease in forty-two minutes thirty seconds, being two minutes and a half less than the time allowed. The whole added together makes five miles and three quarters. The person who performed it is six feet high, and walks nearly fourteen stone.

A FOOT race for twenty guineas was, on Saturday the 16th instant, run in Lord's ground, Marybone, between Mr. Davison, a coachmaster, and Mr. Parsel, a distiller. The performers weigh near thirty stone, and consequently a considerable degree of mirth infused itself among the spectators. A mile was measured to and fro, and the parties jogged on together at an easy pace until they arrived near the coming-in post, when Mr. P. made a grand push, and beat his opponent by three yards.

ON Monday the 18th, Mr. Cheal, steward to J. C. Pelham, Esq. at Crowhurst, Sussex, flushed a couple of woodcocks, and killed them both at one shot, with a single barrelled gun; a circumstance not very common in the annals of sporting.

SAME day Mr. Thomas Fuller, of Fletching, Sussex, who on that day entered the eighty-eighth year of his age, took the tenor bell in a peal of tree quarters of an hour long, that was rung in honour of his birth-day, and performed his task to the astonishment of all present, and with ability that would have done credit to a much younger man.

THE prolific family.—The following instances of fecundity lately occurred at the plantation of Colonel Patrick Lockhart, of Fincastle, in America, within the short space of thirty hours:—A negro woman was delivered of three fine boys, a cow brought forth two calves, and a bitch sixteen pups.

EXTRACT of a letter from Salem, July 31, 1804.—The following extraordinary circumstance will much surprise you:—Mr. C. Carpenter, going lately to the coast for the benefit of sea-bathing, was attacked one morning by an alligator, as he was swimming, in the sight of several gentlemen on the shore: the amphibeous beast seized him with his jaws by the head, from which it was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Carpenter liberated himself, who, in his turn, attacked the animal, and, after a considerable combat, overpowered and drowned him. The alligator mea-

sured eight feet in length, and has left indelible marks of his tremendous teeth on the head of his fortunate conqueror."

FRIDAY 22d.—The deputy water-bailiff brought a porpoise to the Lord Mayor, for his disposal, as conservator of the Thames, which had been shot above Chelsea. After stating that this fish had lately done considerable injury to the salmon and fry in the river, the fishermen requested his Lordship's permission to exhibit it to the public; which he observed he had no objection to, provided they did not impose on the credulity of *John Bull*, by describing it to be a whale, or some non-descript monster, as had frequently been the case. The piscatory tribe promised to use no deception, and were suffered to carry off their prize.

THE Commissioners of the Stamp-office having discovered, for a considerable time past, a great falling off in the revenue arising from the taxation of the ace of spades, directed Mr. Estcourt, their solicitor, to endeavour to discover the cause, and he employed a great number of men for that purpose; and it has been discovered that forged aces of spades, in packs of cards, have been circulated to an incredible number, particularly in the country. A number of the circulators have been detected and apprehended, and have undergone several private examinations at the Public-office, Bow-street, before Mr. Robinson. The particulars that transpired are, that they sold them under various pretences, and different prices, from 14s. to 24s. a dozen packs; and the venders of them by retail had found the sale of them to answer their purpose so well, that one in the country had given an order for an hundred dozen gross of packs. On Thursday several of them were fully committed for trial. It is a capital offence.

THE curiosity of the public has been, for these two or three days lately, most singularly excited by some of the softest sounds ever heard, issuing from a house of Mr. Latham, in Compton-street, Soho, which, on inquiry, are the notes of two black swans, a male and a female, just arrived in the Albion South-sea whaler, from Botany Bay. The singularity of these extraordinary creatures' wind pipes is such, as to form the softest and most harmonious sounds ever yet heard. Sir Joseph Banks had three on board the same ship; but we regret most exceedingly, that two of them died on the voyage, and that the other is in a dying state. From these two, however, it is hoped a breed may be introduced into this country.

HORSE-DEALER.—The gentlemen of this profession, it may be inferred from the following fact, make a much more rapid and profitable progress in the arts, than all the competitors of this precocious age do in the sciences. A gentleman at Oundle, the other day, fancying a horse he had was rather tender in the fore feet, agreed that his son should sell him in the afternoon previous to the coming fair day, to a horse-dealer, for L.22, and the bargain was duly concluded. It being represented to him, however, that a horse, instead of that he had sold, would be much wanted, it was determined that his son might purchase one in the fair; and the next morning, after having spent some hours in viewing those offered for sale, the young gentleman, pursuant to leave given, selected one he most liked, for which he paid the dealer 35gs. and it was not until after a very minute investigation by the gentleman, in his own

stable, assisted by his groom, and some persons well acquainted with the horse, which had been sold the day before for L.22, that it was discovered this 35 guinea beast was the very same!!—No singular want of discrimination is attributed to the unfortunate contractor in this affair; but the horse had really been, in 16 hours, completely metamorphosed.

THE late horse fair at Oundle, says another correspondent, was graced with a more considerable assemblage of knowing gentry and ambidextrous dealers than we remembered to have ever before heard were congregated on such an occasion. We have heard mentioned an instance of a gentleman having unintentionally sold and bought the same horse, it having in the interim undergone some trifling alterations, by which transactions he was *minus* 15gs. It has been since communicated to us, that a person of Elton purchased a horse in the above fair, the price of which he was contented should be rather high, in consideration of a fine flowing Arabian-like tail, which adorned the posteriors of the beast; but, to his inexpressible astonishment, the roughness of the grooming practised by his servants, was as fatal as an ill applied cosmetic to the beauty of his horse, for tail and all came off under the operation!! Some mechanism had been practised with a piece of whalebone, to attach a quantity of fine long hair to an ugly docked stump! —At the same fair, a sharper rode away with a horse which he had in price, and requested to be allowed to ride a short distance, and has not since been heard of. A person also had his pocket picked of a bill-book, containing bank notes to the amount of L.100 and upwards, with which the offender securely decamped.

A CIRCUMSTANCE of the most unparalleled cruelty has excited the just indignation of the inhabitants of St. George's-fields, against the perpetrator, who is a baker in that neighbourhood. This man having had a quarrel with a neighbour, caught a terrier dog of his in his yard, and, after tying it up for some time, ordered his men to bring it forward to the oven, which they had just heated, and he would show them some sport. He then took the dog, and threw him in. The men expostulated with him in vain; he flew in a passion, and swore, if they provoked him, he would serve them the same. The barbarian stood at the mouth of the oven to prevent the poor animal's escape, and waited till it was literally reduced to a skeleton. The matter will shortly come before a court of justice, where, it is to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, he will meet with the punishment due to his crime.

ONE evening lately, a gentleman of the parish of Beeding, Sussex, on his return home from a journey, found all his servants in a state of utter intoxication, together with a stranger, also quite *non se ipse!* The gentleman, when he had a little recovered his surprise, disturbed the scene of "high life below stairs," by kicking the stranger out of his doors, and ordering his servants to their respective beds; but, on examining his premises, and finding that his cellar-door had been forcibly opened, and a considerable quantity of his wine drank, he the next morning procured a warrant, and took the visitor, (who proved to be a man in the employ of a neighbouring shopkeeper) before a magistrate, by whom he was committed to Horsham goal for trial at our next assizes. The prisoner declared he had visited the gentleman's house on a love affair with one

one of his maids. All these worthy domestics have eloped, to avoid their justly incensed master's wrath.

A GAME bull was baited on Thursday, the 7th inst. at Brentford, in presence of a great concourse of people. He foiled the dogs with ease, for a considerable time; but a dog from Fleet-market at length fastened upon, and pinned him by the nose. In this situation the tortured bull kneeled down upon the dog, and broke his legs, then tossed him into the air, caught him upon his horns, and threw him off again to the distance of above 20 yards. The dog was dead before it fell to the ground. Several other dogs were afterwards slipped at the bull, but he defeated them all; and after a few hours he was untied, and brought away to be kept in reserve for another day's sport.

IN consequence of private information being laid before Mr. Graham, at the Public-Office, Bow-street, that gambling was carried on at a house in Lisle-street, and also at a house in Pall-Mall, he issued warrants for searching them. At a late hour on Saturday night, March 23, a large party of constables, and a number of the patrole, went to the house in Lisle-street, where they were refused admittance, and the street door was so strongly barricaded, that they could not break it open. The house being the corner of a stable-yard, they contrived to get over the yard wall, and gained admittance into the house by a back door, and proceeded to search it; they found two men in the front room on the first floor, sitting at a fire doing nothing, and in the parlour they found about twelve pair of dice, and some cards in the drawer of a table. The officers, having no doubt but there were more persons in the house when they first attempted to gain admittance, renewed their search, and went upon the roof, when, after some difficulty, they found nine persons concealed in various parts; they all surrendered themselves, and the officers took them to a watch-house. The officers went to the house in Pall-Mall, at which they gained admittance without any difficulty. All they found at this house, after a diligent search, was a company of about twenty gentlemen at supper in a parlour, in an adjoining room, a pair of dice, and some cards. The gentlemen expressed their readiness to go with the officers, to meet any charge that could be made against them, denying that they were assembled for the purpose of gambling. The warrant directing that all persons found in the house should be apprehended, they were all taken to St. James's watch-house, where most of them, being known to the watch-house keeper and others, sent for friends, who are housekeepers, and they were liberated. Yesterday the parties attended before Sir Richard Ford and Mr. Robinson, the sitting magistrates, when some were discharged, and the rest were admitted to bail.

ON the trial of two horse stealers, at Hertford Assizes, the learned judge—Rooke—told the jury, that although the stealing was first accomplished in Huntingdonshire, yet they might be tried in that county, as the felony travelled with the horses, and was, in construction of law, committed wherever the prisoners might be apprehended.

AMOROUS ANECDOTE. — A tradesman of opulence in the metropolis having lately some business to transact at Birmingham, took up his residence at a principal inn in that town, and there, like Archer in the comedy, "his heart was fired by

by the fair nymph who warmed his bed," and he generously offered her a guinea, which was contemptuously refused: he advanced to two—then to three, but without effect; at last an Abraham Newland, of five pounds value, became the purchase of her charms. Next day the guest departed, and the fair one repaired to the linen-drapers to increase her stock of muslins and other finery. The purchase being settled, she produced the note in payment; — the shop-keeper was astonished; at length he demanded how she came by such a note? "Very honestly," replied the lady, with becoming modesty. "Do you know the value of it?" "Yes; it is a Bank note of five pounds." "Five pounds! hussey; it is a Bank Post Bill for Five Hundred Pounds, and you must have stolen it." The girl declared her innocence in respect of the theft; but was obliged to disclose the terms of the negociation. A legal opinion was taken on the case, which advised the young woman to keep the note, in order to provide for future contingencies. The gentleman, on his return to town, discovered the mistake, and has offered an additional five guineas for the return of his note, but we know not with what success.

THE following ludicrous circumstance occurred lately in the county of Suffolk:—A gentleman with a small independent fortune was surcharged for keeping a livery servant, and not giving in a proper return to the assessors; but he appealed, and positively swore that he neither kept or employed any male servant, except a labourer, who sometimes came for a day to clean his garden, could be called one. However, the surveyor soon after feeling himself better informed, surcharged him a second time, with the addition of an indictment for perjury, when the gentleman appeared before the commissioners with his servant in livery with him; but to the no small disappointment of Mr. Inspector, he proved his servant to be a female in male attire; and as their Worships knew of no law to prevent a man putting his maid into livery, if he choosed it, the gentleman was immediately dismissed.

GACHES *v.* BELL, JUN.—This was an action of assault and battery, tried at the Lincoln Assizes. The plaintiff had inadvertently ridden into the course at a horse-race, and many of the persons, among whom was the defendant, drove him off, and some strokes of the whips fell upon him.—The Jury found for the plaintiff with 40s. damages.

ONE day the latter end of last month, about two o'clock, as a groom belonging to Sir Thomas Ramsden was exercising a horse upon Constitution Hill, the animal suddenly took fright, and ran away most furiously with his rider into St. James's Park, where meeting the carriage of Sir F. Millman, about half way between the Queen's House and the Stable-yard gate, the groom being totally unable to govern or direct his course, the animal ran with all his force between the horses in Sir Francis's carriage. The animal fell with the shock, and his rider was thrown to the ground with great violence. One of the horses in the carriage was knocked down, and the pole of the carriage was broken. The coachman was forced off his box, and fell under the coach, but did not receive much injury, as the wheels did not pass over him; one of them just grazed his head. It is with extreme concern we add, that, by a violent swing of the carriage, occasioned by the impetus of Sir Thomas Ramsden's horse, in collision

collision with the two horses in the carriage, and their violent motion when struggling together, Sir Francis Millman's head was forced through one of the front windows, the glass of which cut his forehead, and other parts of his face in several places in a most shocking manner. We understand his ancles were also sprained severely.

FRIDAY afternoon, March 22, about five o'clock, Lady Richard Pennyman stopped her chariot at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, and ordered her coachman to hand a parcel out of the boot, which was to be sent from the coach-office to the country. When the coachman stooped into the boot, another coach drove up behind, which caused the horses of Lady Pennyman's carriage to take fright, being very fine blood cattle. They drove on, full speed, till they came to the end of Arlington street, down which they rapidly turned. The coachman endeavoured to recover the reins, which he could not effect; and, in the struggle, he fell on the pole which runs between the horses, from which he could not extricate himself. Arlington-street not being a thoroughfare, the horses ran with all the force they could against the railing at the end of it, which being only painted wood, quickly gave way from the shock. The area was about fifteen feet deep, and four feet wide. The pole came against the wall, and was broke to pieces, and the unfortunate coachman was precipitated to the bottom. One of the horses fell after him; the other being suspended in the railing, the body of the coach being placed on the area, with the fore wheels down. Several persons who saw the accident ran to the spot, and extricated Lady Pennyman from her perilous situation, we are happy to say, unhurt, but very much frightened. If the area had been wider, the carriage would have fallen in. The coachman was carried to St. George's Hospital, with little hopes of recovery. The Prince of Wales, followed by his groom, arrived on the spot, and saw Lady Pennyman taken into Surgeon Brande's shop, in Arlington-street, where she received immediate medical assistance.

ANECDOTE.—Mr. Lee, an eminent barrister, who travelled the Northern Circuit, was famous for studying effect, when he pleaded. At Norwich a brief was brought him by the relation of a woman who had been deceived in a promise of marriage. Mr. Lee inquired, among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome? "A most beautiful face," was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired she should be placed at the bar, immediately in the front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view; and painting in glowing colours the guilt of the wretch who could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings worked up to a proper pitch, he sat down, under the perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What then must have been his surprise, when the counsel retained by the opposite party rose and observed, that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned Friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he begged leave to add, that she had a wooden leg. This fact, of which Mr. Lee was by no means aware, was established to his utter confusion; his eloquence was thrown away, and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effects it had produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against him.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPISTLE

From Miss Bridget Lizard, in Bath, to her Cousin Miss Susan Lizard, Penzance.

YOU requested, dear Susan, I'd send you a line,
With a proper account of this journey of mine;
Of all that I heard and I saw in this City,
The resort of the clever, the handsome, the witty,
The sick, and the healthy, the great, and the little,
From the Duke of Mount Stars to a Barnaby Brittle:
But before that I touch on the song or the dance,
Pray how are all friends whom I left at Penzance?
Tho' with all the fine folk 'tis the fashion, I find,
To feel for themselves, "out of sight, out of mind."
Which, with other strange things, made me open my eyes,
As a manifest way to express my surprise.
In the first place, dear Cuz, when the chaise set me down,
A stranger, forsooth, in this elegant town,
In search of a lodging I speedily stray'd,
From the top of Lansdown to the lowly Parade,
When the price I was ask'd, to my utter vexation,
Would have hous'd with convenience our whole generation.
But I could not conveniently lie in the street,
So was glad, though so dear, with a lodging to meet.
This matter determin'd, I sent my maid Hetty
To announce my arrival to dear Lady Betty,
Expecting her La'ship would come to me snug,
And receive me, my dear, with a true Cornish hug;
But, alas! many days pass'd along with regret,
Before I'd a sight of our dear Lady Bet,
Though the votes that we gave at her husband's election,
She said would insure us her warmest protection;
Yet coolly enough did we meet after all,
Though she said she'd chap'ron me to concert and ball.
'Tis the way of the world, I am told; so again
I inlisted once more in her Ladyship's train.
Behold me now enter with spirit and pride,
Those circles of ton after which we have sigh'd,
Disdaining the few who true happiness seek,
And running the race with the thoughtless and weak,
From catch club to concert, from ball to harmonic,
My description of these will be very laconic;
Compris'd in my saying, dear Cousin, that we
We're ask'd to the catch, and they gave us a glee;
And to the harmonic we went, full assur'd,
What could produce harmony would be procur'd;
But what can I say of this elegant show,
Divinely conducted by ——— ———, and Co.
With their patron, the Prince of ——— coming to town?
—Puffs are light to digest, and go easily down—

Why, all that is known of this musical meeting,
Is what they excell'd in, was dancing and eating,
And while at the catch club the guests were all treated,
They paid at the other before they were seated,
Which proves the old proverb that all of us know,
That money makes mares and eke fiddles to go.
I wish from my heart you your Bridget could view,
Full dress'd for a ball, from her head to her shoe.
I was sent to the Hobblyns to rig me, good Cousin,
And I that wore petticoats late by the dozen,
Now wear only one, and that scantily made,
Which finely discovers the light and the shade.
But, what will surprise you, tho' given to roam,
The ladies delight for to say they 're at home,
A signal for crowds to assemble at night,
In order to witness domestic delight.
In short, my dear Susan, here's parties and routs,
The winners all smiles and the losers all pouts;
Yet those who invite the expence seldom feel
As the candlesticks always a treasure reveal;
And I'm told by my Lady, 'twill often suffice
To pay for the jellies, the cards, and the ice.
And now dearest Susan, adieu for a while,
Your heart is so honest, so free from all guile,
You 'll fear for your Bridget, whose talents, though small,
She hopes to improve, and to fashion you all.
And if this epistle should please at Penzance,
To hear from me shortly you'll stand a good chance—
And now for the post, I'm all in a fidget,
Which concludes me, my dear, your affectionate

BRIDGET.

SONG.

From Reynolds's new musical Farce—Out of Place; or, the Lake of Lausanne.

COMPOSED AND SUNG BY MR. BRAHAM.

WHEN William Tell was doom'd to die
Or hit the mark upon his infant's head
The bell toll'd out, the hour was nigh,
And soldiers march'd with grief and dread!
The warrior came, serene and mild,
Gaz'd all around with dauntless look,
Till his fond boy, unconscious, smil'd,
Then nature and the father spoke.
And, now, each valiant Swiss his grief partakes,
For they sigh,
And wildly cry,
Poor William Tell, once hero of the lakes!

But soon is heard the muffl'd drum!
And straight the pointed arrow flies,
The trembling boy expects his doom,
All, all shriek out—"he dies, he dies!"
When, lo! the lofty trumpet sounds!
The mark is hit! the child is free!
Into his father's arms he bounds,
Inspir'd by love and liberty.
And, now, each valiant Swiss their joy partakes,
For mountains ring,
While they all sing,
Live William Tell! the hero of the lakes!

CASTLE BUILDING.

A Castle being stormed and burnt in the last Act of the above new piece, gave birth to the following Epigram.

THIS "Lake Lausanne," with song and fun
No doubt will have a glorious run;
The castle storm'd without much slaughter—
Dramatic bards oft make us stare,
By raising castles in the air—
But Reynolds wisely builds on water.

THE

THE BEAU BESPATTERED.

A Parody on Gray's Ode on a Cat drowned in a tub of Gold fishes.

'TWAS on the pavement of a lane,
Where a hard show'r of soaking rain
Had made a pretty mess;
A buck advanc'd with careful strut,
For fear a sprinkle from the rut
Should soil his lily dress.

His powder'd head, his silken hose,
The dashing buckles on his toes,
Seem'd suited for a court;
The muslin round a PUDDING roll'd,
In which he kept his chin from cold,
Was of the finest sort.

He trod on slow; but, midst the tide,
A brewer's dray was seen to glide,
Unmindful of the mud.
Before which stalk'd, with steps quite bold,
Two high-bred steeds, of beauteous mould,
The pride of Whitbread's stud.

The splashing made on ev'ry side
The lane, which was not over wide,
Quite terrified the elf;
He saw the careless steeds come on,
He dar'd not stand, nor dar'd to run,
Lest he should splash himself.

At length, poor youth, he made a stop,
And would have got into a shop,
But ah! the door was shut;
When lo! th' advanc'd procession greets
The hapless beau, with all the sweets
Collected in the rut.

He swore, and call'd the drayman wight,
Untaught, unlearn'd, and unpolite,
And said he'd thrash the blade;
But he did not—good reason why—
Alas! no Hercules was nigh
To give Narcissus aid.

Then, all ye bucks, who walk the street
So spruce, so buxom, and so neat,
Learn this sad tale by reading;
To keep at home on rainy days,
Lest you should meet with any drays;
For draymen have no breeding.

J. J. B.

A BURLESQUE IMITATION OF ENCHANTED PASTORAL.

'TWAS morning, and Mary arose,
Her stockings and garters put on;
Instinctively follow'd her nose,
And walk'd with her back to the sun.

She smil'd, and the woods were illum'd;
She sigh'd, and the vales were depress'd;
She breath'd, and the air was perfum'd;
She frown'd, and saw nature distress'd.

She nodded, the trees nodded too;
She murmur'd, and so did the rill;
She wept, and the evening dew
Fell in tears on the neighbouring hill.

She stept, and fair flowers sprang up;
She blush'd, and the rose look'd more red;
She was hungry, she went home and supt;
She was tired, and so—went to bed.

Kingsland. J. M.

THE HOBBY.

Humbly inscribed to Ministers, by Jonas Sowwell, of Cardiff, South Wales.

YE Ministers! who tax pile upon tax,
And shoulder load of subject till it cracks.
Taxing each horse of Tom, and Jack, and Bobby;
When next you're taken in a taxing fit,
To mules and horses add another tit,
A Hobby.

More lucrative than a whole stud of racers,
Bone-setting trotters, amblers, cant'rers, pacers;
Nor lad nor lass but strides this fav'rite poney:
A penny lay, then niggle to a pound,
Your coffers, trust me, fill'd will soon be found
With money,

The

The hobby that I ride 's a patient ass,
Cropping the weeds and thistles of Parnasse,
Tax not the unpresuming pad too hard;
Who diets upon thistle and on weed,
Leaving luxuriant crop of verdant mead
To brighter bard.
But as to those who plunder, rob, and [pillage,
Who vend the produce of their neighbour's tillage,
And, without blush, retail it as their own;
As upon wine, so tax on taxes heap,
As they have sown, so let the varlets reap,
To pilf'ring prone.

Tax not so hard on port, and rum, and brandy,
On raisins, sugar, malt, and sugar candy!
Urge not to lay two eggs a-day your pullet!
If an equivalent for these you ask,
A tax I'll substitute—a facit task,
The gullet.

Tax! tax the Epicureans one and all
Of Goldsmith's, Grocer's, Grinders,—ev'ry hall!
Spare not their turtle, nor the ven'son haunch;
Their brisk Champaigne—yclep'd sound British perry— [merry
With which they over-gorge so blith and
Their paunch.

Permit the poor, who little have to cheer;
Add to their daily bread a draught of beer,
While you luxuriate on true Champaigne;
Spunge the thirst-giving tax you've laid on malt, [fault,
And blot not with the semblance of a
Your Sov'reign's reign.

The poor shall greet ye then with smiling faces,
Devoutly pray ye all may keep your places,
Callous to yelp of opposition pack,
For your dismission who so loudly hallo,
Their minds made up exact, when in, to follow
The self-same track!

T. S. C.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

From various Authors, on Hunting.

PERSEUS, Castor, Pollux, and the rest,
Who were of hunters first, of men the best;
Whose shades do yet remain within you groves,
Themselves there sporting with their noblest loves.
Hunting is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise;
Brings health, and doth the soul delight,
It helps the hearing, and the sight;
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory—good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence.
Turn hunters then, agen,
But not of men;
Follow his ample,
And just example,
That hates all chace of malice, and of blood,
And studies only to be good,
To keep soft peace in breath.
Man should not hunt mankind to death,
But strike the enemies of man;
Kill vices if you can;
They are your wildest beasts,
And when they thickest fall, you make the Gods true feasts,

Ben Johnson's Masques.

WHAT think you then
Of a good cry of hounds? It has been known
Dogs have hunted lordships to a fault.

Webster's Law Case.

A PACK of the bravest Spartan dogs in the world,
If they do but once open, and spend their gabble,
It will make the forest echo
As if a ring of bells were in't, admirably
Hew'd by their ears:
You would take them to be singing boys.
And for dewlaps, they are as big as vintner's bags,
In which they strain hippocras,

H. Shirley's Martyred Soldier.

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THE

RACING CALENDAR.

PONTEFRACT—CONCLUDED.

ON Thursday, September 13, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—The last mile.—Five Subscribers.

Mr. Wardell's br. c. Stapleton, by Overton or Beningbrough, dam by Young Marske..... 1
Ld Darlington's b. c. by Hambletonian..... 2
Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c. by Hambletonian..... 3

Six to 4 on Stapleton.

The 50l. for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Mr. Wardell's b. f. by Sir Peter, out of Alexina, 3 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. fell..... 1 1
Mr. N. B. Hodgson's ch. c. Stretch, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 2 2
Sir R. Winn's b. c. Auctioneer, 3 yrs old, 5st. 7lb..... 3 ds

Two to 1 on the Sir Peter filly, and after the heat 3 to 1 she won.

In the first heat, Auctioneer's rider was thrown off by the pressure of the crowd; in the second heat, the same horse was driven over the rail, not far from the winning post, by the swerving of Mr. Wardell's filly, who was also thrown down, by the exertions of her rider, to prevent her following Auctioneer; the latter fell, and hurt his rider severely.—The referees deemed it no cross.

LICHFIELD.

ON Tuesday, September 11, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added, for horses the property of Subscribers at the time of naming.—Two miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Ld Grey's b. c. Sir Oliver, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 1
Sir C. Bunbury's Orlando, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2
Mr Coventry's Laura, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 3
Mr Kellermann's Mary, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 4

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for 5 yr olds, carrying 8st. 7lb.—Three mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's b. h. Walton..... 1 1
Mr Dyott's b. m. by Joe Andrews..... 3 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h. Ashton..... 2 dr
Sir C. Bunbury's br. h. Orlando ..... 4 dr

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—Fifty Pounds, for three and four yr olds, that never won a plate of greater value.—Two mile heats.

Mr Clifton's b. c. Sir Ulic M'Killigut, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.. 4 4 1 0 1
Mr Coventry's ch f. Laura, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 0 1 3 0 2
Mr Kellermann's ch. f. Mary, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb..... 3 3 4 3
Mr Brooke's b. c. Optician, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb..... 0 2 2 dr

THURSDAY, September 13.—Fifty Pounds, for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Mr Clifton's b. c. Coriolanus, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.. 3 1 1
Mr Coventry's ch. h. Lismahago, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 1 2 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. f. Ninette, 3 yrs old, 6st. bolted..... 2 ds

ABINGDON.

ON Tuesday, September 11, the Members' Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Mr Morland's b. f. Duckling, by Grouse, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 1 1
Mr Hurst's ch. c. Jack-o'-the-Green, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 4 2
Mr Band's br. c. Cottager, late Bob Handy, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.. 3 3
Mr Fenwick's b. f. Miss Coiner, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb..... 2 4

WEDNESDAY, September 12.—A Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with a 50l. Plate added, for horses that never won.—Two mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 80gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Hallett's br. g. by Pot8o's, out of Quiz, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.. 0 1 1
Mr Hart's ch. c. Charles Teazle, 3 yrs old, 6st, 7lb..... 0 2 dr
Mr Blandy's Innocence, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 3 ds
Mr Green's br. f. Gallipot, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ..... 4 ds
Mr Cox's b. f. by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ..... 5 ds

BEDFORD.

BEDFORD.

ON Wednesday, September 12, the Woburn Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added from the Race Fund.—The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.—Two mile heats.

Mr Whitbread's b. f. Elizabeth, by Waxy, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. . 1 3 0 1
Mr Morland's b. f. Sylph, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb..... 2 1 3 3
D. of Bedford's b. g. Clifton, aged, 9st. 5lb..... 4 2 0 2
Mr Lee Antonie's b. g. Chance, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb..... 3 4 4 dr

The Duke of Bedford's Purse of 50l. for three yr olds.—Heats, once round—was walked over for, by

Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. Prospero, by Whiskey.

THURSDAY, September 13.—Fifty Pounds, for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. being the only one entered, received 20l.

LINCOLN.

ON Wednesday, September 12, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four and five yr old mares.—Two mile heats.

Mr Walton's b. m. Spitfire, by Pipator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ... 1 3 1
Mr Lumley Savile's br. f. by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 4 1 3
Mr Kirby's b. m. Primrose, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 3 2 2
Mr Flint's b. f. Miss Acomb, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 2 dr

Primrose the favourite.

Hunters' Sweepstakes, of 10gs each, 12st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two mile heats.—Fourteen Subscribers.

Mr Terrewest's b. m. Miss Nelson, by Admiral, aged..... 1 1
Capt. Nelthorpe's gr. m. by Vertumnus, aged 2 2
Mr Calcraft's gr. m. by Pharamond, aged, walked round each heat.

N. B. The reason for this is not stated in the list sent us—most likely a presumption that the other two were disqualified.

THURSDAY, September 13.—The City Plate of 50l.—Two mile heats.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Two Shoes, by Asparagus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb..... 0 1 1
Capt. Hawke's br. m. Miss Topping, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 4 2 2
Dr J. Willis's gr. c. 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb..... 3 4 3
Mr Welburn's br. c. by Abba Thulle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb..... 5 3 dr
Mr Uppleby's b. f. Patricia, 3 yrs old, ran out, 6st. 6lb..... 0 ds

Patricia the favourite.

The Welter Stakes of 10gs each, rode by Gentlemen, 12st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two mile heats.—Nine Subscribers.

Mr S. H. Lumley's ch. h. by Overton, aged 2 4 1
Mr Thorold's b. m. Miss Nelson, aged 1 2 2
Capt. P. Burrell's b. g. by Precipitate, aged 3 3 3
Sir M. M. Sykes's b. g. Sir Pertinax, aged, ran on the wrong side a post ..... 4 1 ds

The third heat was run by lamp and torch light; after which a compromise took place between Mr Lumley and the owner of Miss Nelson; the former to have two-thirds, and the latter one-third, of the amount of the stakes. The Stewards consented thereto, and desired that neither horse might walk over, but that it might be left to the Jockey Club, to determine in what proportion the bets should be paid and received.

FRIDAY, September 14.—Seventy Guineas, for all ages.—Two mile heats.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Two Shoes, 3 yrs old 2 1 1
Mr Uppleby's b. f. Patricia, 3 yrs old 1 2 3
Mr Welburn's br. c. by Abba Thulle, 4 yrs old 3 4 2
Mr Flint's br. h. Blackstrap, by Volunteer, aged 4 3 4

SHREWSBURY.

ON Tuesday, September 18, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by the Members, for horses, &c. of all ages; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb.—Four mile heats.

Mr. Clifton's b. f. Josephina, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old 1 1
Sir S. Glynn's ch. f. by Alexander, 4 yrs old 2 2
Mr Billington's b. c. Forester, 3 yrs old 4 3
Mr Willington's bl. f. by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old 3 4

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—Fifty Pounds, for three and four yr olds.—Heats, twice round.

Ld Stamford's b. c. Gayman, by Delpini, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1 2 1
Mr Clifton's b. c. Sir Ulic M'Killigut, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2 1 2

THURSDAY, September 20.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 5gs each, to which the Town Subscription was added.—Heats, the distance not mentioned in the list.—Three Subscribers.

Mr Astley's br. h. Citizen, by Citizen, aged, 9st. 1 1
Mr W. Collins's b. h. Midas, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ... 2 dr

MORPETH.

ON Tuesday, September 18, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Three mile heats.

Mr Ord's b. c. 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb 1 2 1

Mr

Mr. Stephenson's b. m. 5 yrs old, 8st. 3 1 2
Mr Dinsdale's ch. f. Little Nan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 2 3 3

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—Fifty Pounds, for three and four yr olds.—Three mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's Transit, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 1 1
Mr Walton's b. c. Spot, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2 2

THURSDAY, September 20.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's Transit, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 1 1
Mr Walton's Spot, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 2 2
Mr Dinsdale's Little Nan, ditto ..... 3 dr

KINGSCOTE.

N. B. These Races are for horses belonging to Members of the Kingscote Club, and none but Gentlemen belonging to the same are allowed to ride.

ON Tuesday, September 18, a Sweeptakes of 10gs each, with 50l. added by the Club, for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. 5 yr olds, 11st. 4lb. six yr olds and aged, 11st. 12lb.—Horses that had won in 1804, carrying 3lb. extra, if twice, 5lb.—Four miles.—Five Subscribers.

Col. Kingscote's Wheatear, by Y. Woodpecker, 4 yrs old, walked over.

The Kingscote Stakes of 25gs each, 15 ft. with 50gs added by the Club.—Fifteen Subscribers, five of whom not having named, paid only 5gs each.—Three miles.

Col. Kingscote's ch. g. Tango, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 10st. 12lb... 1
Mr. Fuller's b. h. Clodhopper, aged, 11st. 12lb. 2
Mr B. Price's b. g. Loto, 5 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. 3
Mr Douglas's b. h. Parnassus, aged, 11st. 11lb. 4
Mr Scrope's b. c. Elemore, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 5
Ld C. H. Somerset's br. h. Piercer, 5 yrs old, 10st. 13lb. 6

Seven to 4 agst Elemore, 5 to 2 agst Tango, and 3 to 1 agst Clodhopper.

The Welter Stakes of 5gs each, for horses that never started or recd. ft. before the first day of Maddington Meeting, 1804, carrying 13st.—Two mile heats.—Fifty-one Subscribers.

Mr Hawkes's ch. g. The Little Printer, by King Fergus. 1 1
Mr Harrison's ch. h. Chilton 2 2
Mr Fuller's ch. g. Sun-beam 3 3

Seven to 4 on the winner.

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—The Cup, value 100gs, the remainder in specie, a Subscription of 10gs each, the owner of the second horse entitled to 20gs; qualifications as for the Welter; four yr olds, 11st.

11st. five yr olds, 12st. 2lb. six yr olds, 12st. 11lb. and aged, 13st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Three miles.—Twenty Subscribers.

Mr B. Price's b. g. Loto, by Cardock, 5 yrs old 0 1
Col. Kingscote's ch. c. Marplot, 4 yrs old 0 2
Sir H. Lippincott's gr. g. Slate, 4 yrs old 3

Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Marplot, and 3 to 1 agst either of the others; after the dead heat, Marplot rather the favourite.

Hunters' Plate of 50l.—Two mile heats.

Mr Hawkes's Little Printer, 13st. 11lb. 1 0 1
Mr Fuller's Sun-beam, 12st. 2 0 2

Four to 1 on The Printer; and after the dead heat, 2 to 1.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—One mile heats.

Capt. Pigot's ch. c. Wheatear, by Y. Woodpecker, 4 yrs old, 11st. 13lb. 6 1 1
Mr Scrope's Elemore, 4 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 1 2 2
Capt. Hervey's b. g. Cormorant, 4 yrs old, 9st. 13lb. 5 5 3
Mr. Douglas's b. g. Helicon, 6 yrs old, 11st. ..... 4 3 dr
Mr Glover's b. g. Cockspinner, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. ..... 3 4 dr
Major Pigot's Gary Owen, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. ..... 2 6 dr

Seven to 4 agst Elemore, 5 to 2 agst Wheatear, 3 to 1 agst Cockspinner, 4 and 5 to 1 agst Gary Owen; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Elemore; and after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Wheatear.

THURSDAY, September 20.—Mr. Scrope's Elemore, by Screveton, 4 yrs old, 11st. beat Mr. Douglas's Helicon, 6 yrs old, 10st. from the Red Post, in—about half a mile—50gs.——Three to 1 on Elemore.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Lindow's b. g. Loto, by Cardock, 5 yrs old, 10st. 6lb. 5 1 1
Sir H. Lippincott's Slate, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. 1 3 4
Major Pigot's Gary Owen, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. 2 4 2
Mr F. G. Smyth's Parnassus, aged, 11st. 5lb. 3 2 3
Capt. Hervey's Cormorant, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ..... 4 5 dr

Six to 4 agst Slate, 7 to 4 agst Loto; after the first heat, 5 to 4 agst Loto, 3 to 1 agst Slate, and 3 to 1 agst Parnassus.

LEICESTER.

ON Wednesday the 19th of September, the Gentlemen's Purse of 50l. by horses, &c. of different ages and qualifications; viz. those who never won 50l. at any one time this present year—matches excepted—three yr olds carrying 6st. 12lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds,

olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st.—Winners of one 50l. Plate, this year, three yr olds carrying 7st. four yr olds, 8st. 4lb. five yr olds, 9st. 4lb. six yr olds, 9st. 8lb. and aged, 9st. 12lb. Winners of more than one 50l. Plate, this year, carrying 2lb. over and above the last mentioned weights; and the winner of a King's Plate, this year, carrying 3lb. extra.—Heats, two miles.

Mr Clifton's b. c. Coriolanus, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old..... 1 1
Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Two Shoes, 3 yrs old..... 2 2
Mr Barnard's ch. c. 4 yrs old..... 3 3
Mr Langley's ch. c. Volunteer, 4 yrs old..... ds
Mr Fisher's b. h. Y. Whirlwind, 5 yrs old..... ds

THURSDAY, September 20.—The Burgesses' Purse of 50l. by horses, &c. that never won a Royal Plate; four yr olds carrying 7st. five yr olds 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 8lb. and aged, 9st.—Winners of one 50l. Plate, this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of three or more, 7lb. extra.—Heats, four miles.

Mr. Kellermann's ch. f. Mary, 4 yrs old..... 1 1
Capt. Hawke's br. m. Miss Topping, 6 yrs old..... 3 2
Mr Coventry's ch. h. Lismahago, 5 yrs old..... 2 3
Mr Sisson's b. f. Miss Moorcock, 4 yrs old..... 4 4
Mr. Clarke's b. m. Miss Nelson, aged..... ds
Mr Langley's ch. c. Volunteer, 4 yrs old..... ds

DONCASTER.

ON Monday, September 24th, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged 12st. 2lb.—Four miles.

Sir H. Williamson's gr. c. Starling, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old..... 1
Mr Welburn's br. c. by Abba Thulle, 4 yrs old..... 2
Very high odds on Starling.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 11lb.—Two yr old Course.—Five Subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. by Hambletonian, out of Evelina..... 1
Ld Darlington's b. c. by Hambletonian..... 2
Mr Hewett's f. Miss Hornpipe Teazle..... 3
Mr Mellish's True Briton..... 4
Five and 6 to 4 agst Miss Hornpipe.

The North Welter Stakes of 20gs each; rode by gentlemen, 13st.—Two mile heats.—Three Subscribers.

Mr Barlow's gr. g. Middlethorpe, by Jupiter, rode by Mr. Mellish 1 1
Mr S. H. Lumley's ch. h. by Overton—Mr. Creyke..... 2 2

Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—Two miles.—Six Subscribers.

Ld

Ld Fitzwilliam's br. h. Orville, by Beningbrough, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. . . 1
Mr Sitwell's br. h. Pipylin, 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2
Ld Darlington's br. c. Doncaster, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3
Pipylin the favourite.

Ld Fitzwilliam's Orville, beat Mr Mellish's Stockton, 8st. 7lb. each. —Four miles.—200gs.——Twelve to 5 on Orville.

Ld Darlington's Haphazard, by Sir Peter, aged, 8st. 8lb. beat Mr. Garforth's b. h. by Traveller, out of Faith, 5 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.—Four miles.—200gs.——Eleven to 5 on Haphazard,

TUESDAY, September 25.—The St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Twenty-four Subscribers.

Mr. Mellish's b. c. Sancho, by Don Quixote, out of a sister to Maid-of-all-Work 1
Sir H. T. Vane's b. c by Sir Peter, out of Shuttle's dam. 2
Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Chariot, out of Mary Ann; Ld Darlington's ch c. Zodiac; Mr Mellish's b. c. Diddler; Mr L. Savile's br. c. brother to Moss Rose; Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Sir Peter, out of Queen Mab, fell; Mr Garforth's gr. f. Vesta, fell; Sir M. M. Sykes's br. c. Sir Bertrand, fell; Mr. Norton's b. c. Quid, restive; and the D. of Queensberry's b. c. by Moorcock; also started, but were not placed by the Judge.
Two to 1 agst Sancho, 3 to 1 agst Sir H Vane's colt, 5 and 6 to 1 agst Quid, and 10 to 1 agst any other,

The Corporation Plate of 50l. for 3 yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb.—The winner of any of the Subscription Plates at York, this year, 4lb. extra.—Maiden horses, &c. allowed 4lb.—Four mile heats.

Mr Wardell's b. f. by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old. 1 1
Sir H. Williamson's gr. c. Starling, 4 yrs old. 2 2
Mr W. N. W. Hewett's br. c. by Buzzard, 3 yrs old. . . . . 3 dr
Even betting on Starling, and 2 to 1 agst the filly.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, free for any horse, &c. three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged 9st.—The winner of any Subscription Plate at York, this year, or a King's Plate, this year, carrying 4lb. extra, and of any two Subscription Plates at York, this year, 7lb. extra.—Four miles.

Ld Grey's Sir Oliver, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old. 1
Mr Brandling's b. h. Alonzo, 6 yrs old. 2
Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Firelock, 3 yrs old. 3
Mr Wardell's b. f. by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old. 4
Mr Mellish's b. h. Stockton, 5 yrs old. 5
Ld Strathmore's br. c. by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old. 6
Mr Garforth's b. h. by Traveller, 5 yrs old. 7

Ld

Ld Darlington's br. c. Doncaster, 4 yrs old 8
Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, pulled up a little lame.

Five to 2 agst Sir H. Vane, and 4 to 1 agst Sir Oliver.

The last year of the renewed Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation, for any horse, &c. *bona fide* the property of a Subscriber, or his declared confederate; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four miles.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, by Coriander, aged..... 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. Sally, 4 yrs old..... 2
Sir W. Gerard's br. c. by Chariot, 3 yrs old 3

Four and 5 to 1 on Marcia.

The Town Plate of 50gs—Handicap—for horses of all ages—Two mile heats.

Mr Sitwell's Pipylin, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, 9st.....	1	2	1
Sir T. Gascoigne's Theophania, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	4	1	2
Ld Scarborough's b. f. Rosebud, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2	3	4
Mr Welburne's br. c. by Abba Thulle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	3	4	3

Even betting and 5 to 4 on Pipylin, and after the second heat, 4 to 1 agst him.

THURSDAY, September 27.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation, for fillies, three yrs old, 8st. each.—Two miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Mr Wardell's b. f. Gratitude, by Shuttle..... 1
Mr Garforth's gr. f. Helen, by Delpini 2
Ld Grosvenor's ch. f. Monymusk..... 3
D. of Hamilton's br. b. f. by Walnut 4
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. Maiden 5
Mr. Bettison's f. by Sir Peter, dam by Alfred, fell.

Gratitude the favourite.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters; rode by gentlemen, 12st.—Four miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Sir M. M. Sykes's b. g. Sir Pertinax, by Sir Peter, rode by Mr. Tatton Sykes 1
Mr. Barlow's gr. g. Middlethorpe, Mr. Mellish..... 2
Gen. Lumley's b. g. Reserve, the owner..... 3

One Hundred Pounds, for three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 7lb. Maiden colts allowed 2lb. and maiden fillies, 3lb.—Two mile heats.

Mr Wardell's b. f. sister to Brough, by Stride, 3 yrs old.....	4	1	1
Ld Grey's Sir Oliver, 4 yrs old.....	1	5	3
Ld Fitzwilliam's br. c. Ducat, 4 yrs old	2	3	2
Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old.....	5	2	5
Ld Strathmore's ro. c. Petruchio, 3 yrs old	6	6	4

Sir M. M. Sykes's br. c. Sir Bertrand, 3 yrs old..... 3 4 dr
Even betting on Sir Oliver, and 5 to 2 agst the filly; after the second heat, 4 to 1 she won.

M. Thompson's b. c. Newcastle, by Waxy, 7st. 7lb. recd. 100gs from Mr Norton's Quid, 8st. 3lb.—Two miles.—300gs, h. ft.

BECCLES.

ON Wednesday, September 19, Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. Prospero, by Whiskey, being the only horse entered, recd. 25l.

THURSDAY, September 20.—The Town Purse of 50l. for three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7st. 6lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Four mile heats.

Mr Emden's br. c. Latitat, by Waxy, 3 yrs old..... 1 1
Mr Dockeray's Tallibo..... 2 2

WALSALL.

ON Wednesday, September 26, Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Three mile heats.

Mr Pigot's ch. c. Wheatear, by Y. Woodpecker, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb..... 3 1 1
Mr Lord's ch. f. Danceaway, 3 yrs old, 6st..... 2 3 2
Mr Reece's b. f. Dutchess, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb..... 1 2 dr
High odds on Wheatear.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Three mile heats.—Three Subscribers.—The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Lord's ch. f. Danceaway, by Moorcock, 3 yrs old, 6st..... 1
Mr Tinkler's bl. f. Rival, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 2
Danceaway the favourite.

THURSDAY, September 27.—Fifty Pounds, for all ages.—Three mile heats.

Mr Lord's b. g. Cockspinner, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .. 1 1
Mr Langford Brooke's b. h. Bay Moston, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 2 2
Mr. Whateley's b. h. Prior, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. fell..... ds
Bay Moston the favourite.

NORTHAMPTON.

NORTHAMPTON.

ON Wednesday, September 26, Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Two Shoes, by Asparagus, 8st. 7lb..... 1 1
Mr Abbey's br. f. Virgin, 8st. 3lb..... 3 2
Mr. Lockley's br. f. Parapluie, 8st. 3lb..... 4 3
Mr Morland's b. f. Sylph, 8st..... 2 dr

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 5gs each; five yr olds, 10st. 7lb. six yr olds, 10st. 11lb. and aged, 11st.—Heats, twice round.—Twenty Subscribers.

Mr. Wilson's ch. g. Chance, 5 yrs old..... 1 1
Mr Drage's b. g. Fearnought, by Planet, 5 yrs old..... 3 2
Mr T. Inchley's gr. g. by Icelander, aged..... 2 3
Mr J. Benton's b. h. Gleaner, by Joe Andrews, 6 yrs old..... 5 4
Mr G. S. Benton's b. h. Mr. Merryman, 6 yrs old..... 4 5

THURSDAY, September 27.—The Town Plate of 50l. for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr Kellermann's ch. f. Mary, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb... 1 1
Mr Emden's br. f. Gipsy, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb..... 3 2
Mr Sutton's gr. g. Mars, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb..... 2 3

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Four mile heats.

Mr Coventry's ch. f. Maid of Kent, by Overton, 3 yrs old..... 1 1
Mr Saile's b. g. Lemon-squeezer, 6 yrs old..... 4 2
Mr Morland's b. f. Sylph 3 yrs old..... 2 3
Mr Sharman's br. m. Doubtful, 6 yrs old..... 3 4
Mr Fisher's b. h. Young Whirlwind, 5 yrs old..... 5 5

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

ON Monday, October 1, the D. of Grafton's br. f. Pelisse, by Whiskey, 3 yrs old, beat Mr Howorth's b. c. Harefoot, 4 yrs old, 8st. each.—First mile and a half of the two M. M.—100gs.——Six to 5 on Harefoot.

Mr. Watson's ch. c. Sorrel, by Volunteer, out of Marcella, beat Ld Foley's c. Czar Peter, by Sir Peter, out of Xenia, 8st. 3lb. each—Across the Flat.—200gs, h. ft.——Two to 1 on Sorrel.

Mr Mellish's b. h. Eagle, by Volunteer, aged, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Malta, 6 yrs old, 5st. 7lb.—Ab. M.—500gs.——Six to 4 on Eagle.

Mr F. Neale's br. c. Sir David, by Trumpator, 8st. beat Mr. Wilson's b. c. Stately, 8st. 5lb.—Across the Flat.—100gs.——Six and 7 to 4 on Stately.

Ld Foley's b. c. Watery, by Waxy, 8st. 2lb. beat Ld Grosvenor's Agincourt, 8st. 7lb.—Across the Flat.—100gs.——Six to 4 on Watery.

Mr F. Neale's ch. h. Bobtail, by Precipitate, aged, beat the D. of Grafton's b. m. Penelope, 6 yrs old, 8st. each.—Across the Flat.—100gs.——Two to 1 on Penelope.

Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Rouge Dragon, by Dragon, 3 yrs old, 7st. beat Mr. Wyndham's gr. h. Grey Surrey, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. D. I.—50gs.——Seven to 2 on Rouge Dragon.

The third and last year of a Subscription of 5gs each, for four yr olds carrying 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 13lb, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—B. C.—Twenty-four Subscribers,

Mr Norton's gr. c. Sir Harry Dimsdale, by Sir Peter, out of Game-nut's dam, 4 yrs old 1
D. of Grafton's b. m. Penelope, 6 yrs old 2
Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, 6 yrs old 3
Mr Ladbroke's b. c. Rumbo, 4 yrs old 4
Mr Howorth's ch. h. Slapbang, aged 5

Five to 4 agst Penelope, 3 to 1 agst Sir Harry Dimsdale, and 3 to 1 agst Eleanor.

TUESDAY, October 2.—Gen. Sparrow's b. c. Fathom, by Trumpator, out of Young Noisette, 2 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. beat Ld Foley's ch. c. Blemished Boy, 4 yrs old, 9st.—Two yr old Course.—50gs.——Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Fathom.

Third and last year.—One-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, with 50l. added by the Jockey Club, for four yr old colts carrying 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Sixteen Subscribers.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, by Pot8o's 1
Sir F. Standish's br. c. brother to Stamford 2
Col. Leigh's gr. f. Nitre 3
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Baron Bull 4

Seven to 4 on Parasol, and 5 to 2 agst the brother to Stamford.

WEDNESDAY, October 3.—Mr F. Neale's ch. c. Brainworm, by Buzzard, 7st. 7lb. beat the D. of St. Albans's b. c. Merryman, 8st.—Ab. M.—50gs, h. ft.——Two to 1 on Brainworm.

One-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, to which was added the Town Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts carrying 8st. 6lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.—Sixteen Subscribers.

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Bagatelle, by Sir Peter 1

Mr

Mr Wilson's b. c. Stately 2
Mr Wyndham's ch. c. The Carpenter 3
Even betting on Stately, 5 to 4 agst Bagatelle, and 5 to 1 agst The Carpenter.

Fifty Guineas, free for any horse, &c. four yr olds carrying 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged 9st.—B. C.
Mr Howorth's b. c. Strap, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, walked over.

THURSDAY, October 4.—Mr Mellish's b. h. Eagle, by Volunteer, aged, 8st. 10lb. beat the D. of Grafton's b. h. Pic Nic, 5 yrs old, 6st.—Two yr old Course.—200gs.——Six to 5 on Eagle.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, whereof 80gs was laid out in the purchase of a Gold Cup, and the remainder paid to the winner in specie.—Across the Flat.—Seventeen Subscribers.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, by Whiskey, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. ... 1
Mr Lake's b. f. Virtuosa, 3 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. 2
Mr Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, aged, 8st. 10lb. 3
Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b. m. Aniseed, aged, 9st. 7lb. Mr. Wilson's ch. h. Lennox, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. Mr. Forth's ch. h. Brighton, aged, 8st. 5lb. Ld F. G. Osborne's b. f. Elizabeth, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. Gen. Sparrow's ch. c. Castrel, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. Mr Mellish's b. c. Sulks, by Antæus, 3 yrs old, 7st. Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Rouge Dragon, 3 yrs old, 7st. Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Malta, 6 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. Mr Wastell's b. f. Lumbago, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. Mr Emden's br. c. Latitat, 3 yrs old, 5st. 12lb. and Mr. Howard's ch. f. Zephyr, 3 yrs old, 5st. 7lb. also started; but the Judge could only place the first three.
Three to 1 agst Malta, 4 to 1 agst Eleanor, 5 to 1 agst Lignum, and 5 to 1 agst Castrel.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, carrying 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—R. C.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old 1
Mr Norton's gr. c. Sir Harry Dimsdale, 4 yrs old 2
Sir H. Williamson's b. h. Walton, 5 yrs old 3
Eleven to 8 agst Parasol, 7 to 4 agst Sir Harry Dimsdale, 3 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst Walton.

Ld Grosvenor's Bagatelle, 7st. 12lb. recd. 75gs from Mr. Howorth's Harefoot, 8st. 10lb.—Two middle miles.—100gs.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, 8st. recd 40gs from Ld Foley's b. c. Watery, 6st. 8lb.—Two middle miles.—100gs, h. ft.

MALTON.

MALTON—NEW COURSE.

ON Wednesday, October 3, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr olds, 6st. 10lb. four yr olds, 7st. 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares allowed 2lb.—Two miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, by Coriander, aged 1
Mr W. Hutchinson's b. m. Spitfire, 5 yrs old 2
Mr Darley's b. f. by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old 3

High odds on Marcia.

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, 12st.—Three miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Sir M. M. Sykes's b. g. Sir Pertinax, by Sir Peter 1
Mr Darley's gr. g. by Pallafox, dam by Remus 2
Mr Barlow's gr. h. Middlethorpe 3
Mr G. Hutton's ch. h. by Windlestone, out of Charmer 4

Six to 4 on Sir Pertinax.

THURSDAY, October 4.—A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies 8st.—The winner of a Sweepstakes carrying 3lb. extra.—Two miles.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's gr. c. Evander, by Delpini 0 1
Mr W. Hutchinson's b. c. by Pipator, out of Serina 0 2
Sir M. M. Sykes's br. c. Sir Bertram 3
Ld Darlington's ch. c. Zodiac, 3lb. extra 4

Six to 4 on Zodiac.

A Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. 4lb. and fillies 8st. 2lb.—Heats, a mile and a half.

Sir M. M. Sykes's br. c. Sir Bertram, by Beningbrough, out of Drowsy 3 2 1 1
Mr Hewett's br. c. by Buzzard 4 4 2
Mr. Lumley Savile's br. c. by Sir Peter, threw his rider ..... 2 1 ds
Mr Garforth's gr. f. Vesta, fell lame ..... 1 3 dr

FRIDAY, October 5.—A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old fillies, 8st.—A mile and a half.—Four Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's gr. f. Helen, by Delpini 1
Mr. W. Lee's Brunette 2

Brunette the favourite.

Fifty Pounds, for horses &c. that never won above 100gs at one time; three yr olds, 6st. 12lb. four yr olds, 7st. 13lb. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares allowed 2lb.—A winner of one 50l. carrying 3lb. of two fifties, or one hundred, 5lb. extra.—Three mile heats.

Mr

Mr N. B. Hodgson's ch c. Stretch, by Stride 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr Thompson's b. c. Newcastle, 3 yrs old..... 3 2
Mr, Simpson's ch. c. Rudstone, 4 yrs old..... 4 3
Mr Barlow's b. h. Thornville Royal, 6 yrs old..... 5 4
Mr W. Lee's br. f. Brunette, 3 yrs old..... 2 ds

OSWESTRY.

ON Monday, September 24, a Silver Cup, value 50l. for hunters; rode by Gentlemen.—Two mile heats.

Mr C. W. Wynn's d. g. Sir Christopher Hatton, aged, 12st. 4lb.. 1 1
Mr Downes's b. g. 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb..... 2 2
Mr Rogers's br. h. 6 yrs old, 12st..... 3 3

A Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for all ages.—One mile.—Subscribers.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h. Ashton, by Beningbrough, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lo. walked over.

TUESDAY, September 25.—A Cup, value 65gs, given by Lord Viscount Dungannon, for regular hunters, carrying 11st.—Two mile heats.

Mr Dyott's b. m. 5 yrs old..... 1 1
Mr Lloyd Lloyd's b. m. 6 yrs old..... 2 2

Fifty Pounds, for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

Sir S. Glynn's ch. f. by Alexander 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 1 1
Mr Billington's br. c. Forester, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb..... 3 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's br. f. 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 2 3

WEDNESDAY, September 26.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Mr Astley's br. h. Citizen, by Citizen, aged, 9st. 5lb..... 3 1 1
Mr Smith's b. h. Bamford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb..... 1 2 3
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. f. Ninette, 3 yrs old..... 2 3 2

A Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 20gs added, for four yr olds, 10st. 7lb. five yr olds, 11st. 5lb. six yr olds, 11st. 12lb. and aged, 12st.—One mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 50gs, if demanded, &c.—Subscribers.

Mr Boates's b. m. 5 yrs old..... 2 1 1
Sir S. R. Glynn's ch. f. 4 yrs old 1 2 2
Mr T. Kenyon's b. h. Midas, 5 yrs old 3 4 3
Sir W. W. Wynn's br. f. 4 yrs old..... 4 3 4
Mr Lloyd's b. m. 6 yrs old..... ds

NORTHALLERTON.

NORTHALLERTON.

ON Thursday, October 11, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies 8st.—Two miles. —Four Subscribers.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr. f. Priscilla, by Delpini, out of Eliza, by Alfred 1
Ld Strathmore's br. c. by Sir Peter, out of Primrose's dam 2
Two to 1 on Priscilla.

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 5gs each, rode by Gentlemen; 12st.—Three miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr J. Trotter's gr. h. Confessor, by Delpini, dam by Picture, Mr. Baker 1
Mr R. W. Peirse's b. m. by Restless, Major Draper 2
Two to 1 on Confessor.

FRIDAY, October 12.—The Members' Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds, that never won above 50l. at any one time, in Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes; three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. four yr olds, 8st. 5lb. —Fillies allowed 2lb.—A winner of 50l. in Plate, &c. this year, carrying 3lb. of two or more, 5lb. extra.—Three mile heats.

Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. by Sir Peter, out of Goldenlocks, 3 yrs old, won 50l.	3	1	1
Mr W. Hutchinson's b. c. by Pipator, 3 yrs old, won 50l.	5	2	2
Mr Brandling's b. c. Adam, 4 yrs old	2	4	3
Ld Scarborough's b. c. Geranium, 4 yrs old	4	3	4
Mr Walker's ch c. Sir Sidney, 3 yrs old	1	5	ds

Six to 4 on Adam, and 2 to 1 agst the winner.

SATURDAY, October 13.—Fifty Pounds for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st.—Mares allowed 2lb.—A winner of 50l. since the first of March last carrying 3lb. of two, or a King's Plate, 5lb. extra.—Four mile heats.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr. f. Priscilla, 3 yrs old	1	4	3	1
Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. 3 yrs old	4	1	0	5
Mr Mellish's b. c. Little Joey, 4 yrs old	2	5	0	2
Sir H. Williamson's gr c. Starling, 4 yrs old	5	2	5	3
Ld Strathmore's br. c. by Sir Peter, out of Primrose's dam, 3 yrs old	3	3	4	4

Six to 4 agst Starling, 5 to 2 agst Sir T. Gascoigne's colt, and 3 to 1 agst Priscilla.

NEWMARKET

NEWMARKET—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

ON Monday, October 15, Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Bagatelle, by Sir Peter, three yrs old, 8st. beat Ld Foley's ch. c. Blemished Boy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.—Two middle miles.—50gs.——Three to one on Bagatelle.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each.—R. M.

D. of Grafton's br. f. Pelisse, by Whiskey, 8st. 1lb..... 1
Ld Stawell's br. c. Sir David, 8st. 8lb..... 2
Mr Wilson's b. c. Stately, 8st. 6lb..... 3

Eleven to 8 agst Pelisse, 7 to 4 agst Sir David, and 7 to 2 agst Stately.

Ld Sackville's ch. h. Enchanter, by Pot8o's, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. beat Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Strap, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.—Across the Flat.—100gs.——Five to 2 on Enchanter.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, by Pot8o's, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr Mellish's b. c. Buss, 7st. 4lb. both four yrs old.—D. I.—200gs.——Six and 7 to 1 on Parasol.

Third and last year.—One third of a Subscription of 25gs each, with 50l. added by the Jockey Club, for five yr olds carrying 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged 9st.—B. C.—Sixteen Subscribers.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, by Whiskey, 6 yrs old..... 1
Col. Leigh's br. h. Orville, 5 yrs old..... 2
Ld G. H. Cavendish's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, aged..... 3

Seven to 4 on Eleanor, and 3 to 1 agst Orville.

D. of Grafton's Parasol, 8st. 8lb. agst Ld Grosvenor's Cesario, 7st 13lb.—R. M.—200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

TUESDAY, October 16.—Mr Wastell's b. f. Lumbago, by Grouse, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. and Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Waxy, out of Recruit's dam, 2 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.—Two yr old Course.—50gs.—Ran a dead heat.——Eleven to 8 on Lumbago.

D. of Grafton's b. c. Bugbear, by Pot8o's, out of Minion, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr R. Boyce's b. c. Dismal, by Precipitate, out of Tag, 8st.—Across the Flat.—200gs, h. ft.——Even betting.

Fifty Pounds, for two yr old colts carrying 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—Two yr old Course.

Mr Wilson's b. c. by Waxy, out of Recruit's dam..... 1
Mr Ladbroke's b. f. sister to Hannibal..... 2
Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. by Magic, out of Amelia..... 3

Mr Howorth's br. c. Tramper, by Whiskey; Mr J. Edward's gr. f. Jessamy, by Delpini; Gen. Sparrow's b. c. Fathom; Mr Wardell's br. c. Capias, by Overton, dam by Marske; Mr Mellish's b. c. Tetotum, by Hambletonian; Mr Galway's b. c. by Young Woodpecker; and Mr Lake's br. c. by Whiskey, out of a sister to Telegraph; also started—but the Judge could place only the first three.

Thirteen to 8 agst Sir C. Bunbury's c. and 5 to 2 agst the winner.

The first Class of the October Oatlands Stakes, 30gs each.—B. M. —The winner entitled to one half of the thirteen forfeits of 10gs each.

Mr Wyndham's ch. m. Marianne, by Mufti, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.... 1
Sir F. Standish's br. c. brother to Stamford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 2
Mr Howorth's br. f. Julia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 3
Mr Lake's b. h. Giles, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 4
D. of Grafton's b. h. Pic Nic, 5 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... 5

Nine to 4 agst Marianne, 9 to 4 agst Giles, 4 to 1 agst Julia, and 5 to 1 agst Pic Nic.

Mr Ladbroke's b. f. by Driver, out of Fractious, recd. forfeit from Mr Branthwayt's c. by Pegasus, dam by Buzaglo. 8st. each.—Two yr old Course.—50gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, October 17.—The Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. four yr olds, 8st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 11lb. six yr olds, 9st. 1lb. and aged, 9st. 4lb. T. M. M. B. C. with this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 50gs, if demanded, &c.

D. of St. Albans's ch. c. Blemished Boy, by King Fergus, 4 yrs old. 1
Mr Howard's ch. f. Zephyr, 3 yrs old..... 2

Four to 1 on Blemished Boy.

Mr Wilson's b. c. Stately, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. beat Sir C. Bunbury's br. h. Orlando, 5 yrs old, 9st.—Two yr old Course.—50gs.——Five to 2 on Orlando.

The second Class of the October Oatlands Stakes of 30gs each.—R. M.—The winner entitled to one half of the thirteen forfeits of 10gs each.

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b. g. Rebel, by Trumpator, aged, 8st. 9lb.... 1
Ld Foley's ch. h. Captain Absolute, 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 2
Mr Watson's ch. h. Trombone, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 3
Ld Grosvenor's c. Bagatelle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb..... 4
Mr Abbey's Little John, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb..... pd

Five to 4 agst Trombone, 3 to 1 agst Bagatelle, 4 to 1 agst Captain Absolute, and 4 to 1 agst Rebel.

The following—having declared forfeit within the time prescribed—and three Subscribers who did not name, paid only 10gs each, which sum was divided between the owners of the winning horses in the two Classes.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, 6 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. Mr Wilson's ch. h. Lennox, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. Ld Sackville's ch. h. Enchanter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. Mr. Norton's Sir Harry Dimsdale, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. Mr Ladbroke's b c. Rumbo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Baron Bull, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. Mr Watson's b. c. Dreadnought, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. Ld F. G. Osborne's b. f. Elizabeth, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. and Mr. Mellish's b. c. Buss, 4 yrs old, 7st.

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Baron Bull, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. recd. 10gs from Sir C. Bunbury's br. h. Orlando, 9st.—Two yr old Course.—50gs.

D. of

D. of Grafton's br. f. Pelisse, by Whiskey, 8st. 3lb. recd. 70gs from Ld Egremont's ch. f. by Precipitate, out of Bobtail, 8st.—Across the Flat.—200gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY, October 18.—Ld F. G. Osborne's b. f. Elizabeth, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 9st. beat Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Rouge Dragon, 3 yrs old, 8st.—D. I.—50gs.——Even betting and 5 to 4 on Elizabeth.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for 3 yr old colts, 8st. 4lb. and fillies, 8st.—Across the Flat.—Five Subscribers.

Gen. L. Gower's b. c. by Don Quixote, out of Highflyæna 1
Ld Grosvenor's b. f. by Sir Peter, out of a sister to Shipton 2
Mr R. Boyce's b. c. Dismal 3

Eleven to 8 on Gen. Gower's c. and 6 to 4 agst Ld Grosvenor's f.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each.—Across the Flat.

D. of Grafton's br. f. Pelisse, by Whiskey, 8st. 7lb. 1
Mr F. Neale's ch. c. Brainworm, 7st. 13lb. 2
Ld Foley's b. c. Watery, 7st. 9lb. 3

Even betting on Watery, 5 to 2 agst Brainworm, and 3 to 1 agst Pelisse.

Subscription Plate of 50l. for two yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and three yr olds, 9st. 4lb. Fillies allowed 2lb.—Two yr old Course.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

D. of St. Albans's b. c. Merryman, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old 1
Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Rouge Dragon, 3 yrs old 2
Mr Wyndham's ch. c. The Carpenter, 3 yrs old 3

Seven to 4 on Merryman, 2 to 1 agst The Carpenter, and 6 to 1 agst Rouge Dragon.

Mr Wastell's b. f. Lumbago, by Grouse, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr Mellish's b. c. Tetotum, 2 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.—Two yr old Course. 100gs.——Seven to 2 on Lumbago.

Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for two yr olds carrying 6st. 7lb. three yr olds, 8st. and four yr olds, 8st. 8lb.—The Two yr old Course.—The winner to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's gr. f. Nitre, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old 1
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Baron Bull, 4 yrs old 2
Mr Mellish's b. c. Sulks, 3 yrs old 3
Mr Ladbroke's b. c. Dismal, 3 yrs old 4
Mr Wyndham's ch. c. The Carpenter, 3 yrs old 5
Ld Sackville's b. c. by Pegasus, 4 yrs old 6

Seven to 4 on Nitre, and 3 to 1 agst Baron Bull.—N. B. The winner was claimed.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each.—From the Turn of the Lands, in.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. h. Orlando, by Whiskey, 9st. 1
D. of Grafton's b. c. Pic Nic, 8st. 4lb. 2
Mr Howorth's ch. h. Malta, 8st. 3

Six and 7 to 4 on Orlando, and 5 to 2 agst Pic Nic.

Mr Wilson's Stately, 8st. 5lb. agst Mr Mellish's Sulks, 6st. 9lb.—R. M.—100gs.—Was off by consent.

HOLYWELL HUNT.

ON Tuesday, October 16, the Members Annual Plate, value 50gs; rode by Jockies. 12st. each.—Two mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynn's gr. g. 6 yrs old 1 1
Sir S. R. Glynn's b. g. by Driver, 6 yrs old 2 2
Mr Dymock's b. m. 6 yrs old 3 3

The third and last year of a Sweepstakes of 15gs each.—Four miles. —Five Subscribers. Was walked over for.

THURSDAY, October 17.—A Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for half-bred horses; five yr olds, 11st. 11lb. six yr olds, 12st. 4lb. and aged, 12st. 6lb.—One mile heats.—Twelve Subscribers.

Mr. S. W. Cotton's br. g. Stick Pig, 6 yrs old 1 1
Mr T. M. Edwards's gr. m. Cinderella, 6 yrs old 2 2

AYR—CALEDONIAN HUNT MEETING.

ON Monday, the 15th day of October, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs.

Ld Belhaven's Brandon, by Beningbrough, 5 yrs old 1 1
Mr Lupton's ch. c. Mountpleasant, 3 yrs old ..... 2 dr

TUESDAY, October 16.—Produce Stakes, for three yr olds.—Five Subscribers.—100gs each, h. ft.—Two miles.

D. of Hamilton's ch. c. by Walnut 1
Mr Baird's b. c. by Overton 2
Ld Cassillis's ch. c. by Overton 3
Mr Maule's br. f. by Scorpion 4

Gold Cup, value 100gs, the surplus in specie—fourteen Subscribers, 10gs each—for horses bred and trained in Scotland.

Ld Cassillis's Chancellor 1
Sir H. Dalrymple Hamilton's c. 2
Mr Oswald's b. h. 3

Ayr Subscription of 50l. for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Mr Topham's b. m. 5 yrs old 3 2 1 1
Ld Cassillis's Chancellor 1 3 2 2
D. of Hamilton's ch. c. by Walnut ..... 4 1 dr
Sir A. Don's b. h. ..... 2 dr

WEDNESDAY, October 17.—Fifty Pounds, given by the Caledonian Hunt, for all ages.

Ld Belhaven's b. f. by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, walked over.

THURSDAY, October 18.—Fifty Pounds, for hunters, given by the Caledonian Hunt.

Mr Oswald's Enterkine 1 1
Capt. J. H. Blair's Rebel 3 2
Ld Cassillis's Sportsman ..... 2 dr

Fifty Pounds, Ladies' Purse, Ayr Subscription, for all ages.

Ld Belhaven's b. f. by Beningbrough 1 1
Sir A. Don's b. c. 3 yrs old 2 2
Mr Young's gr. m. Mary Gray 3 3

FRIDAY,

FRIDAY, October 19.—Fifty Pounds, Ayr Subscription, for all ages.
Ld Belhaven's b. f. 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr Maule's gr. f. by Scorpion, 3 yrs old..... 2 dr

Hunters' Stakes, for horses regularly hunted the preceding season in Scotland, and that never started for Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes—Hunters' Plates, Matches, or Sweepstakes excepted.—10gs each, carrying 12st.—Two mile heats.—Seven Subscribers.
Ld Montgomerie's b, g. by Gustavus, walked over, the Stewards having substantiated an objection to Capt. J. H. Blair's horse.

SATURDAY, October 20.—Fifty Pounds, for all ages, given by the Caledonian Hunt.
Ld Belhaven's Brandon, 5 yrs old 1 1
Mr Topham's Young Lucy, 5 yrs old..... 2 dr

NEWMARKET—HOUGHTON MEETING.

ON Monday, October 29, Mr R. Wardell's br. c. Capias, by Overton, beat Mr R. Clarke's gr. f. Jessamy, 7st. 10lb. each.—An. M.—25gs.——Five to 1 on Capias.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each.—The two middle miles of B. C.—Four Subscribers.
Mr Abbey's b. g. Little John, by Calomel, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 1
Mr Forth's ch. h. Brighton, aged, 8st. 3lb..... 2
Mr Emden's br. c. Latitat, 3 yrs old, 5st. 10lb..... 3
Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Brighton, and 5 to 2 agst Little John.

Mr Howorth's b. h. Harefoot, by Beningbrough, 7st. 13lb. beat Mr. Wyndham's br. h. Young Eclipse, 8st. 7lb.—First three miles of B. C. —200gs, h. ft.——Seven to 4 on Young Eclipse.

D. of Grafton's b. m. Penelope, by Trumpator, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr F. Neale's ch. h. Bobtail, 8st.—B. C.—100gs.——Six to 5 and 5 to 4 on Bobtail.

Ld Foley's b. c. Watery, by Waxy, beat Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Bagatelle, 8st. each.—D. I.—100gs.——Seven to 2 on Bagatelle.

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's gr. f. Nitre, by Precipitate, beat Ld F. G. Osborne's b. f. Elizabeth, 8st. each.—D. I.—50gs.——Six and 7 to 4 on Nitre.

Mr Norton's Sir H. Dimsdale, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Branthwayte's c. by Guildford, out of Slammerkin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.—D. I.—100gs.——Four to 1 on Sir Harry Dimsdale.

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b. c. Albion, by John Bull, recd. 75gs from Ld Grosvenor's br. c. Cesario, 8st. 2lb. each.—Two miles and a half, to end in the Furzes.—200gs, h. ft.

Mr Mellish's b. h. Eagle, by Volunteer, 8st. 5lb. recd. from Ld Sackville's b. h. Dick Andrews, 8st. 2lb.—Ditch Mile.—200gs.

Ld Stawell's br. c. Sir David, by Trumpator, 8st. 7lb. recd. 60gs from Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. Prospero, 8st. 2lb.—D. I.—200gs, h. ft.

Mr R. Boyce's b. c. Dismal, 8st. 11lb. agst Mr Mellish's b. c. Tetotum, 7st. 7lb.—Two yr old Course.—25gs.——Off by consent.

Mr

Mr Howorth's Malta, 8st. 5lb. agst the D. of Grafton's Bagbear, 7st. 5lb.—Ab. M.—50gs.——Off by consent.

Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, 9st. agst Mr Wilson's Lennox, 8st 6lb.—D. I.—100gs, h. ft.——Off by consent.

TUESDAY, October 30.—Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Jockey, by Lop, beat General Grosvenor's b. c. by Buzzard, out of Lady Jane, 8st. 3lb. each.—Two yr old Course.—100gs, h. ft.——Five to 2 on the Buzzard colt.

Mr. Watson's ch. c. Sorrel, by Volunteer, 8st. beat Mr. Wilson's b. c. Stately, 9st. both 3 yrs old.—First half of Ab. M.—50gs.——Even betting.

Mr Wilson's ch. h. Lennox, by Delpini, 6 yrs old, 9st. beat the D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.—Last three miles of the B. C.—100gs.——Three and 4 to 1 on Parasol.

Fifty Pounds for two yr olds carrying a feather; three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 3lb. six yr olds, 9st 7lb. and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Last three miles of B. C.—With this condition, that the winner, with his engagements, was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Sir F. Standish's b. h. Duxbury, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old	1
Mr Wardell's br. c. Capias, 2 yrs old	2
Mr Wastell's b. f. Lumbago, 3 yrs old	3
Mr Howorth's b. h. Harefoot, 5 yrs old	4
D. of Queensberry's b. c. by Moorcock, 3 yrs old	5
Ld Grosvenor's b. f. Adela, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old	6
Capt. Batson's b. c. Euphrates, 4 yrs old	7
Mr Delmé Radcliffe's gr. f. Nitre, 4 yrs old	8

Five to 2 agst Duxbury, 5 to 1 agst Harefoot, 5 to 1 agst c. by Moorcock, 5 to 1 agst Nitre, 5 to 1 agst Lumbago, and 10 to 1 agst Capias.

Ld Sackville's b. c. by Pegasus, 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. agst Mr Galwey's b. c. by Y. Woodpecker, 2 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.—Two yr old Course.—25gs.—Ran a dead heat.——Three to 1 on the Pegasus colt.

Ld Sackville's b. h. Whirligig, by Whiskey, 8st. recd. from Mr Watson's ch. h. Trombone, 8st. 2lb.—Across the Flat.—100gs.

Ld Foley's Capt. Absolute, 5 yrs old, agst Mr Norton's Sir H. Dimsdale, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb each.—D. I.—100gs, h. ft.——Off by consent.

WEDNESDAY, October 31.—Mr Branthwayt's ch. c. by Guildford, out of Slammerkin, 8st. 4lb. beat Mr. Wardell's br. c. Capias, 7st. —Two yr old Course.—50gs.——Five to 2 on the Guildford colt.

Mr Ladbroke's b. f. Dora, by Driver, 2 yrs old, 8st. beat Mr Mellish's b. c. Sulks, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.—Two yr old Course.—100gs. ——Even betting, and 6 to 5 on Dora.

Mr Mellish's b. h. Eagle, by Volunteer, 9st. beat Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, 7st. 9lb.—Two yr old Course.—200gs.——Thirteen to 8 on Eleanor.

Ld Foley's b. c. Watery, by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. beat Mr Watson's b. c. Dreadnought, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—100gs.—— Six to 4 on Watery.

Sweepstakes

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, whereof 80gs was laid out in the purchase of a gold Cup, and the remainder paid to the winner in specie.—Across the Flat.

Mr Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, by Walnut, aged, 8st. 8lb..... 1
Mr Brown's ch. h. Flambeau, 6 yrs old, 7st. 6lb..... 2
Gen. Sparrow's ch. c. Castrel, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb..... 3

Mr R. Boyce's ch. h. Bobtail, aged, 9st. 9lb. Mr Wyndham's ch. m. Marianne, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. Ld Sackville's ch. h. Enchanter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. Mr Norton's gr. c. Sir Harry Dimsdale, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. Mr Abbey's ch. m. Margery, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. Sir F. Standish's br. c. brother to Stamford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. Sir J. Shelley's br. f. Julia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. Gen. Gower's La Mancha, by Don Quixote, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Baron Bull, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. Mr Howard's ch. c. Blemished Boy, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. Mr Wilson's b. c. Stately, 3 yrs old, 7st. Mr Girdler's ch. f. Capella, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. Mr Howorth's ch. h. Malta, 6 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. Mr Branthwayt's ch. c. by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. and Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Two Shoes, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. also started; but the Judge could only place the first three.

Five to 1 agst Enchanter, 5 to 1 agst Marianne, 6 to 1 agst Julia, and 7 to 1 agst the brother to Stamford.

Mr Lake's Giles, by Trumpator, 8st. 9lb. recd. 20gs from Mr Howorth's Harefoot, 7st. 12lb.—B. C.—100gs.

THURSDAY, November 1.—Mr Howorth's ch. h. Malta, by Buzzard, 6 yrs old, 9st. beat Mr Craven's b. c. Jockey, by Lop, 2 yrs old, 5st. 7lb.—Two yr old Course.—25gs.——Seven to 4 on Malta.

A Subscription Handicap Plate of 50l. for three yr olds and upwards.—D. I.

Mr Wardell's b. f. Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter, out of Alexina, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb..... 1
Ld F. G. Osborne's b. f. Elizabeth, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb..... 2
Mr Wyndham's br. h. Young Eclipse, 5 yrs old, 7st. 6lb..... 3
Mr Lake's b. h. Giles, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 4

Mr Wilson's ch. h. Lennox, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's b. g. Rebel, aged, 8st. 10lb. Mr R. Boyce's ch. c. Brainworm, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. Mr Perren's b. f. by Young Eclipse, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. Capt. Batson's b. c. Euphrates, 4 yrs old, 6st. and Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Rouge Dragon, 3 yrs old, 5st. 12lb. also started; but the Judge could place only the first four.

Seven to 4 agst Lennox, 5 to 1 agst Mr Wardell's filly, and 6 to 1 agst Y. Eclipse.

Mr F. Neale's ch. c. Brainworm, by Buzzard, 7st. 7lb. recd. forfeit from Ld Grosvenor's br. c. Cesario, 8st. 7lb.—Ab. M.—100gs, h. ft.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Strap, by Beningbrough, 8st. 4lb. recd. from Ld Foley's b. c. Watery, 7st. 4½lb.—D. I.—200gs.

FRIDAY, November 2.—D. of Grafton's b. h. Pic Nic, by Mr. Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. beat Ld Grosvenor's b. c Baron Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.—Ab. M.—50gs.——Two to 1 on Pic Nic.

Ld Sackville's ch. h. Enchanter, by Pot8o's 8st 6lb. beat Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Strap, 8st. 1½lb.—Two middle miles.—100gs.——Six to 4 on Enchanter.

Sweepstakes

Sweepstakes of 100gs each.—R. M.

Mr. R. Boyce's br. c. Sir David, by Trumpator, 8st. 2lb..... 1
Ld Foley' ch. h. Captain Absolute, 8st. 7lb 2
Mr Watson's ch. c. Sorrel, 6st. 13lb..... 3
Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Two Shoes, 6st. 11lb..... 4

Seven to 4 agst Sir David, 2 to 1 agst Sorrel, and 5 to 2 agst Captain Absolute.

Mr Howorth's ch. h. Malta, by Buzzard, 8st. 10lb. beat Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. by Buzzard, out of Lady Jane, a feather.—Ab. M.—50gs.——Seven to 4 on Malta.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15gs each.—Two yr old Course.

Gen. Sparrow's ch. c. Castrel, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 1
Mr Lake's b. f. Virtuosa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb..... 2
Mr R. Boyce's ch. c. Brainworm, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb..... 3
D. of St. Albans's b. c. Merryman, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb..... 4
Mr Mellish's b. c. Sulks, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb..... 5
Mr Wardell's b. f. Houghton Lass, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 6
Mr Branthwayt's ch. c. by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb..... 7

Eleven to 8 agst Castrel, 5 to 2 agst Houghton Lass, and 4 to 1 agst Brainworm.

Mr Howorth s Malta, 8st. 7lb. beat Ld Grosvenor's b. f. Adela, 8st. 11lb.—Two yr old course.—50gs.——Six to 4 on Malta.

Mr Howorth's br. c. Tramper, by Whiskey, 8st. 11lb. beat Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. by Buzzard, 8st. 3lb.—Two yr old course.—25gs.——Four to 1 on Tramper.

Mr Forth's Brighton, by Volunteer, aged, 8st. 4lb. recd. 20gs from Mr R. Wardell's Capias, 2 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.—D. I.—50gs.

Mr Wilson's ch. h. Lennox, by Delpini, 8st. 12lb. recd. 50gs from Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Strap, 7st. 10lb.—B. C.—100gs.

PENRITH.

ON Thursday, October 18, Fifty Pounds, given by the Inglewood Hunt, for 3 yr olds, 7st. 7lb. and 4 yr old, 8st. 5lb—Two mile heats.

Mr Stephenson's b. f. Cantata, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old..... 1 1
Mr Walton's b. c. by Overton, 3 yrs old 2 2
Mr Miller's b. c. by Bangtail, 3 yrs old..... 3 dr

SATURDAY, October 20.—Fifty Pounds, given by the Town, for all ages.—Three mile heats.

Mr Stephenson's f. Cantata, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 1 1
Mr Walton's c. Spot, by Pipator, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 2 2
Mr Miller's b. c. 3 yrs old, 7st..... 3 ds

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